OCTOBER, 1945

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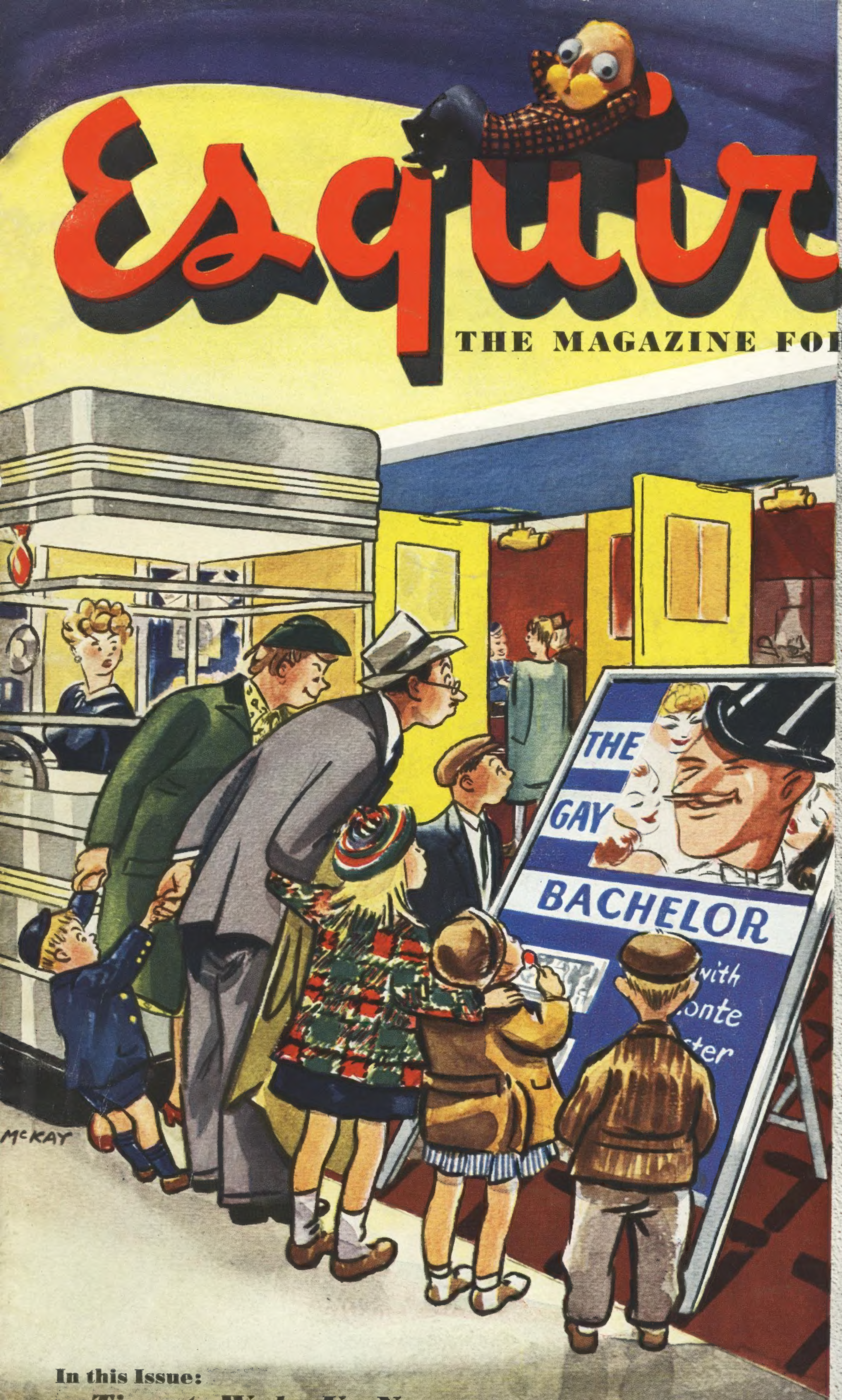
Esquire

THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN



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In this Issue:
Time to Wake Up Now **by MacKINLAY KANTOR**

INDEX ON PAGE 5
ADV. INDEX ON PAGE 208

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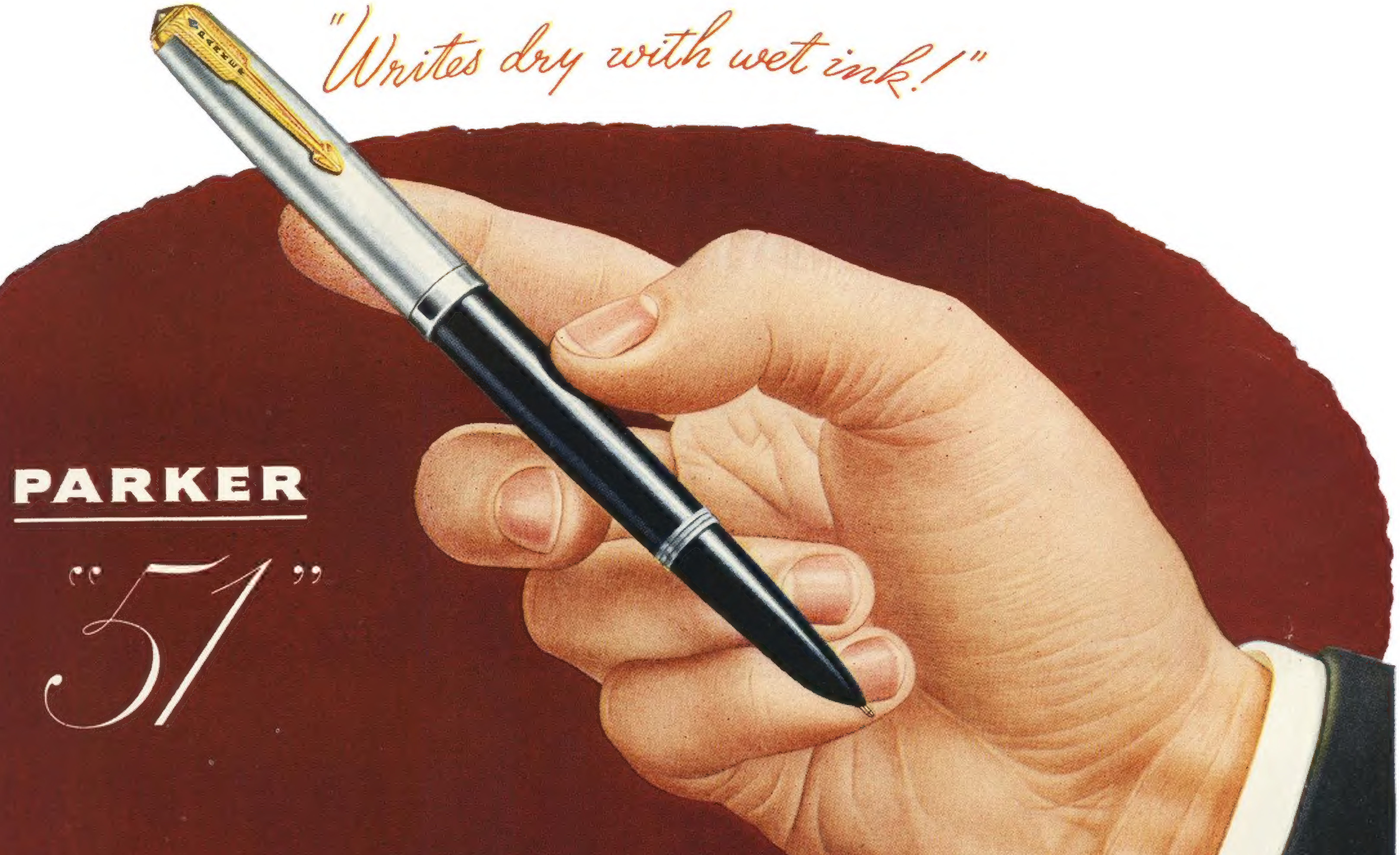
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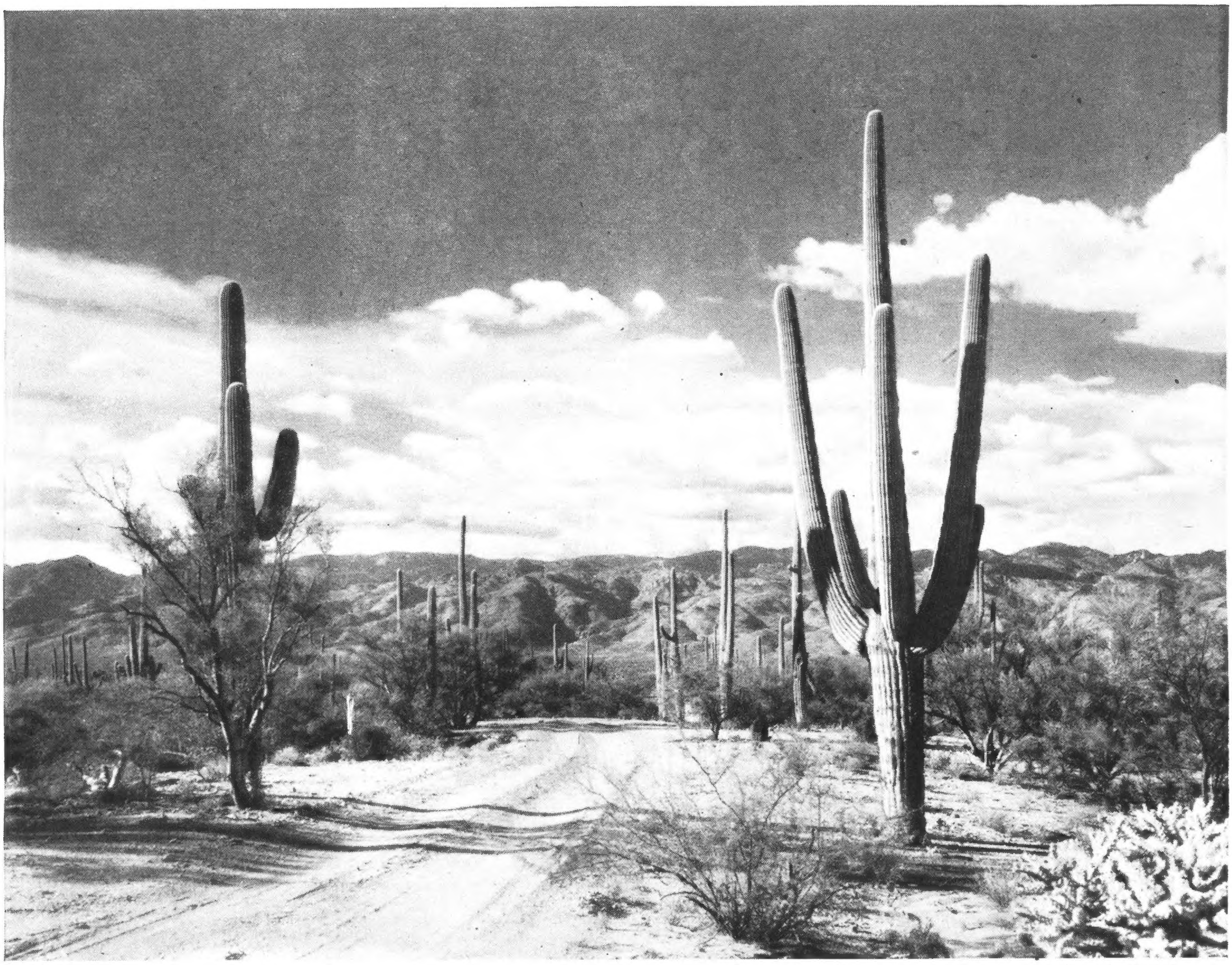

Desert trail near Tucson, Arizona, looking toward the Santa Catalina Mountains.

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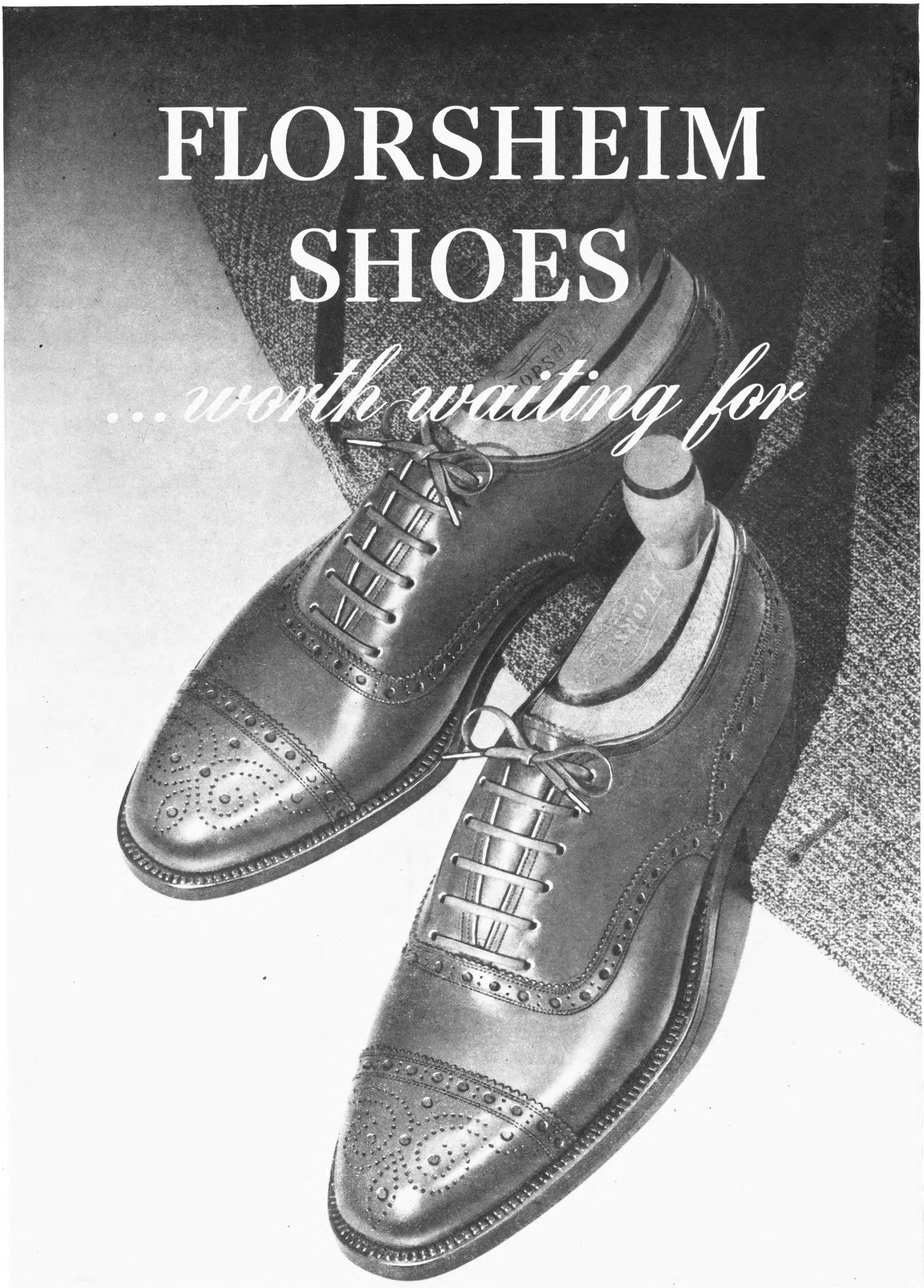
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A Soldier's Sign of Better Times

Every so often somebody writes us a letter anticipating one of our next-scheduled moves, reading our minds so perfectly we wonder if they haven't been reading our mail. But this latter suspicion is out of the question in the case of Pfc. Frank Kinkaid, who wrote us on July 7 from far out in the Pacific, before he could have seen either the August or September issues, to say nothing of the still further "re-converted" issue you are now holding in your hands. But his letter speaks for itself:

"In perusing my latest copy of Esquire, I notice that a certain amount of "re-conversion" has set in, and for this I am very grateful. It was one of the sorrows of war when your magazine followed us into the war, and Esky was put into uniform.

"Prior to the war, Esquire was full of smart cartoons, and clever stories, and articles. Esky was a fashion plate, and looked the part . . . then La Guerre! Esky became in turn, a pilot, a sailor, Marine, and even a G.I. The cartoons featured tough First Sergeants, and moronic soldiers. Of course, this was the natural trend of all magazines during the early stages of the war. But soon lots of us, I know, yearned for the "Old Esquire." In spite of this . . . and this is something that all servicemen agree on . . . Esquire still remained the most pleasant magazine to read, and thumb through.

"Many soldiers feel that in *Yank, Stars and Stripes*, etc. they get enough of material designed for them, and that Esquire and other magazines should give them something else to think about except the war. In many ways it is like going to the movies at night over here, and seeing a movie about war in the Pacific . . .

"But now, it seems that Esquire is changing back to the old prewar days, and I say more power to you. Perhaps it is a sign of better times . . . I hope so."

* * *

We hope that Frank Kinkaid will agree, when this issue reaches him, that Esquire is again beginning, as he puts it, to look the part.

David A Smart

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Esquire

THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

contents for October, 1945

Vol. XXIV. No. 4 Whole No. 143

articles

PAGE
AIR CAREERS FOR THE YANKS . . . Gus Larson 39
THE GREAT DISASTER OF 1906 . . . Paul T. MacFarland 42
HOME ON A TROOPSHIP . . . Edward A. Herron 47
TIME TO WAKE UP NOW . . . MacKinlay Kantor 48
RENAISSANCE IN MANILA . . . Sidney Carroll 53
REPORT FROM DETROIT—1945 . . . Robert W. Marks 59
A BRIEF FOR THE METRIC SYSTEM . . . T. Norman Palmer 71
DOUBLING GIN-RUMMY . . . Richard L. Frey 72
SMART DOGS AND SCIENTISTS . . . Ray P. Holland 74
SMALL-TIME ROBINSON CRUSOE . . . Rufe Daughtrey 84
ESQUIRE'S ART INSTITUTE III . . . 87
ESQUIRE'S OWN SHORT GUIDE TO ETIQUETTE . . . Irving Tressler 95
JUST BEFORE THE BATTLE, UNTERMEYER . . . Karl G. Pfeiffer 102
ON THE GI CIRCUIT . . . Robert Garland 113

departments

Correspondence: THE SOUND AND THE FURY . . . 10
Contributors: BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE . . . 34
Opinion: THIS MAN'S WORLD . . . Paul Gallico 50
The Lively Arts: THE CASE FOR THE COMMERCIAL . . . Gilbert Seldes 77
Books: THE BOXERS OF M. VOLTAIRE . . . Sinclair Lewis 78
Theatre: FIRST NIGHTS & PASSING JUDGMENTS . . . George Jean Nathan 80
Edibles: MAN THE KITCHENETTE . . . Iles Brody 89
Jazz: THE RHYTHM SECTION . . . Paul Eduard Miller and Leonard Feather 90
Potables: COME, FILL THE CUP . . . Lawton Mackall 92
Anecdotes: GOING THE ROUNDS WITH ESQUIRE . . . 116
Wearables: ON PICKING PATTERNS . . . O. E. Schoeffler 123
Discs: ESQUIRE ON THE RECORD . . . Gilbert Seldes 130

fiction

THE DEVIL THAT TROUBLED THE CHESSBOARD . . . Gerald Kersh 40
THIS SANDWICH HAS NO MAYONNAISE . . . J. D. Salinger 54
THE SHINY RED TOP . . . Heath Thomas 60
THE KILLING . . . Norman Katkov 68
SIX TORTILLAS . . . John Abney 96
THE FIGHT GAME IN STATEN ISLAND . . . Tom Ferris 101

personalities

THEY'RE JUST WILDER 'BOUT BILLY . . . Dean Jennings 62
NIGHT BLOOMING ARTIST . . . Harry Salpeter 83

pictorial features

THE GREAT DISASTER OF 1906 . . . Especially painted for Esquire by Harper Goff 43
THE VARGA GIRL . . . MUM'S THE WORD . . . Verse by Phil Stack: Painting by Varga 45
HOLLYWOOD NEBULAE . . . JOANNE VAN DYKE . . . Color photgraph by Henry Waxman 55
TILDEN VS. LACOSTE . . . Painted especially for Esquire by Fletcher Martin 57
AMERICAN BEAUTY . . . LASSIE NEWLAND . . . Color photograph by Hurrell 63
CAROUSEL . . . Color photograph by Anton Bruehl 64
TO LONDON FOR TEA . . . 72
A SATIN VERSION OF THE MERENGUE . . . MONICA BOYAR . . . Color photograph by Hurrell 73
A GROUP OF PAINTINGS . . . by Jean Liberté 82
FORTUNE OF A BALLERINA . . . SONO OSATO . . . Color photographs by Browning 84
THE WILD TURKEY . . . Drawing by Charles Liedl 85
ESQUIRE'S ART INSTITUTE III . . . ORDERLY RETREAT . . . Painting by Philip Evergood 87
ESQUIREGRAPH NO. 11 . . . BILLY ROSE . . . Ravitz-Palazzo Photocollage 93
THE ACTOR OF THE MONTH . . . RAY MILLAND . . . Setting by Jensen; Photograph by Hurrell 94
COOK'S TOUR: RICHARD T. I. CLARK . . . Color photograph by Ravitz 96
TALE OF A TRAVELER . . . Color photograph by Hurrell 97
HOW'S YOUR FASHION QUOTIENT? . . . O. E. Schoeffler 98
MEADOW BROWN GOES TO TOWN . . . Drawing by Robert Goodman 99
CANES COME BACK . . . Drawing by Leslie Saalburg 100
TERRA-CRUISER FOR THE ROMANY ROAD . . . Designed by R. T. Watts and H. D'Agostino 106

sports

THE END OF A REIGN . . . John R. Tunis 56
MR. DUCROT, RIGHT HALF . . . Ralph Cannon 65
CLAMOROUS JANES . . . Herb Graffis 66
IN THIS CORNER—THE GHOST . . . George A. Barton 86
THE SPORTSMAN'S YEARBOOK: OCTOBER . . . William J. Schaldach 104
ESQUIRE SPORTS POLL SELECTS VARSITIES . . . Joe Hendrickson 107
"ONE MINUTE TO PLAY" . . . Opie L. Shelton 108

trends in dress

CLOTHES AND ACCESSORIES . . by Goodman, Saalburg, Hurrell, Murley, Fellows and Runnette beginning on 99

credits

ILLUSTRATION ON PAGE 71 by Courtesy of Associated American Artists

T.M.REG.

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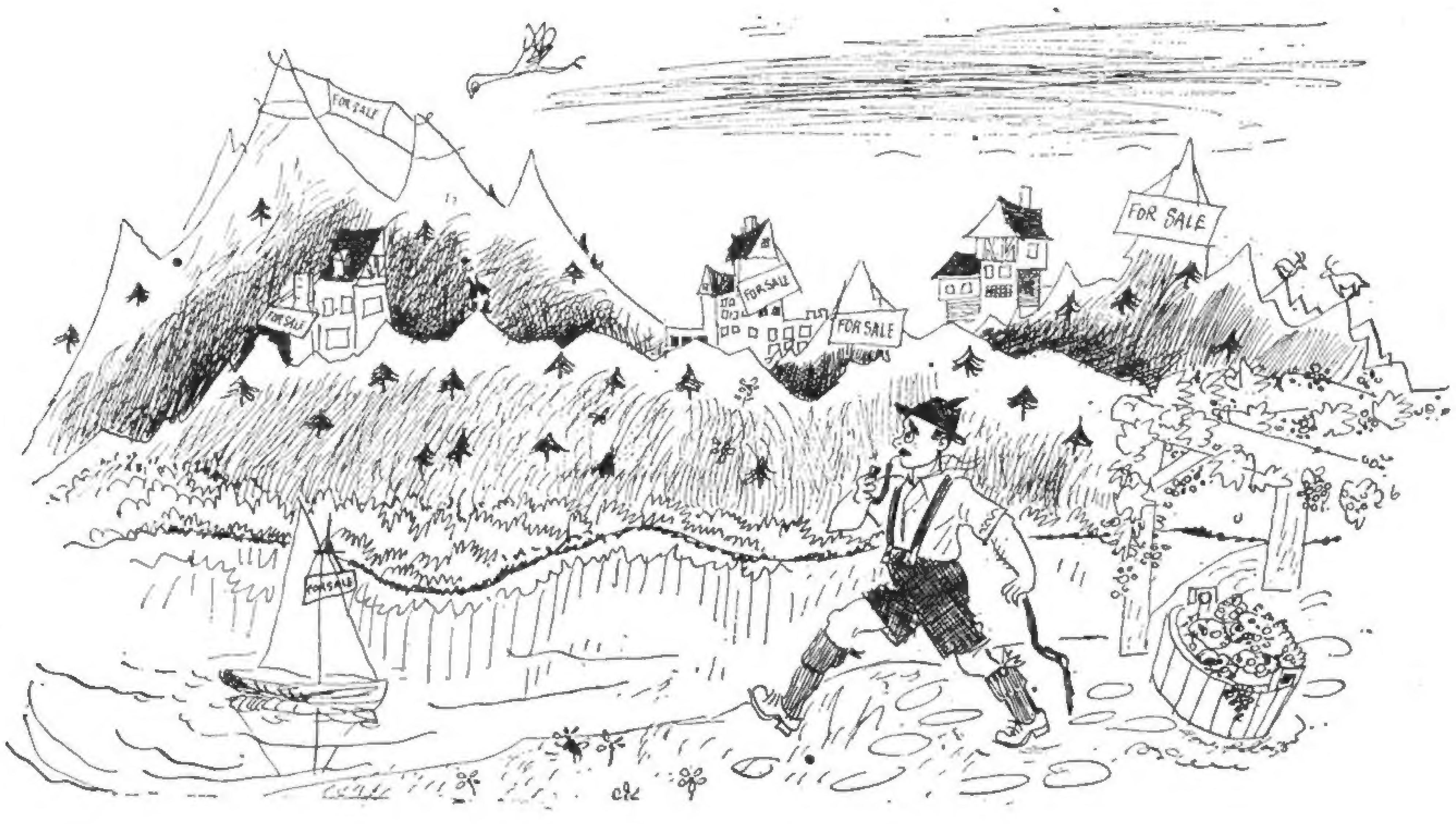
Editorial: FAREWELL BLUES, ATTUNED TO A SO LONG MOOD



We must ask your indulgence this month for turning this page into a personal communication. For the past twelve years our use of the first person plural pronoun on this page, in short the editorial "we," almost invariably has been both corporate and collective, speaking for the magazine as a whole, and for all the people behind it. But now, for this once, we'd like to narrow it down a little, to make it take in no more territory, in fact, than that covered by our two shoes.

For this is the moment when we realize that, while tomorrow proverbially never comes, a "someday" can at last arrive. And this is the moment, too, when we begin to comprehend the meaning of that French phrase to the effect that to say good-bye is to die a little. Because this page this time is a swan song, a hail and a farewell, and a till we meet again. By the day it achieves print, we shall have left these shores, and therefore this page, not soon to return. And while we don't want to linger over our leave-taking to the point where, like the second Charles, we fear to seem to be "an unconscionably long time a-dying," still we'd like to take enough time out to tell you that we're going, and when and where and why. So, to go back a bit . . .

In mid-May of 1938, walking along that lovely shore line between Vevey and Montreux, we had a sudden and strong attack of the Swiss itch. It suddenly seemed to us that there, on the Swiss Riviera, where all the great capitals of Europe were only a matter of hours away by train and minutes by plane, was where we wanted to be and stay, to live and work and have our being. Each place we passed seemed no less perfect than the next, and we kept saying, "There, that's it. A place like that, overlooking Lake Geneva, on the roof top of Europe, and yet on Europe's turntable, too. You're here this noon, but by tonight you could be literally anywhere. What a spot! And, whaddayaknow, it's for sale." Yeah, it was for sale all right, but so was the next one, and the next one to that. It suddenly began to seem that they were all for sale, in that Spring of '38, when a popular supposition was that Hitler might reverse the Schlieffen plan this time, and swing the door on France from the south for a change. So we treated our own particular Swiss itch with the ointment of postponement. And we filed away under the heading of Someday our hopes for an editorship-in-Europe.

A week later we were sitting up all night with an English friend in a Paris café, for no better reason than that we both thought we'd at least like to be awake at the moment of the Sarajevo that would set off the Second World War. That was the night of May 21, 1938, and if you have a good memory for the crises that preceded Munich you will remember it as the date of the so-called "motorcycle incident" at Eger, the Sudeten town on the Czech border. It was the first time, short of Munich itself, that the rank and file of Europeans were convinced that war was indeed inevitable. And it was the moment when we saw that any and all plans we might have for the establishment of an Esquire outpost in Europe had better be laid away, whether tenderly or not, with mothballs. And they were, not to be looked at or even thought of, until V-E day.

By the time the war in Europe was a month over, however, we had our hooks out for a place on that Swiss North Shore, and within another month we had landed one. It's the one we had wanted most, as it happens, and if you've read the books of M. F. K. Fisher you'll recognize it as soon as we tell you its name. It's LePaquis, up in the hills back of Vevey, in the direction of Chexbres, and it has been known by that name, and so indicated on the regional charts, since the twelfth century. LePaquis means the pasturage, literally, but in usage it's a diminutive term, perhaps nearest approximated by some such coy coinage as "the meadowlet," except that such a tea-roomy word as that would miss its spirit in spite of capturing its meaning. It has an old fountain which has been used, longer than anyone remembers, as a half-way resting and watering place by the teamios on their way up the Petite Corniche, and we certainly hope they won't abandon the habit after Esky has run his pop-eyed colors up over the joint. It also has a vineyard which in most years yields some two thousand liters of wine. The stuff won't ship, being strictly a wine of the country, so all we can figure out to do with it is have you stop by and help us drink it up. And that, too, takes us back a bit. . . .

It was in 1934, along in the middle of the Spring, that we first got on writing terms with a lot of you. And by that Summer it developed to speaking and drinking terms too, in a gratifyingly large number of instances. Where some of you have got to, since, we're frank to admit we've no idea, but this is the way it was, if some of you have forgotten. Esquire started out, you know, as a quarterly, and a lot of you signed up for a year right off the bat. But it went to a monthly basis after the first issue, so your "year" of four copies was over in next to no time. Well, we wrote you a letter about it (signed them all by hand, too, though it took over a week to do it) and told you all quite frankly what a spot those "year" subscriptions put us in, but as we recall it now we made you some kind of offer to meet you part way, as charter subscribers, in going on with the magazine on a subscription basis. And along about then the World's Fair opened up again in Chicago for its second year, and a lot of you from Alloverellangone, Calivania, began dropping into town and calling up to say you'd got our letter and we'd get started talking about how "your" magazine was doing. We were first-naming each other in ten seconds flat, and a lot of you dropped in, to sit around and talk, and a goodly number of you made it a habit, coming in as you passed through Chicago every so often for years afterwards, and some of you used to come up to the place and drink Irish and smoke Balkan Sobranie and listen to records. It was the nuts.

We got more out of it than you did, of course, because it was a boon to us both personally and professionally. Any editor profits by a chance to meet readers face to face. But that's beside the point, because any benefits were purely coincidental, and the prime purpose was fun. The real point is that we hate to think it's over. For that matter, need it be over?

And that brings us back to LePaquis, and you, too, we hope. Maybe some of you are G.I.'s now, still over there. Boy, they're giving furloughs to Switzerland now, so come on up and let's hoist a few. Take your shoes off and we'll trample a tubfull.

Don't let that Chexbres throw you. You don't pronounce it, you just sort of chew it. It's spelled like a drunk's effort to say Shakespeare, but in actual speech it streamlines itself down to Shebbruh, with the last syllable swallowed before you get through with it. Besides it doesn't even figure in the mail address which is simply LePaquis, Lavaux, Canton of Vaud, Switzerland.

We hope from there to be able to get around Europe like a jumping bean. We hope, too, that some results of our scurrying around will be reflected in fairly early issues of the magazine. But LePaquis is where we'll perch. Switzerland is small. If you can find Lake Geneva you can find us. So come on.

In any case, let's hear from you. You see, we'd so much rather just say So Long, than any sort of Good-bye.

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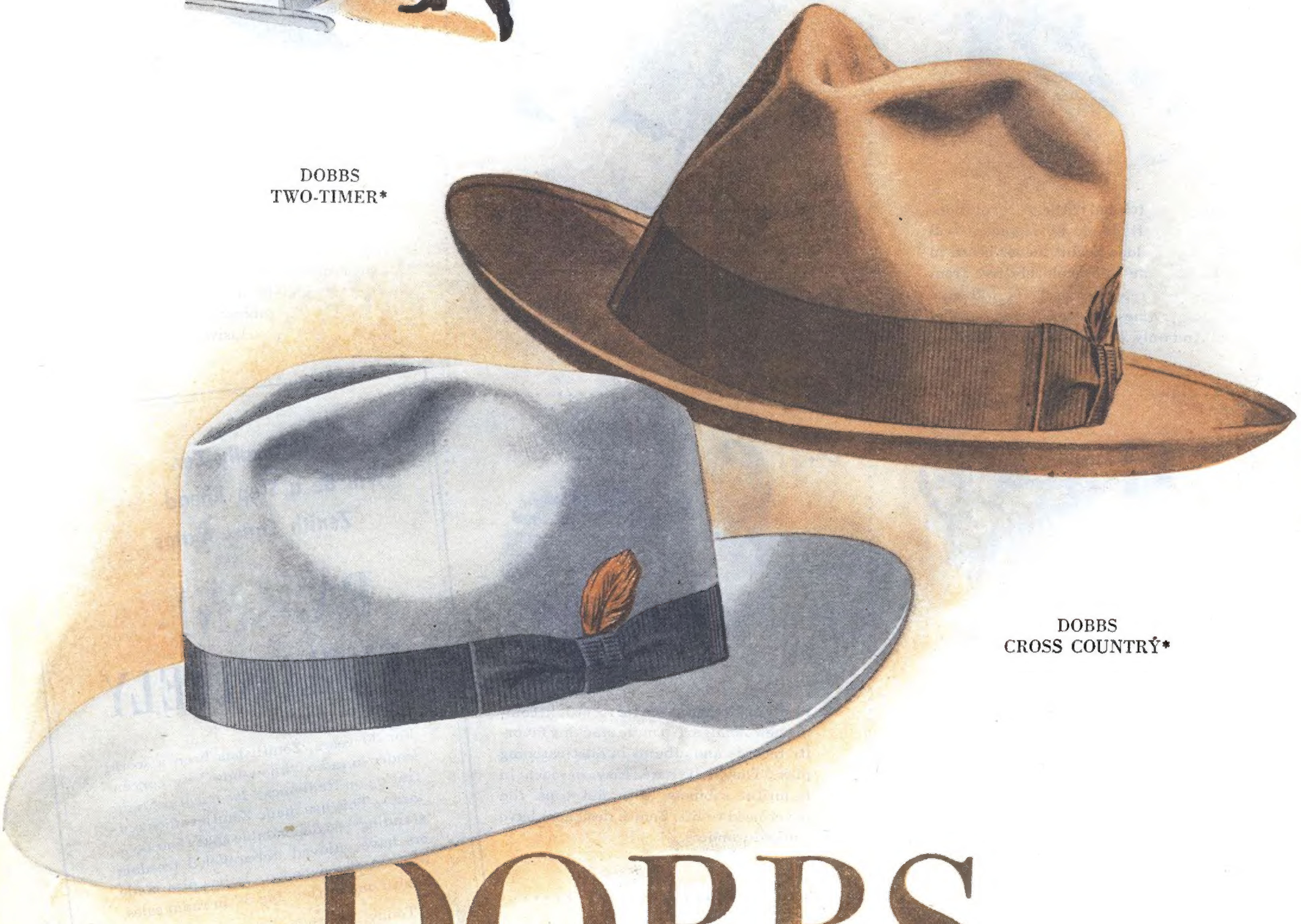

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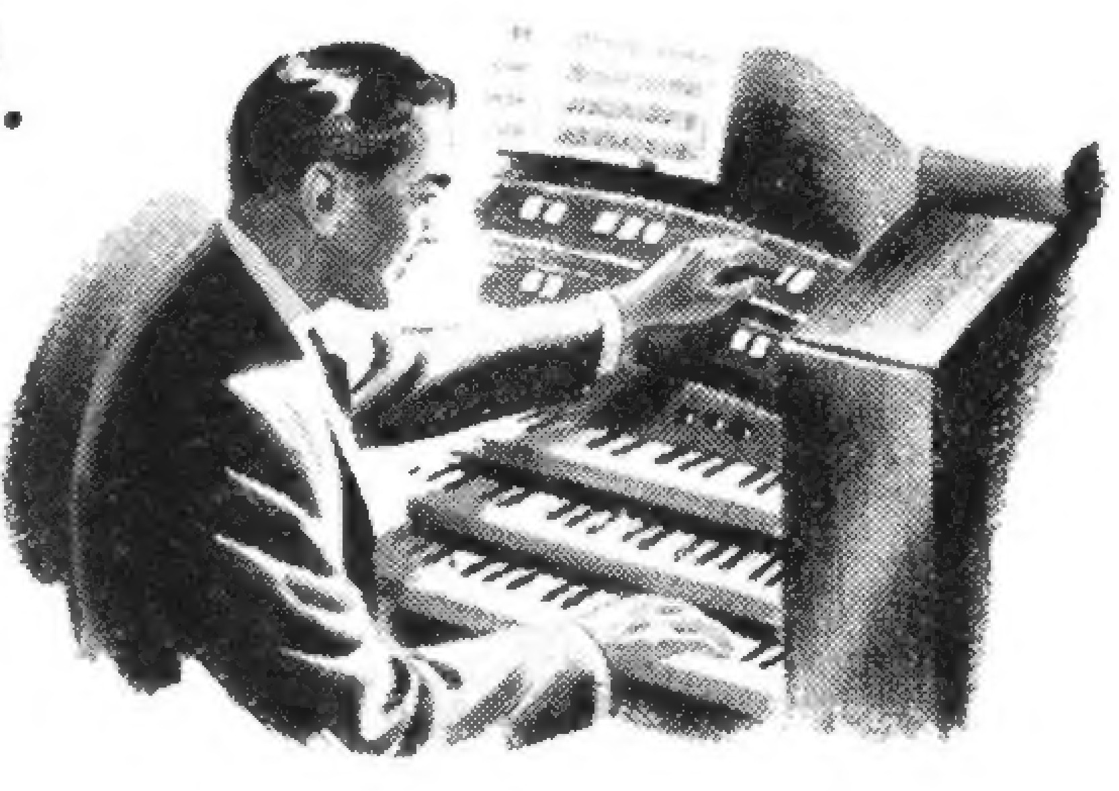

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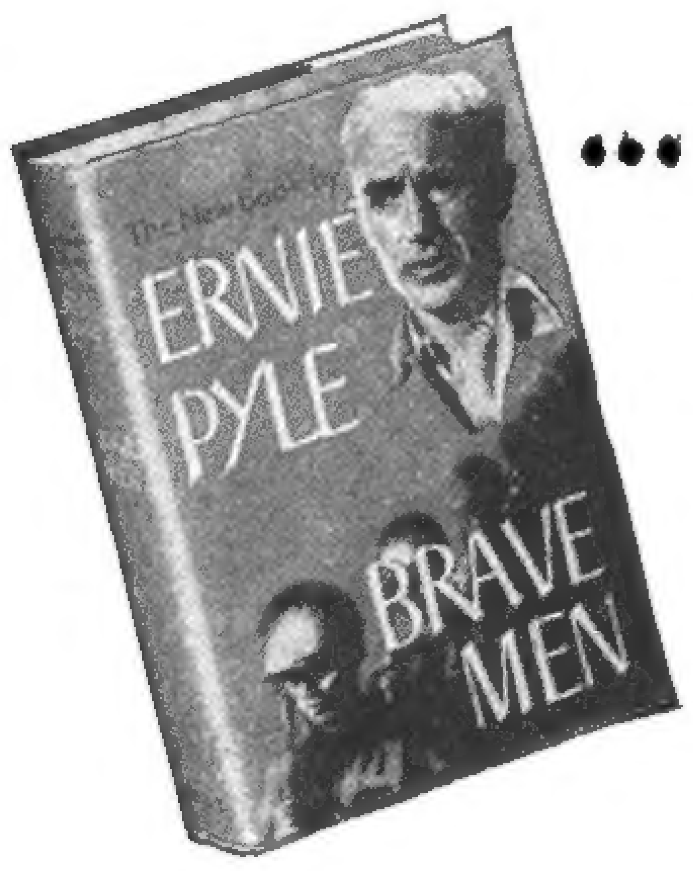

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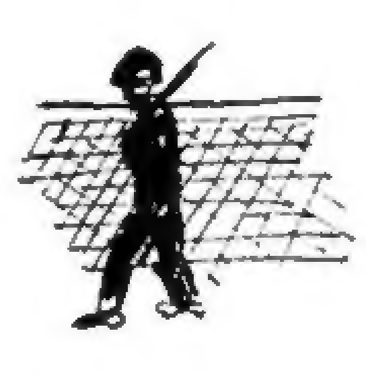
The Sound and the Fury

calling a kraut to witness

Have just finished reading the article in May, “Jimmy Doolittle: American Eagle,” by Paul Gallico.



Just for the records. I happened to run across a Kraut who was down in Chile when Lt. General Doolittle was selling planes down there, and just two days before I read the article, this Kraut told me the story of that flight Doolittle made with both his feet in casts. The only difference in stories was that Gallico called the flight a dog fight, while the Kraut told me it was a race. This Kraut told me he knew Doolittle personally and was high in his praise of him for even flying a plane under such conditions.

Sorry I can't give you the P.W.'s name because that's just where he is now. A prisoner of war in an enclosure, and I'm stationed here as a G.I. guard.

P.S.—Was the Kraut's face red when I told him that the same Doolittle was in charge of all the heavy bombers that did the job on Germany!

Sgt. Garrick

overpowered reader of T. K. Brown

(1). I have never written to any publication before, and probably never will again.

(2). Esquire, to which I hold a subscription, is and has always been my only magazine favorite.

(3). I am not totally devoid of intelligence.

(4). I have tried and tried, fought and thought, sweated and worried.

(5). WILL YOU PLEASE EXPLAIN THE MOST PECULIAR AND UNUSUAL ENDING TO THE STORY, “VALLEY OF THE SHADOW.”

(6). The story was powerful, and my meager intelligence allowed me to gather a part of the meaning. But, I still do not understand. I feel as though something were missing, as though something were left out, or as though I did not get the point, or something . . . mumble . . . mumble . . . mumble . . .

(7). I want my fifty cents' worth . . .

(8). Unless you explain, I shall be inclined to spit upon Esquire . . .

J. B. Buford, Jr.
Tuscaloosa, Alabama

Editor's Note: We will admit that there were bets around the office on whether the boy in the T. K. Brown story lived or died—and those who held that the story's final paragraph indicated that he survived were considered to be proved right by the letter from Mr. Brown which was quoted in the editorial on page 6 of that same issue. (You had your fifty cents' worth all the time, if you'd read page 6.)

vivisected reader of T. K. Brown

For three days I've been carrying it around with page 32 folded under, trying to read the rest of the issue and to resist a second reading of that awful story. But, of course, in the end I'll read it again and then wish I hadn't.

I don't want to, because it isn't a fair story. No fairer than having a hypnotist fix you in a chair and force you to watch him steal up on you with a knife, knowing that he is going to twist the blade around after he gets it in.

If he has a son, then T. K. Brown III has a morbid streak which he should control. If he has no son, then he should consider the rest of us who have, and realize more fully the strength that he controls so he will use it more kindly, or with more purpose.

As to form, doesn't it seem that this was intended as the father's story, while actually the father's portion turned out to be almost dull in comparison to the twisting pain of the first part? It seemed to me relatively unimportant what happened to the father after living through that first part with the boy.

From your editorial I gather that the father will run through the novel, in the midst of death and rebirth. One person's reaction is that the reader's interest in the father cannot survive if we are forced to die with others so exhaustingly and completely as we did with the son in this portion.

All of which is aptly summarized by your comparison of a rattlesnake and a rabbit. As one of the admitted rabbits I shall probably read it a second and a third time, but I shall do it with my boy holding my hand, to reassure me that it is only a story of someone else's boy whom I do not know.

And doubting that Mr. Brown intended to display the ruthlessness of a rattlesnake, I would advance that in his complete novel he must be ready to give us something tremendous to compensate for the emotional strain he will put us through in portions like this. We will submit to the operation of being taken apart violently, but he must put us back together and the adhesive will have to be good.

F. Sailor Harvey
Akron 3, Ohio

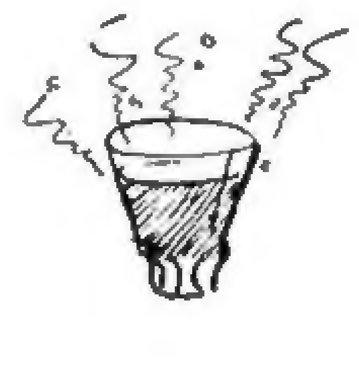
unimpressed reader of T. K. Brown

It is complimentary to Joyce, if not to T. K. Brown III, that his admirers are sometimes so awed by the Master's writings that they have trouble dodging the very situations and the very tricks he used.

Jean Le Corbeiller
Gulfport, Miss.

belated homage to the saddest sack

Just read your July, 1945, issue and want to correct a very obvious misstatement in your “Backstage with Esquire” department. The letter from Ensign Cabell claiming discovery of a new drink is about a year and a half late. I was present at a Christmas party in Salt Lake City in 1943 when a character from New York City by the name of Pfc. Nap Naparstek, created it. His special suggestion for drinking it demanded a beer chaser after each glass. I can testify that my right arm was paralyzed after two drinks. Nap, as far as I remember, was a publicity agent back home operating under the name of W. Scott Napier, and in true keeping with his natural nuttiness, he specialized only in clients who wanted to be kept *out* of the news. The drink received quite a bit of publicity in the Salt Lake papers and in Nap's squadron column, which he wrote under the name of “The Saddest Sack.” Other witnesses to the discovery were Cpl. Frank Naughton, now in Saipan, Sgt. Maxie Rosenstein and Sgt. Bill Rousseau—The story goes that Rousseau chased Nap three times around the block at four a.m. for ever having perpetrated the thing—but frankly I was out, literally and figuratively, at the time. But credit where credit is due—chances are that you'll be hearing from Naparstek himself soon—unless he is in one of his serious poetry writing moments (quite a bit of his stuff has been published in Yank. Last I heard he was stationed in Lincoln, Nebraska.)



Pfc. David Steinberg
Brooklyn, N. Y.

modest avowal from the sack himself

Just what kind of guff are you boys putting out in your “Letters to the Editor” section? Some guy writes in—Cabell or Carabell or something and claims discovery of a sockeroo drink and you believe him.

Look, men, I stumbled across that little rum-Dubonnet concoction way back in Dec., '43 in good old Salt Lake City and I can prove it—even though most of the boys are probably overseas. Frankie Naughton, Bill Rousseau—he'll never forget it—Dave Steinberg, the song writer, were all there and certain and sundry women.

Hey, fellers, come to my aid.

Pfc. Samuel Naparstek
AAF, Lincoln, Nebraska.

P.S.—Should be drunk, drink, drank with a beer chaser to make it really effective.

P.P.S.—Of course I don't think that I really discovered anything, because I am sure that somewhere, in the past few hundred years, some “brother of the bottle” put the potent rum-wine combo. It just irks me to hear some child, still wiping milk off his lips, claim discovery. Phoo!

the Hess poll on beaverage

In the May issue of Esquire you quote in your “Backstage” section, one Stirling, Peter, 1st Lt., in this wise: “wanted to be a regular GI, and at the beginning of his Army career lived in blissful anonymity, hoping for combat duty. But someone found out Stirling was fairly well known as drama critic for the Philadelphia *Record*, and right away he was clapped into Officers' Training School.”

I showed this little piece of poorly conceived fiction around, garnering the following comments:

No. 1—“Malarkey.”
No. 2—“Bull.”
No. 3—“Rats.”
No. 4—“Hogwash.”
No. 5—“That's a new one on me!”
No. 6—“Well, well, Cinderella himself!”
No. 7 (My own contribution)—“Nuts!”

The Honorable Peter Stirling procured, with some running around from office to office thereby probably entailed, the proper combination of blank forms and with ambition aforethought, eagerly, meticulously, and with a fountain pen, started the ball of eagerage beaverage rolling. Otherwise it just plain, natural-like, don't happen!

T/Sgt. Edward M. Hess
San Francisco, Cal.

the flap-flap over flight fiction—I

Certain people, magazines and others persist in making flying an occupation for persons of Herculean strength, Superman resistance, Dalian imagination and a moron's brain. Your fiction in the August issue was outstandingly guilty of this malediction. I refer to the little thing by James Wakefield Burke with the following gross errors and there are more that I do not chronicle.

The take-off followed by the immediate instrument conditions was the first clinker. I seriously doubt that if the factories were waiting for the material in the planes that they would be cleared in such conditions.

“The ball-and-bank quivered, jiggled and spun madly.” It may have quivered and jiggled, but it's no soap on the spinning. Then comes the honey where the compass swung both ways and sometimes whirled right around so our doughty hero gives up maintaining any course. This is where the average pilot would rely on the gyro compass entirely to the exclusion of the magnetic compass, but again, not our hero. Of course some pilots think it rather important to try to maintain some sort of a heading, but not our hero, air speed is more important. He wants to hit those mountains at a constant air speed.

Going aft and further along in the story we have the pilot worrying about the ingots cutting the control cables. Being deep in the belly of the ship it would seem to me that there would be some cause to worry about the holes they would poke in the “monocoque” as it is described. Some pilots call it the fuselage, but then—why go on?

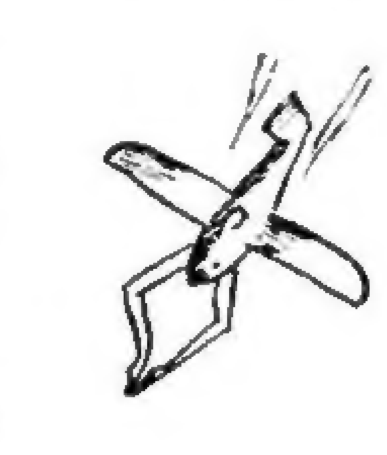
Climax of climaxes is the vertical flight of “interminable moments” while the cargo dociley rests on the deck unmindful of the laws of gravity and not plunging through the sides of the plane.

So come now, editors of the still favorite men's magazine, such malarkey is an insult to your readers and especially to the many who have any aviation knowledge whatsoever. It should be capped at the source, the bottle, the needle, or whatever stimulant the author uses to put out such tripe.

Yours for accuracy even in fiction,
Colin C. Harris
1st Lt. USMCR
Eagle Mountain Lake, Texas

the flap-flap over flight fiction—II

To answer the & P47 Jockey in S & F (July, '45) issue, I agree with him that Esquire covers a multiformity of subjects of import to the average man—therefore, the average man should have enjoyed “For the Sake of a Plane”—'cause, obviously, us average Joes don't know beans about Mach. No. 0.86, et cetera, neither do I know, nor did he state, his experience with “compressibility”—I'm assuming that he knows something about it—if he has flown the T-Jug, compressibility hangs heavy over one's head. But I do know that it doesn't require 15,000 feet to pull out of a vertical dive at 720 m. p. h. T.A.S.



The last time I was in the “clutches” of “compressibility” was on a combat mission—my air-speed indicator was still “straight up” (better than 700 m. p. h.) at 11,000 feet! I went in the dive at 27,000 feet and pulled out at 3,000, so I only used 8,000 feet for my pull-out. I might mention that I was using my “water” and 850's, but that's in passing. I'm just an average pilot and I don't know how many “G's” I really went through. Maybe T. H. J., Capt. A. C. can get out his tables and figure it for me, but I do know this: When you're getting “hell scared out of you” the human body reacts differently. I didn't “black out” at all on the pull-out, but when I did a 360 to cut down some of my air speed, I did “black out”! So you figure that one out & P47 Jockey. I might add that I wasn't wearing any “gadgets” to counteract blackout tendencies either.

Us average pilots will continue to enjoy Esquire and overlook the “jes' ain't possible” things printed in it.

J. D. Kelly,
1st Lt., A. C.*
*L4 Co-Pilot
Miami, Fla.

Continued on page 173

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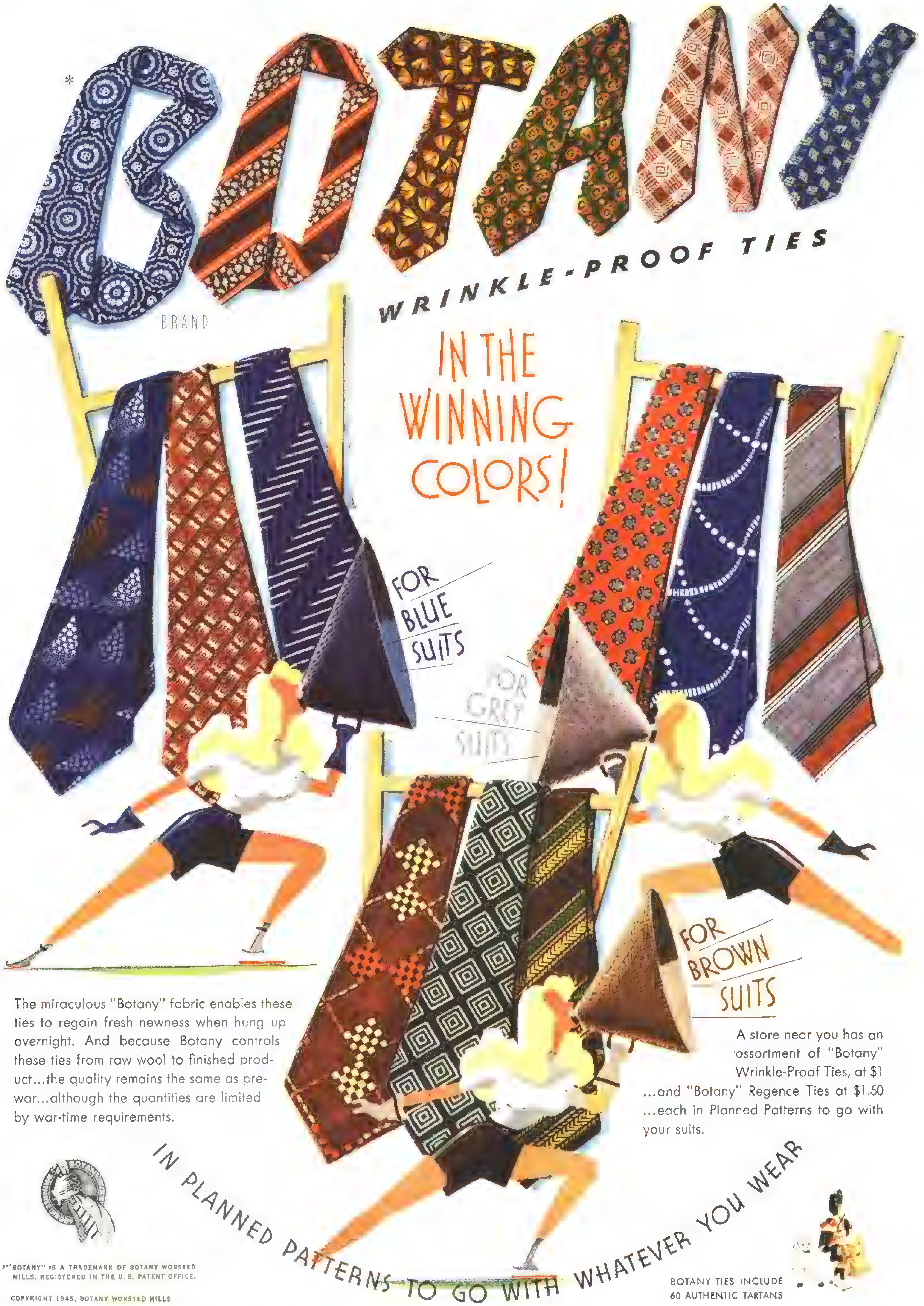
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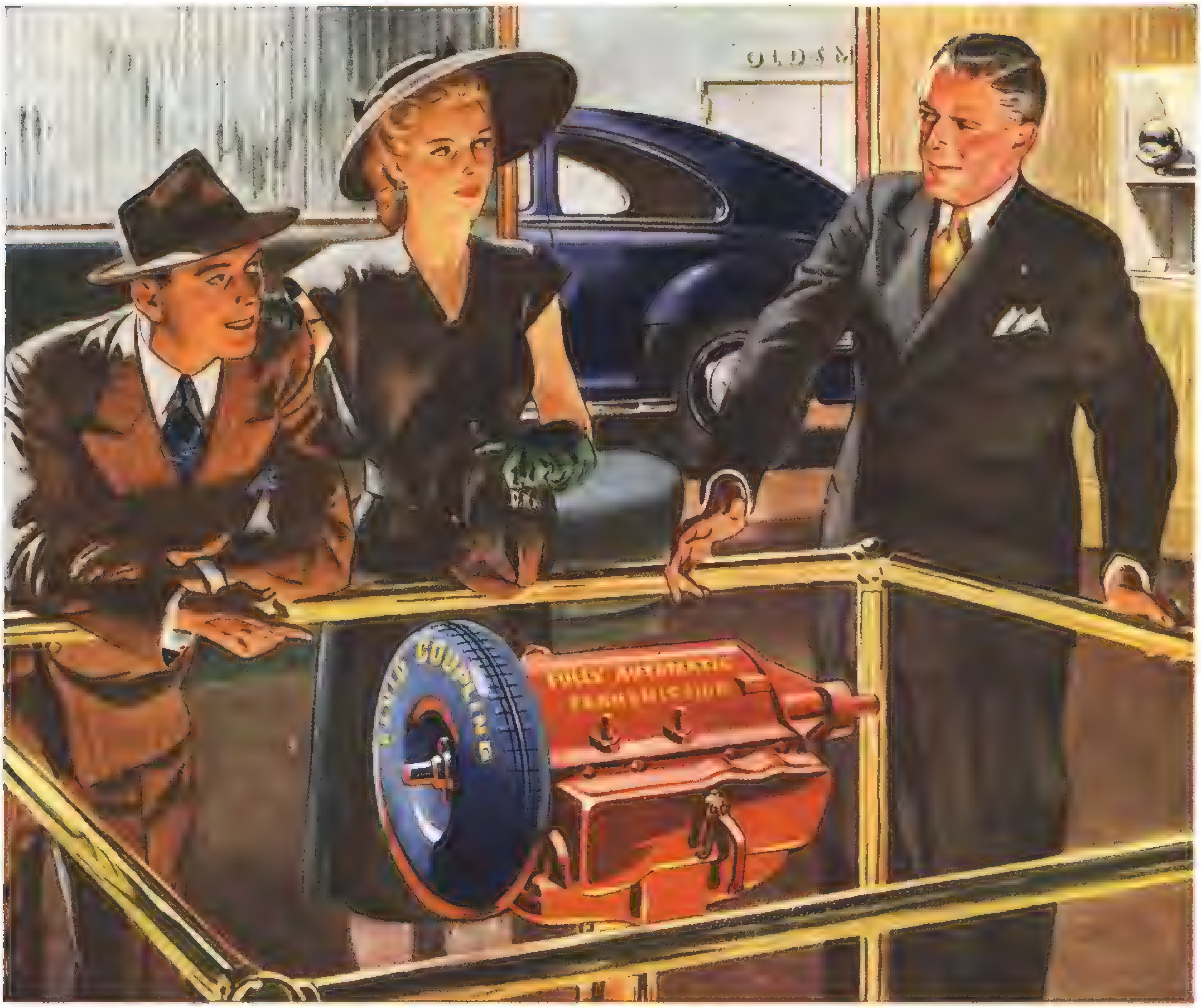

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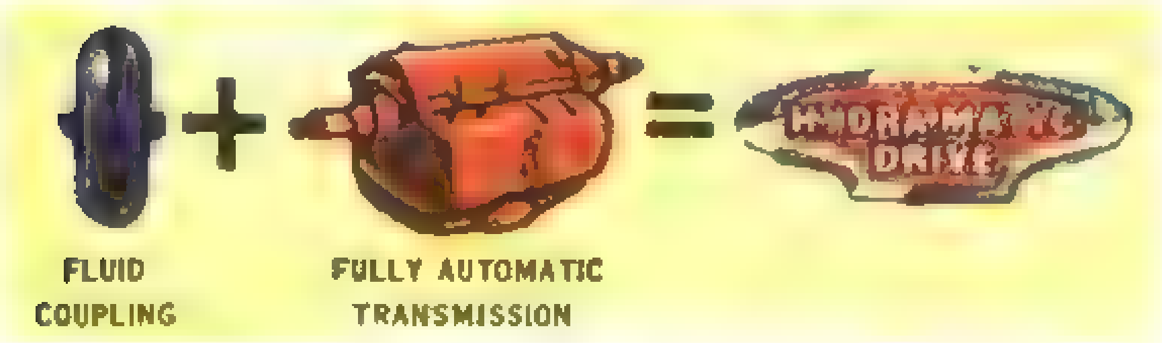

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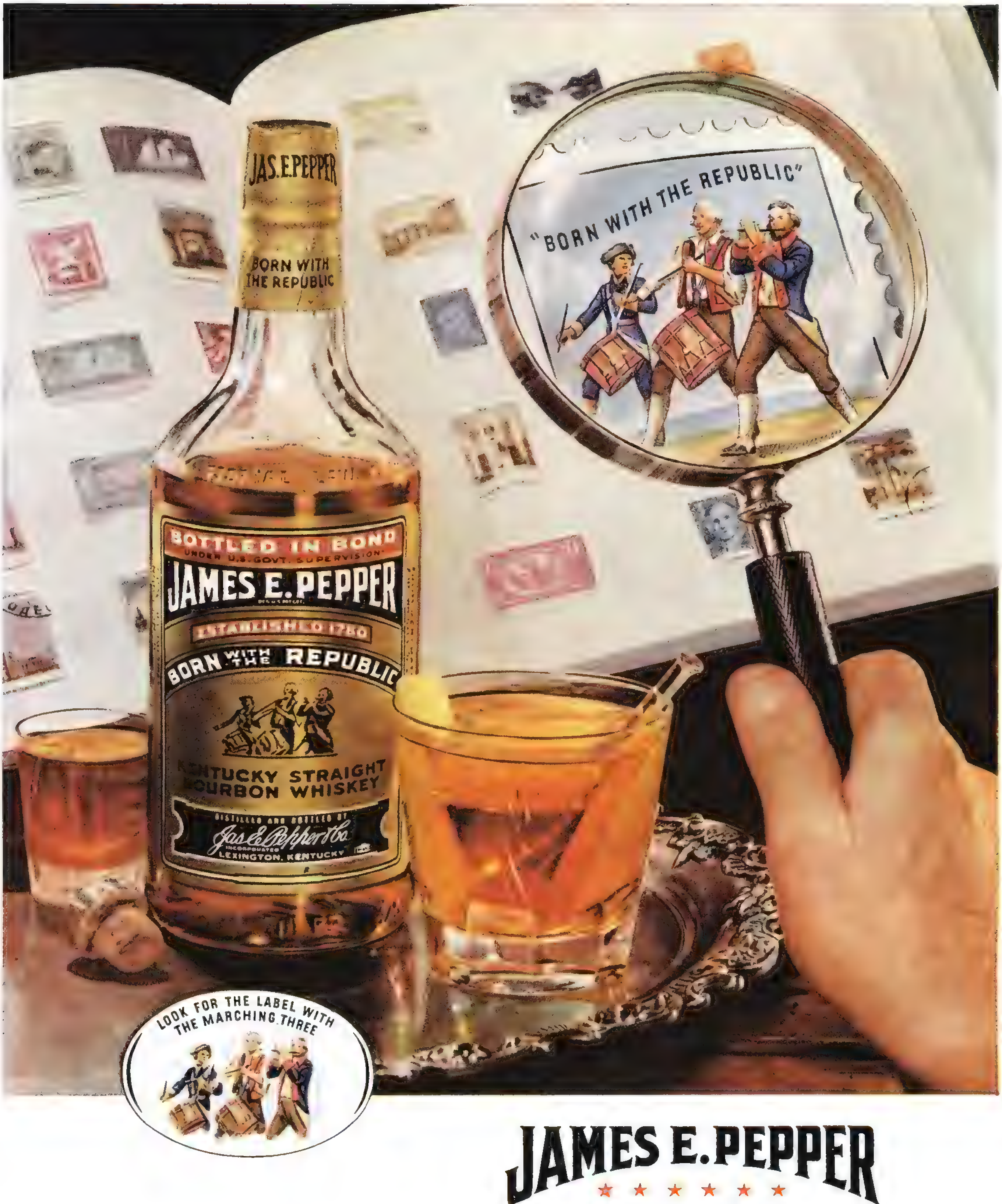
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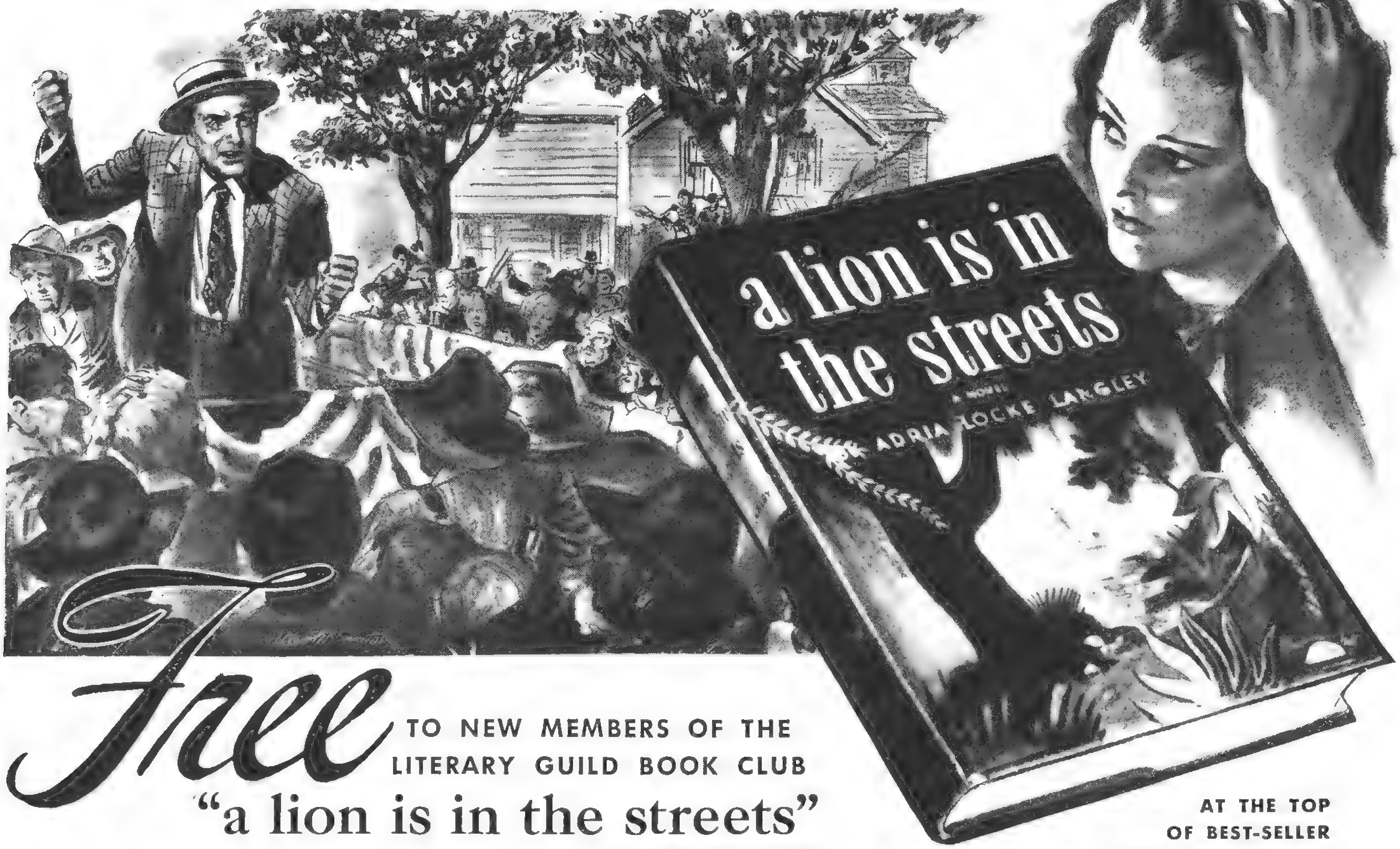

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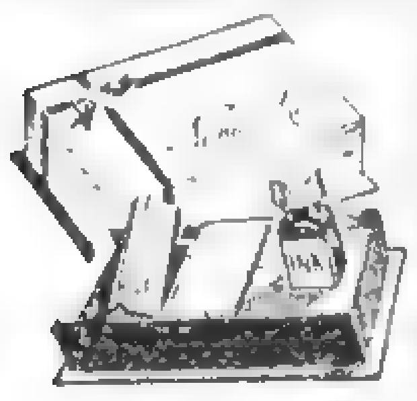

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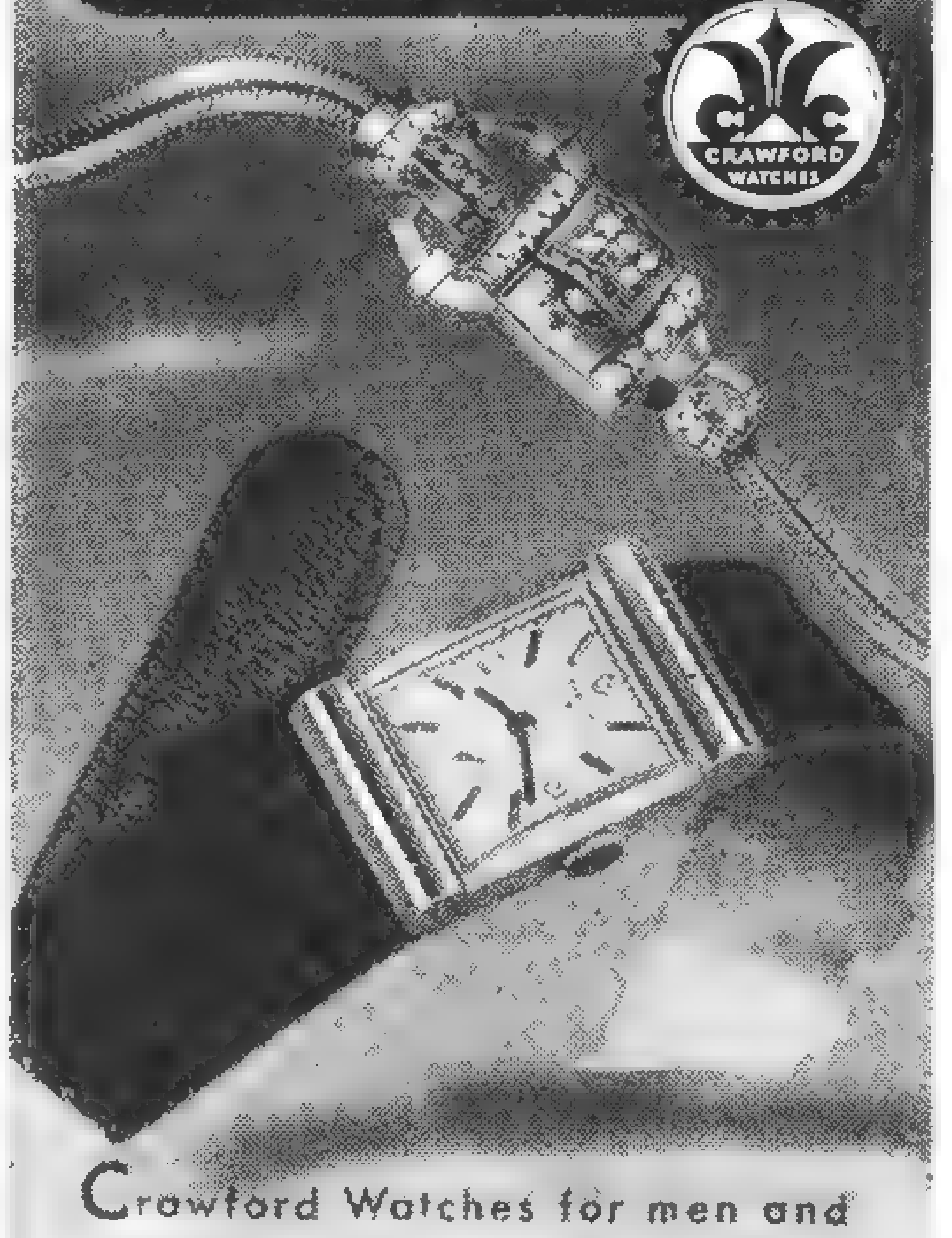

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CHRISTMAS IN OCTOBER. For the benefit of you fellows overseas, we hereby run off a brief Christmas gift preview, so that you'll have more time to send through your orders. The way you guys keep ordering black underwear, we'll wager it's standard equipment for every dame the world over. Here's the latest: "Black Bomber" . . . an ebony sheer that's better than benzedrine for keeping you awake. A 2-piecer . . . lace bra top, bare midriff, wispy black skirt. And "Hotcha" . . . a 2-pc. dance set, lace bra top, panties lavishly lace-edged.

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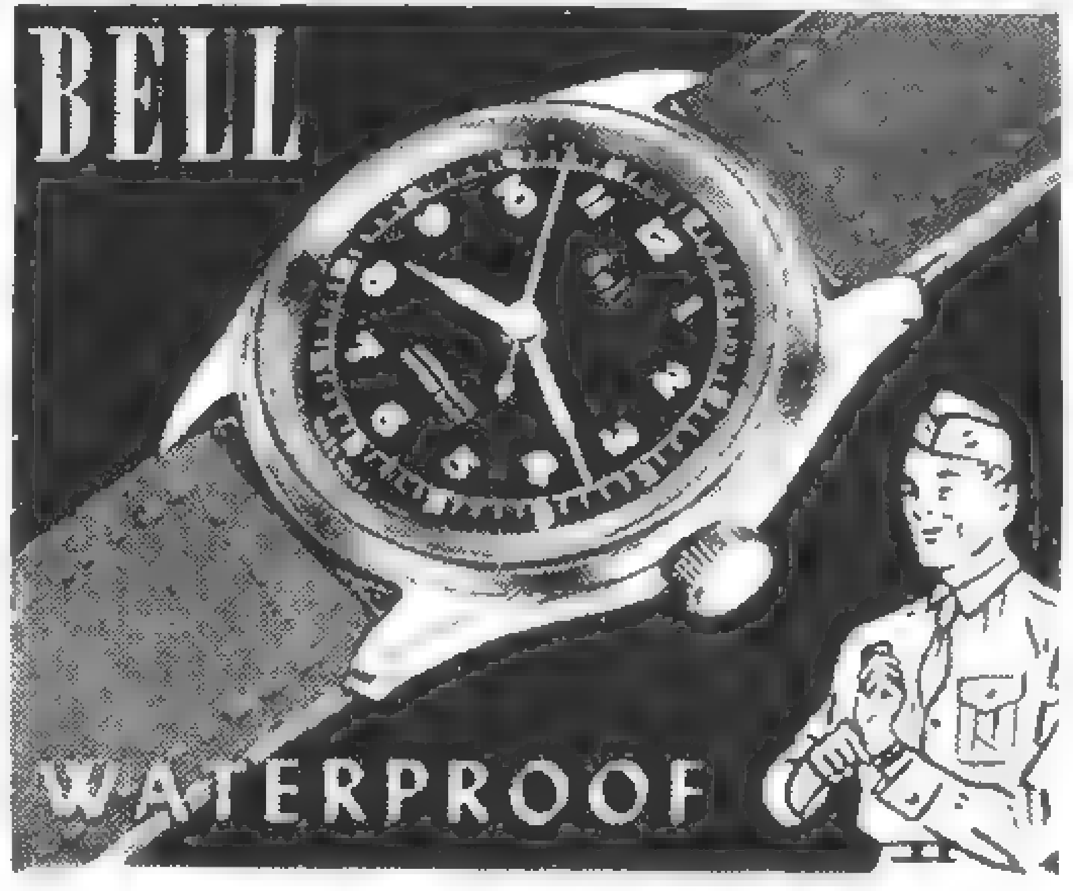

Waterproof, shockproof, anti-magnetic, radium dial and hands, unbreakable crystal, precision tested, sweep second hand.

No. RR 121
15 jewels, stainless steel back...... $39.75

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17 jewels, stainless steel back....... $42.50

No. RR 328 SELF-WINDING,
17 jewels, stainless steel case....... $59.75

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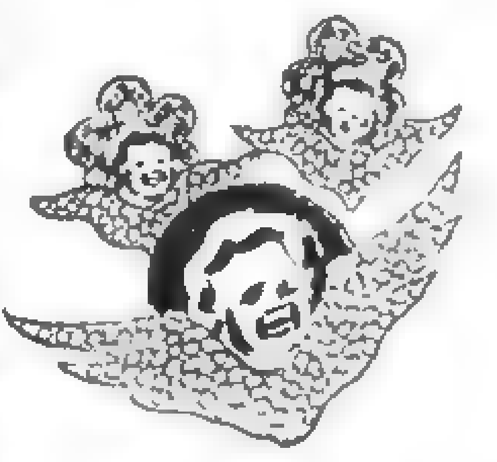
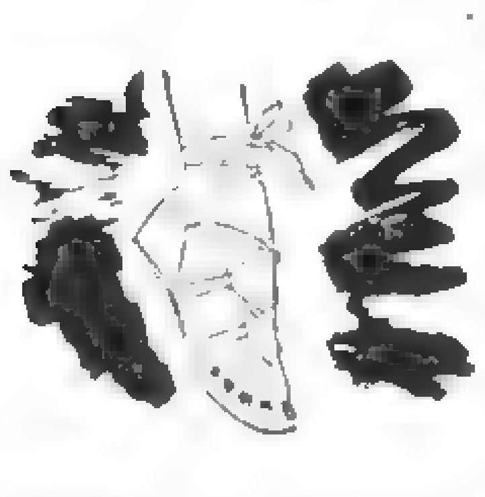
BELL WATCH COMPANY
Time-Life Bldg., Rockefeller Center, New York 20, N. Y.

with Esquire

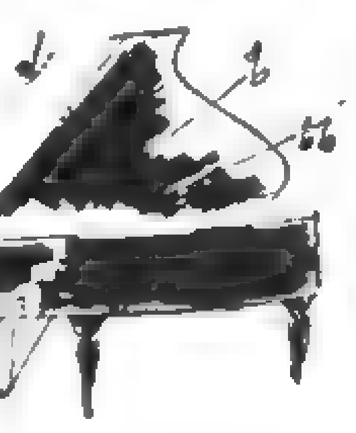
FOR YOUR ANGEL. If you're interested in costume jewelry that's utterly unique, as a pretty gesture send her a little angel brooch. Angel, complete with halo is of gold plated sterling or sterling, with folded wings of topaz stones. Earrings to match. Or perhaps a "loving heart" brooch huge gold plated sterling center edged with multi colored stones; or "Here's looking at you", a real miniature mirror framed exquisitely in elaborate hand wrought sterling set with dangling stones.



BAREFOOT SANDALS. With her negligee or lounging pajamas, let her wear a pair of slippers modeled after the ones that Hermes wore. Nothing but a sole, strapped on with satin laces up to her ankle. In satin or silver kid... and beauties. Non rationed.

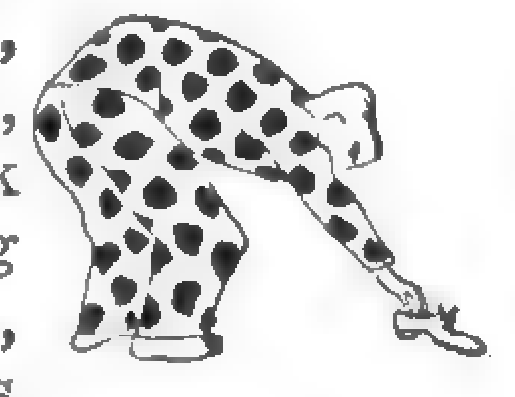


"AND SHE SHALL HAVE MUSIC". The old fashioned music box turns up in a variety of modern forms. To wit: a glass jewel box hand decorated with roses and handsomely lined with velvet. When she opens the cover, the box gives out with a couple of sprightly little tunes. Then there's a walnut piano to hold cigarettes. Open the top of this grand and you are greeted with a burst of operatic airs. A lucite grand piano filled with candy plays "The Blue Danube" and "Girl of My Dreams" while you meditatively munch a bonbon.



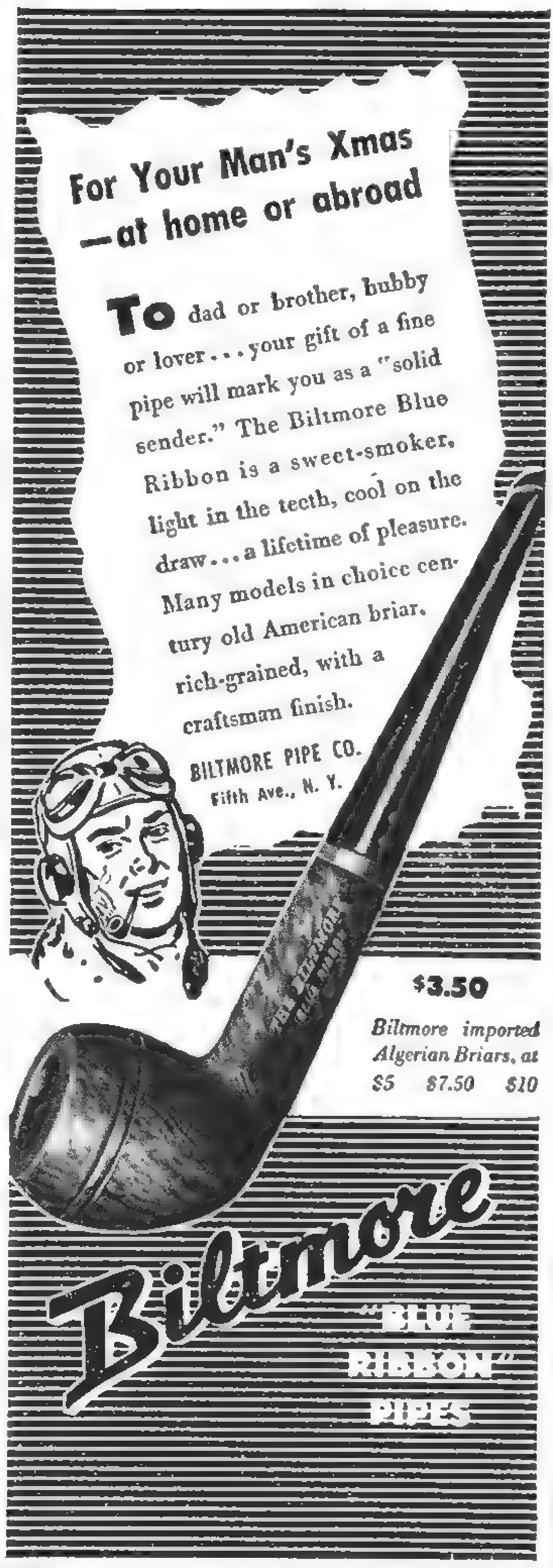
FOR YOUR PRECIOUS JEWEL. Something very special . . . a Sterling silver lipstick holder topped with a classic acorn design. Sterling silver powder compact to match. Or a gorgeous jewelled lipstick holder (black plastic with gold plated sterling top set in simulated stones,) compact to match.

SHOE SHOE BABY. Don't know why someone hasn't exploited 'em before . . . shoebags for gents. This little beauty is of twillback, dull satin, in tan, green or black with tan binding . . . overall size, 20x31, with tabs for hanging on the closet door. Eight spacious pockets hold your kicks without crowding. And the little woman will be delighted to get your shoes off the floor and on the door.



Ranger

For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.



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To dad or brother, hubby or lover . . . your gift of a fine pipe will mark you as a "solid sender." The Biltmore Blue Ribbon is a sweet-smoker, light in the teeth, cool on the draw . . . a lifetime of pleasure. Many models in choice century old American briar, rich-grained, with a craftsman finish.

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Your favorite store has it or send coupon direct to FIELDS & CO., 232 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

Please send me these Readinjacks: (Check or money order enclosed.)

	Small	Medium	Large
Luggage Tan			
Royal Blue			
Maroon			

Name ____________________

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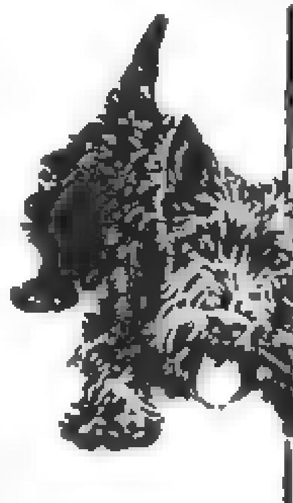

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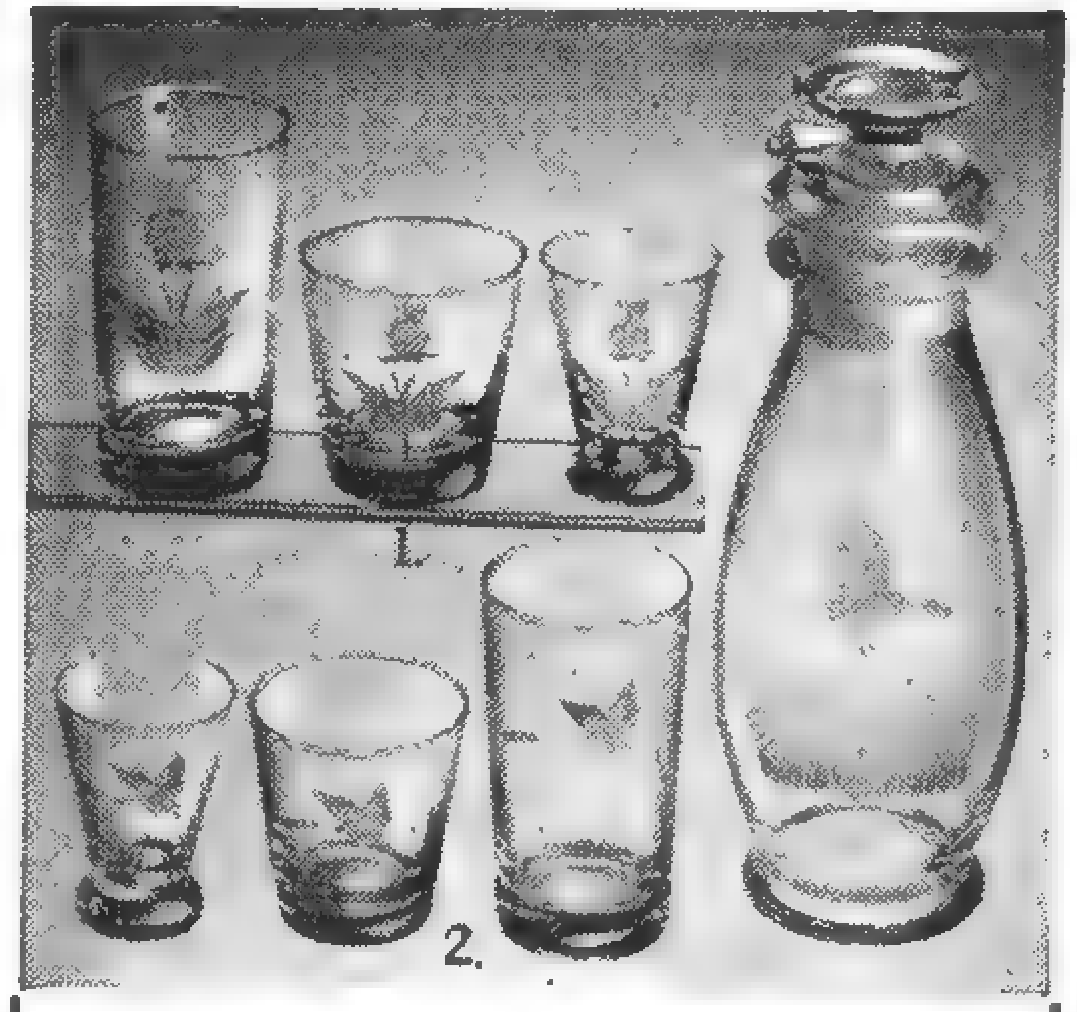

1. Attractively hand cut Thistle pattern on nice Crystal—we just can't seem to get enough of these glasses. You may also have these glasses with cut Rye pattern. State choice in ordering. The Hiball holds 12 ozs. **Doz. $8.00.** Old Fashioned holds 7 ozs. **Doz. $8.00.** Footed Cocktail holds 3½ ozs. **Doz. $8.00.**

2. Matched clear Crystal with a nicely cut pattern of Flying Geese over marsh grass. Men will welcome this gift. Hiball holds 12 ozs. **Doz. $8.00.** Old Fashioned holds 7 ozs. **Doz. $8.00.** Footed Cocktail holds 3½ ozs. **Doz. $8.00.** Cocktail Shaker equipped with glass strainer holds 1 qt. **Ea. $9.00.**

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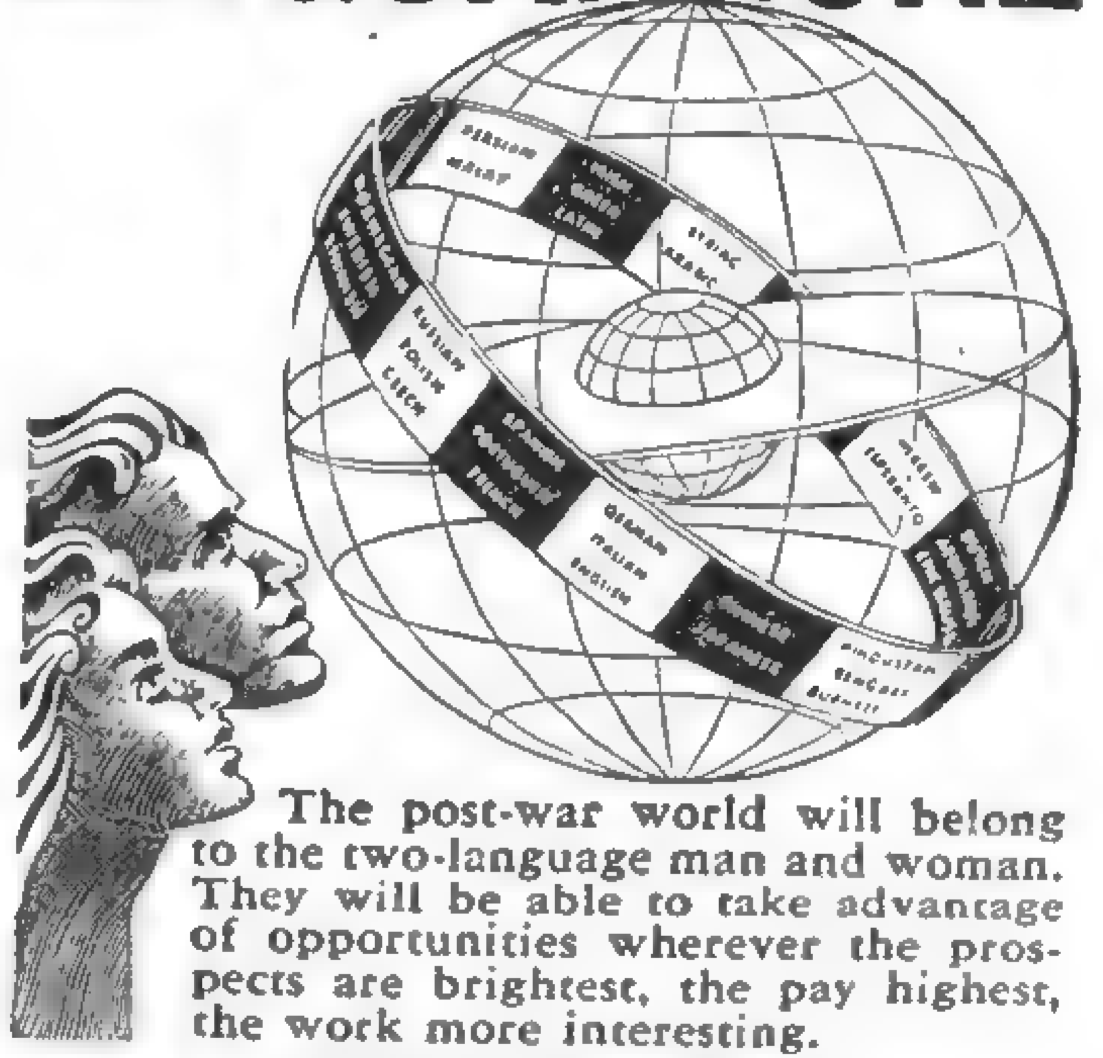

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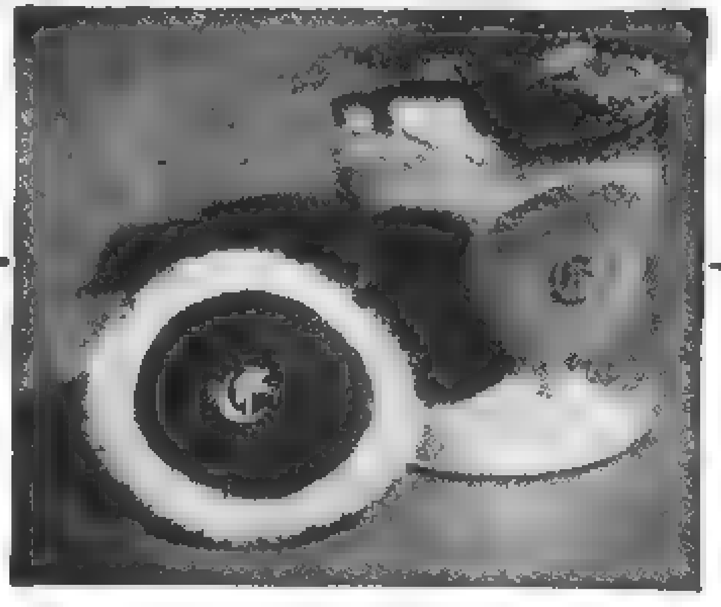

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Here's a splendid gift for your mother, wife, sweetheart or secretary that's truly personal. It's a set of 12 Powder Puffs (10 small and 2 large), made of soft lambskin, each personalized with 1-letter monogram or first name in gold. Packed in a clear after-use plastic box. **$3.50 postpaid**

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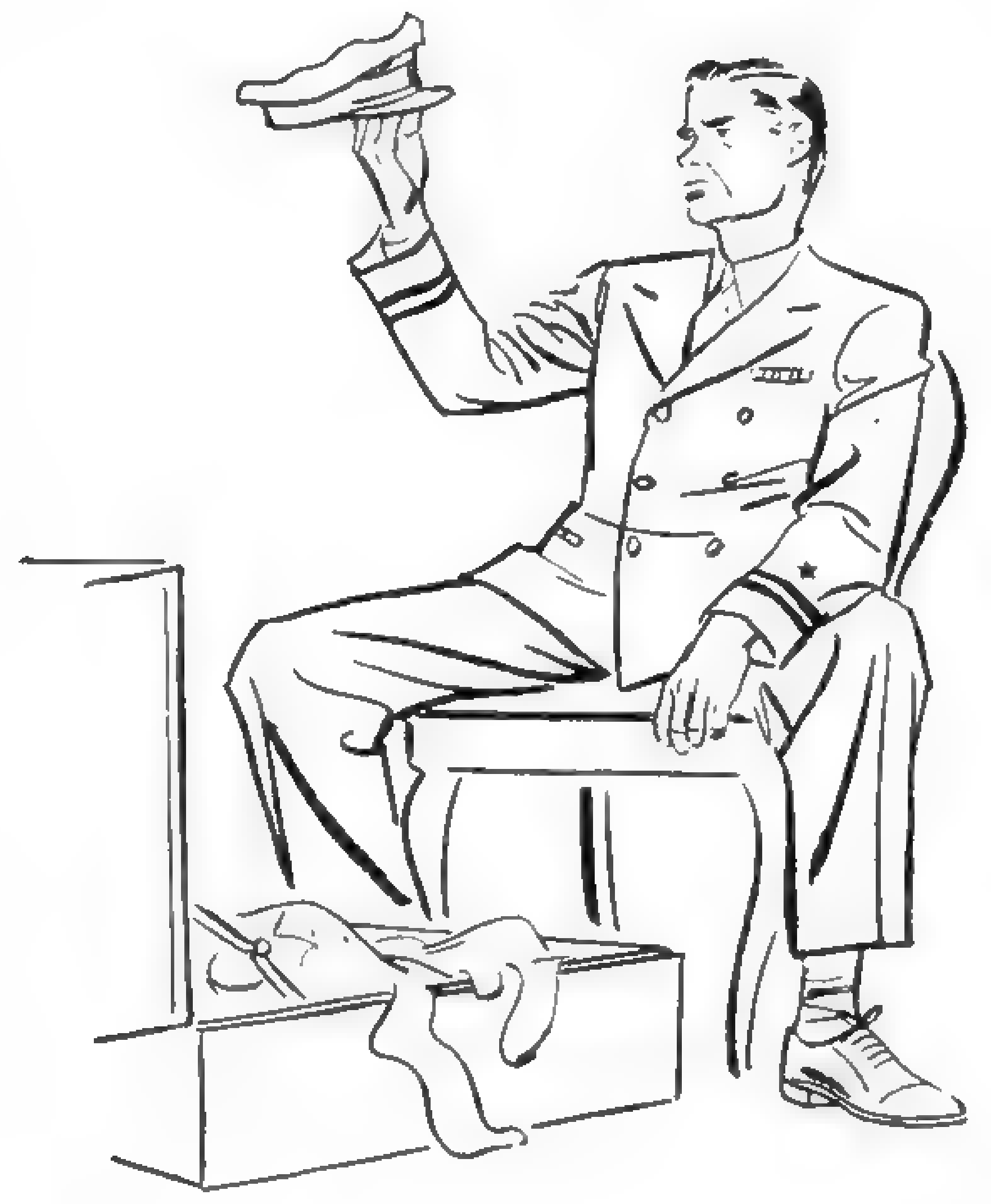
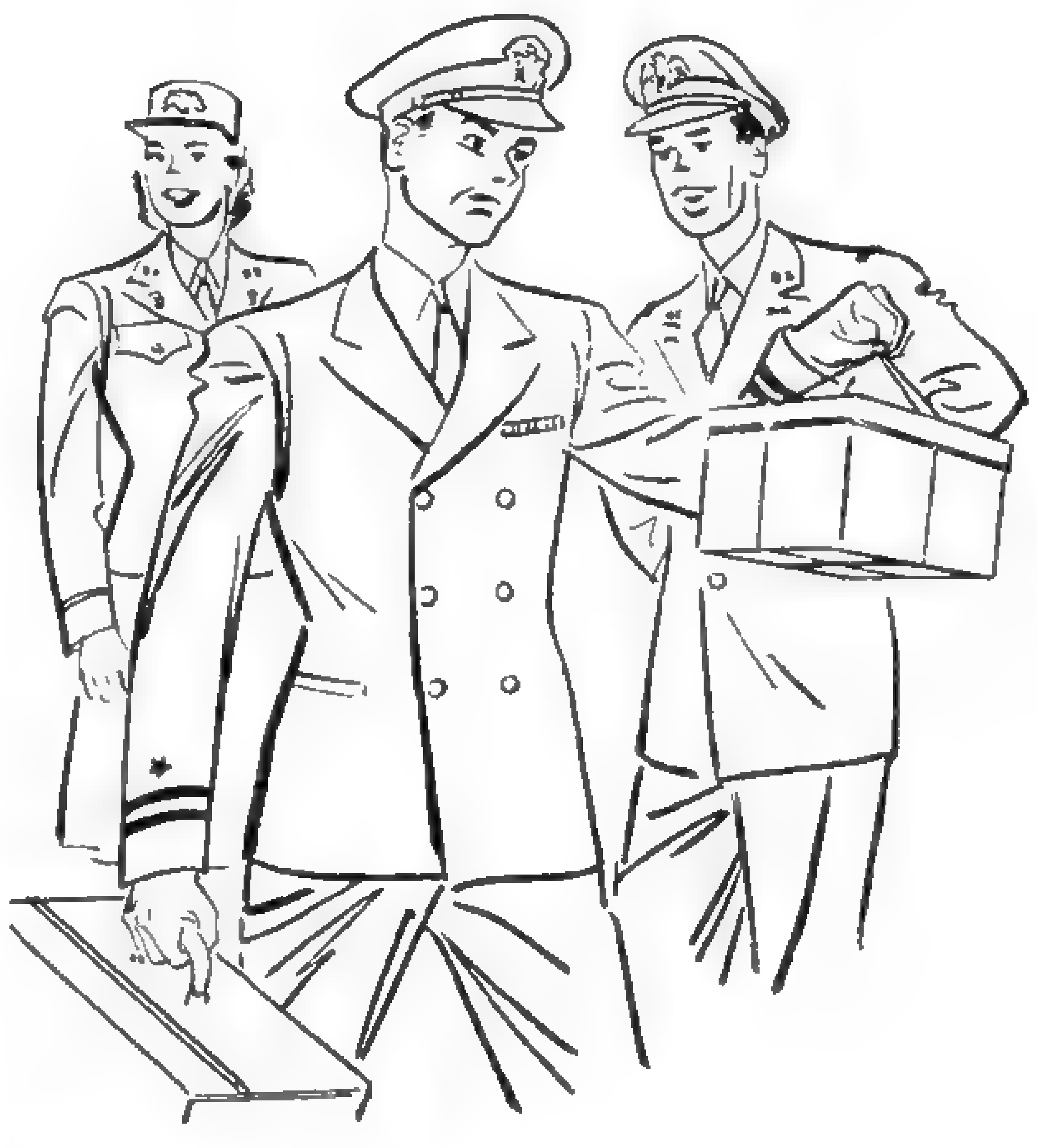
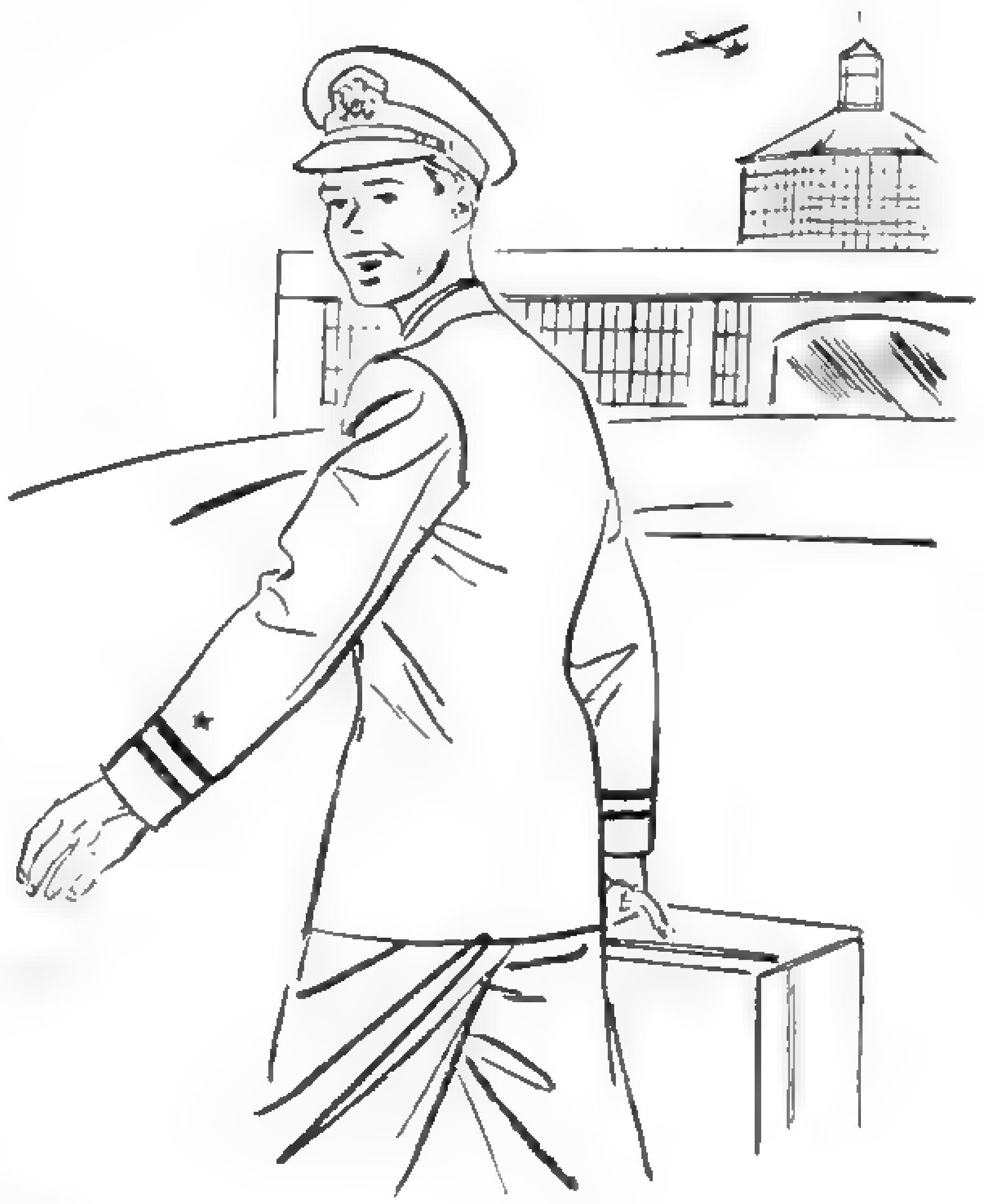


1 *This is the way a Bancroft Pak-Cap doesn't look when you unpack it. You can jam it . . . cram it . . . but it always springs back.*

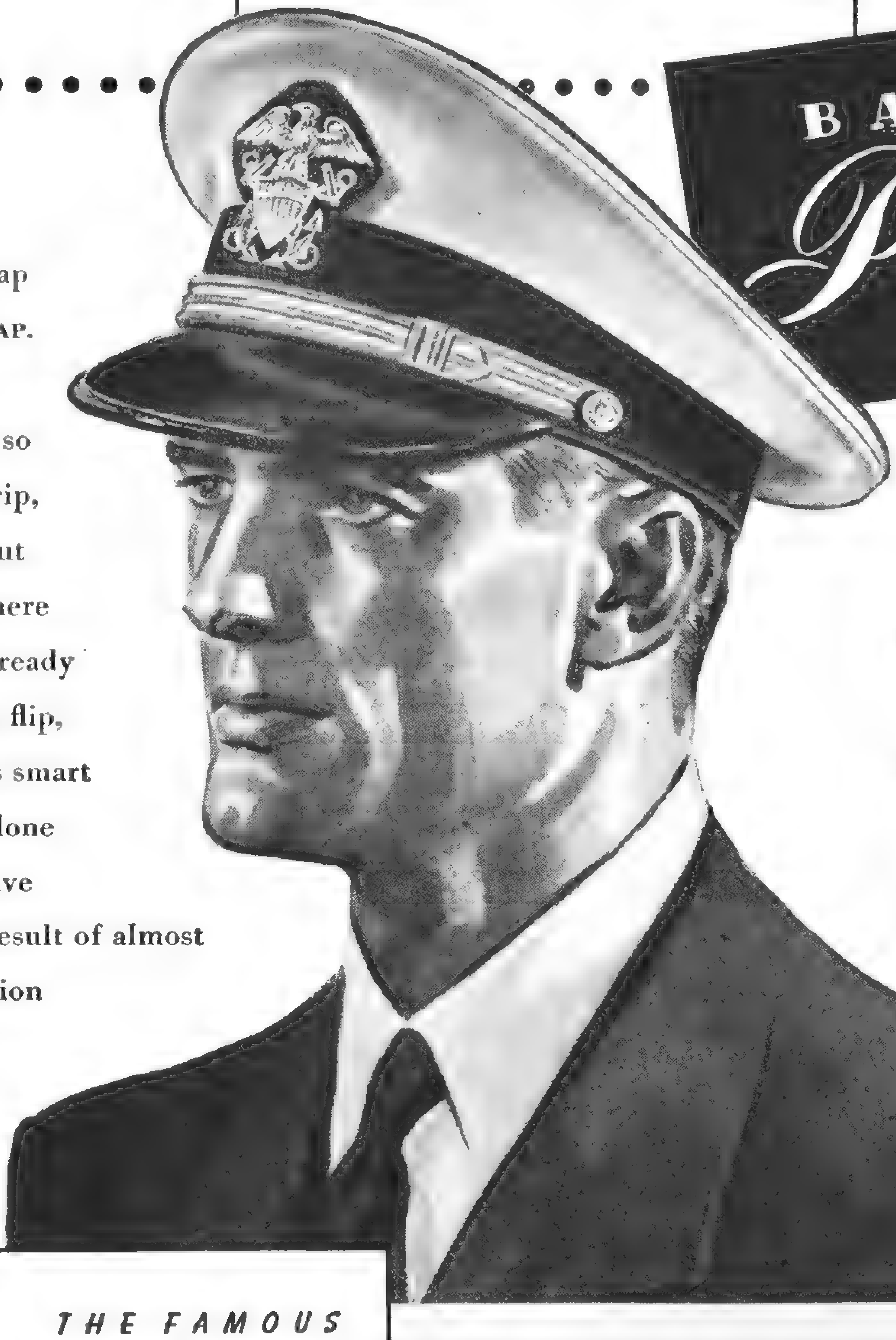


2 *It's a naval disaster when an officer has to play nurse to his cap. This can't happen to a Pak-Cap. It's no "excess baggage."*



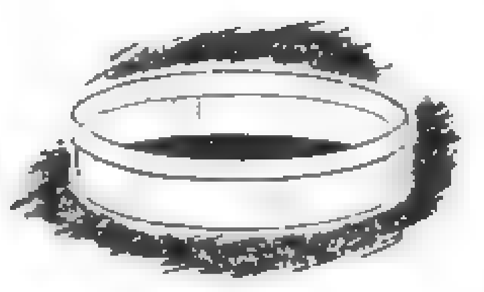
3 *HERE'S how you can carry a BANCROFT PAK-CAP. Simply pack it in your grip . . . and forget it.*

BANCROFT*
Pak·Cap
PATENT PENDING *T. M. REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

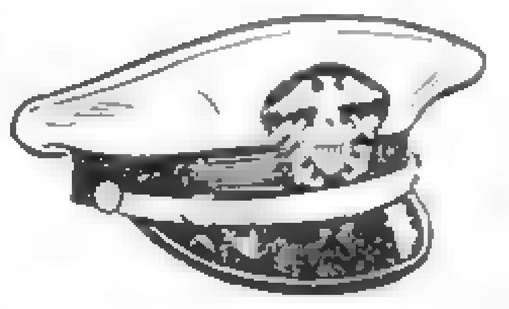


NO OTHER Naval officers' cap is like the BANCROFT PAK-CAP. Made to withstand pressure, it is completely crush-proof so that it can be packed in a grip, suitcase or footlocker without losing its shape. With the mere flip of a finger, it collapses, ready to be tucked away. Another flip, and it's ready to be worn, as smart and jaunty as ever. It's all done through BANCROFT's exclusive PAK-CAP construction, the result of almost half a century of specialization in making fine headwear.

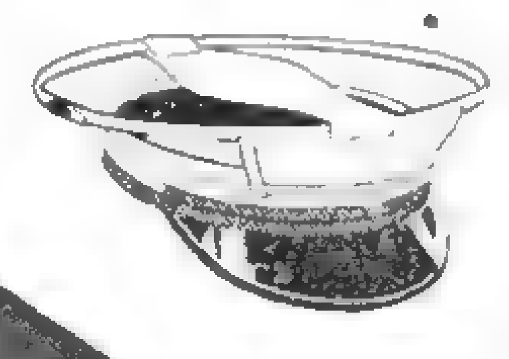
IT'S NOT A *Pak·Cap* UNLESS . . .



THE BAND is made of aero quality "Lumarith" that withstands crushing and is not affected by heat or cold.



THE VISOR can be pressed flat and bounce back into shape . . . won't crack or peel . . . won't lose its shape . . . retains its lustre.



THE ENTIRE FRAME is of wire construction and covered with fabrikoid . . . is sanitary because it can be washed, easily removing tropical mould . . . is not affected by moisture.

THE FAMOUS BANCROFT
"Flighter"

- *The cap that stylized the Army officer . . . the most popular cap in the service today.*

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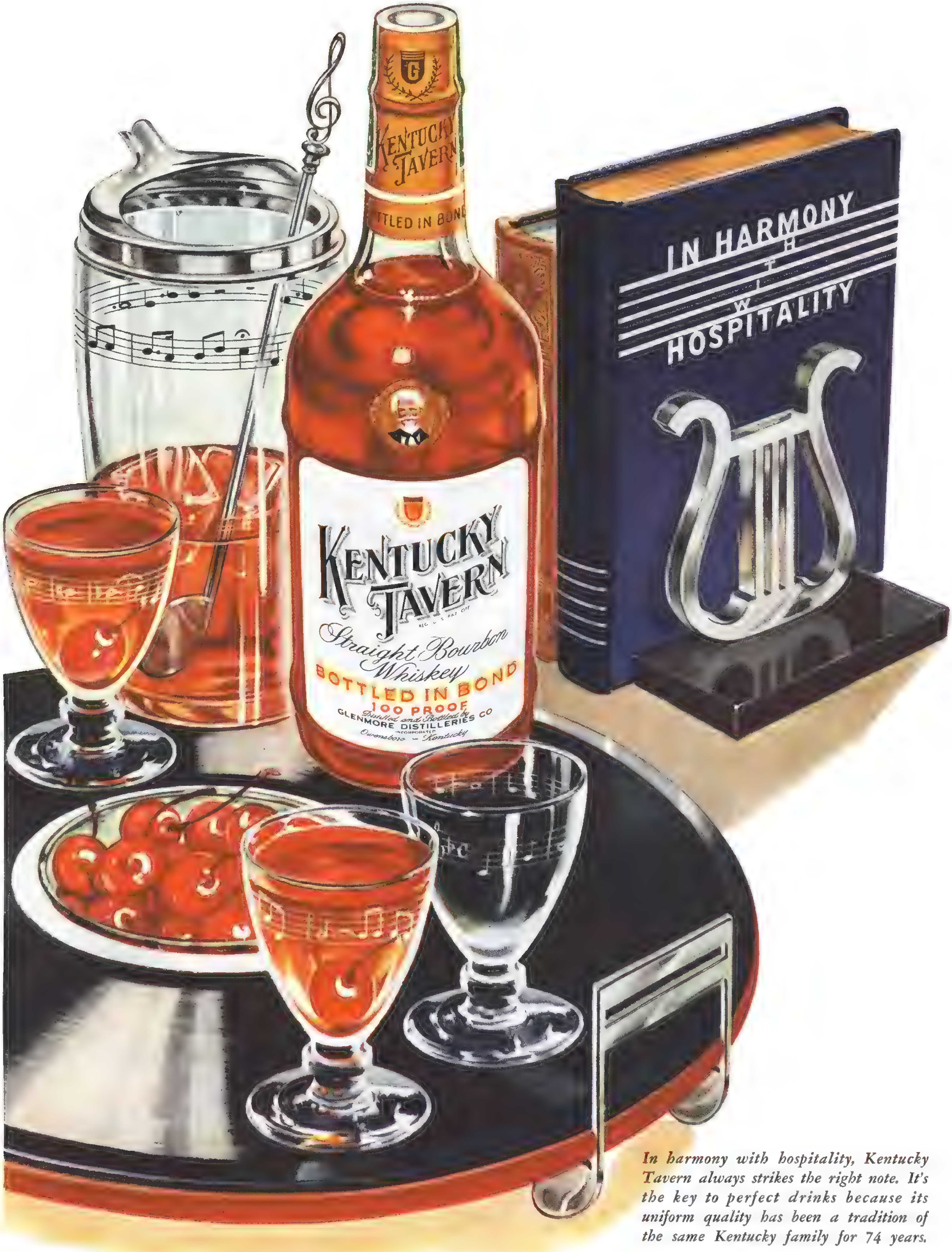
THE ARISTOCRAT OF BONDS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McGREGOR
Sportswear made in U. S. A.

THIS MOOSE WAS NO PAPOOSE . . . no babe in the woods was he. At knowing his way around the big outdoors, this Northwoodsman is no novice either. He knows the secret of keeping warm in wintry weather is to insulate with bulkless clothing that *seals in* body heat and *seals out* cold and damp. McGregor tailors them just the way he likes them, in the true Northern manner, and adds the color touch for which McGregor is famous.

CLAN DRIZZLER is a year-round jacket with brilliant outer shell of AMERITEX fabric that's windproof, treated with NORANE durable water-repellent, and washable by Crown Test Green Light tests. Button-in lining is 100% pure wool Seymour plaid $18.95. **RED FLAME SHIRT** in one of the warmest shirtings woven. 100% virgin wool $7.50 to $10.

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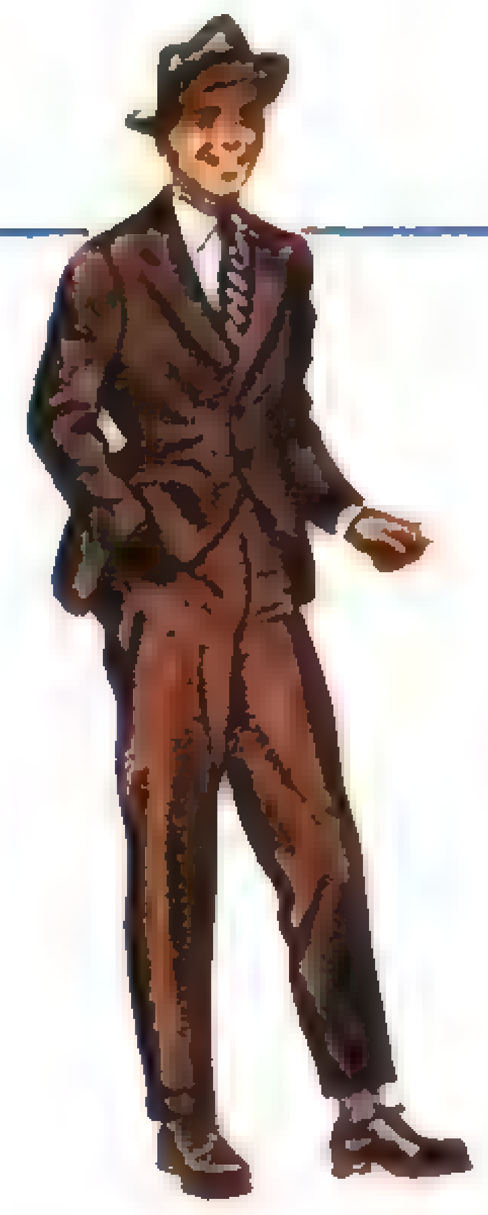
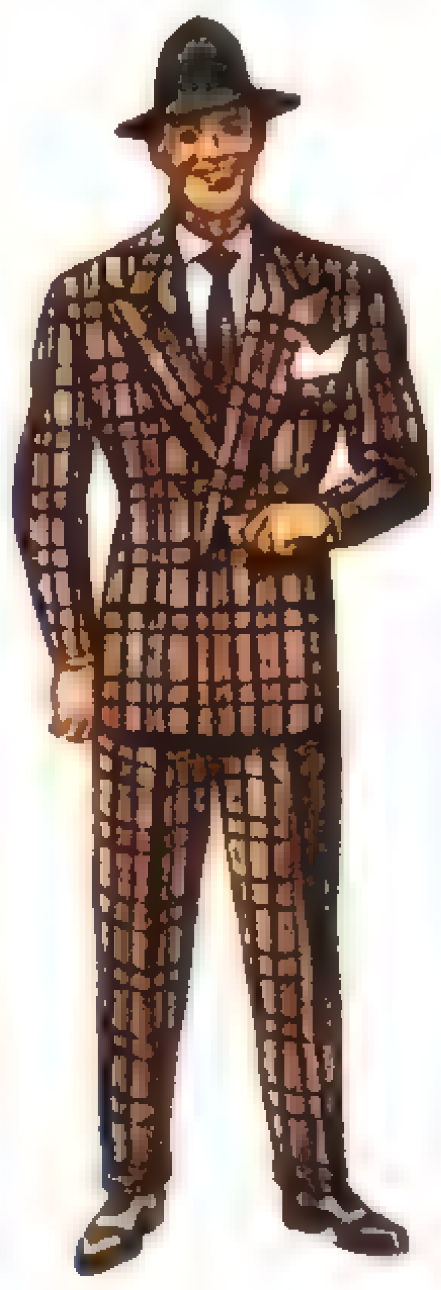


Indifferent

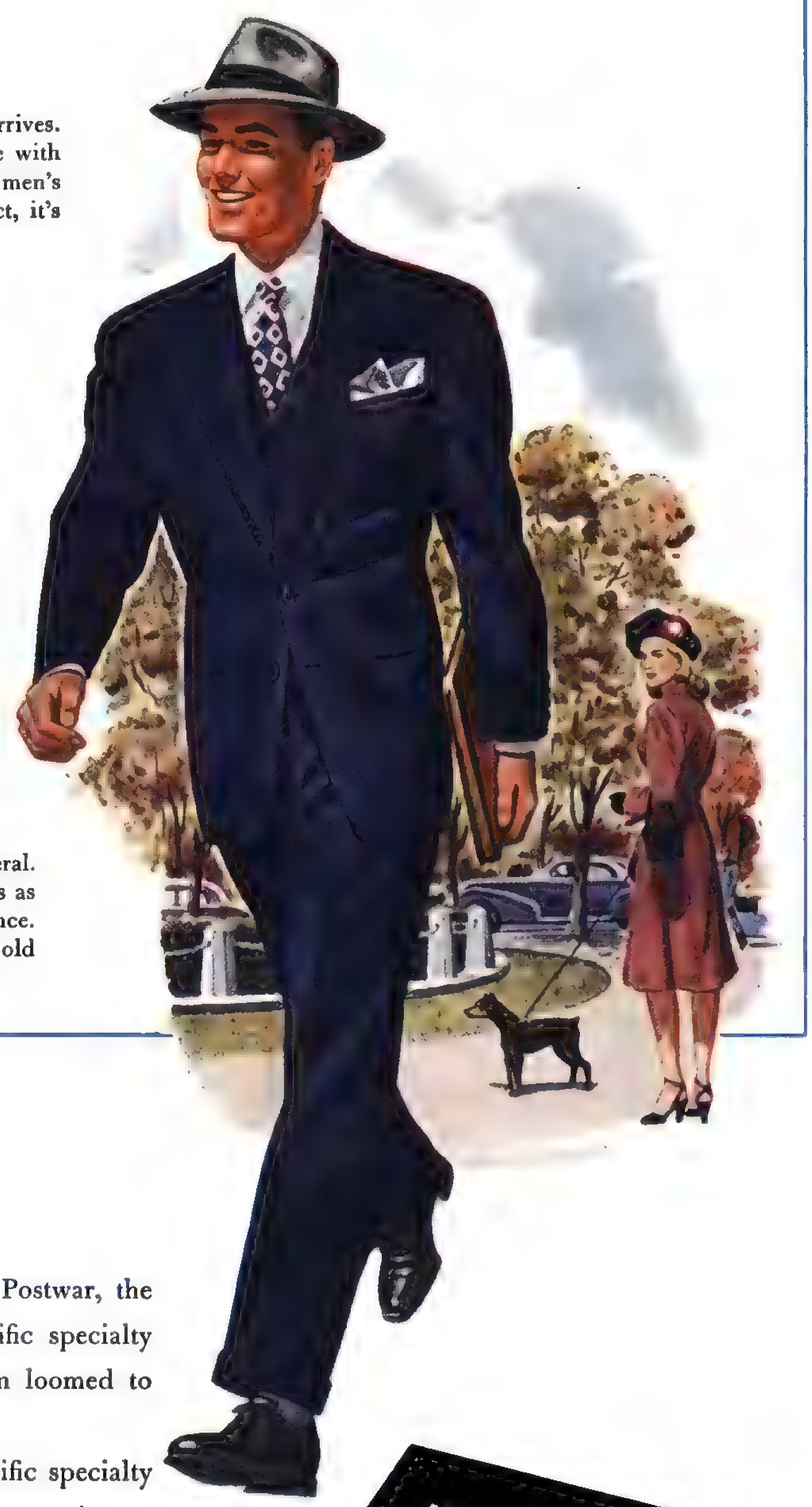
Looks as if he's been poured into his clothes until he forgot to say "when". Blithely unconscious of "Sad Sack" appearance. Associates secretly snicker and wonder if he's the "shape of things to come".

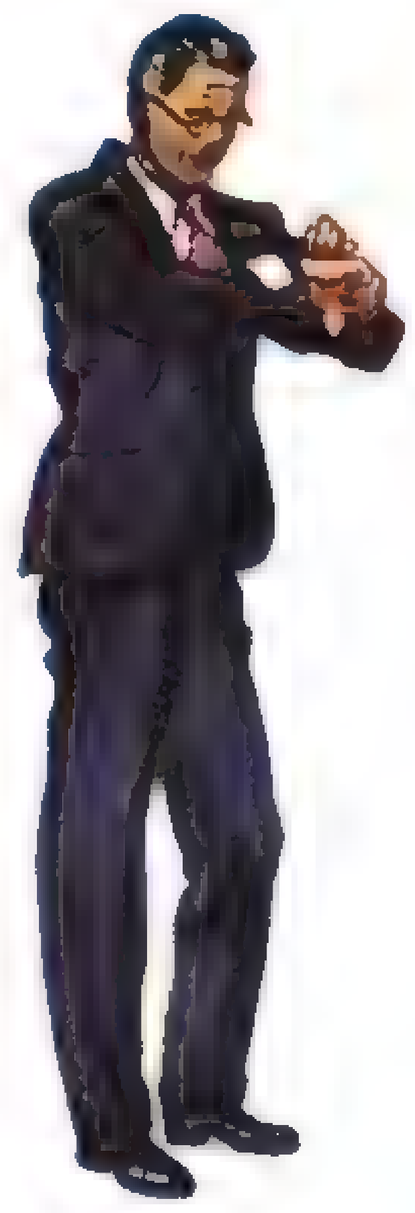
Which one are you?



Pioneer

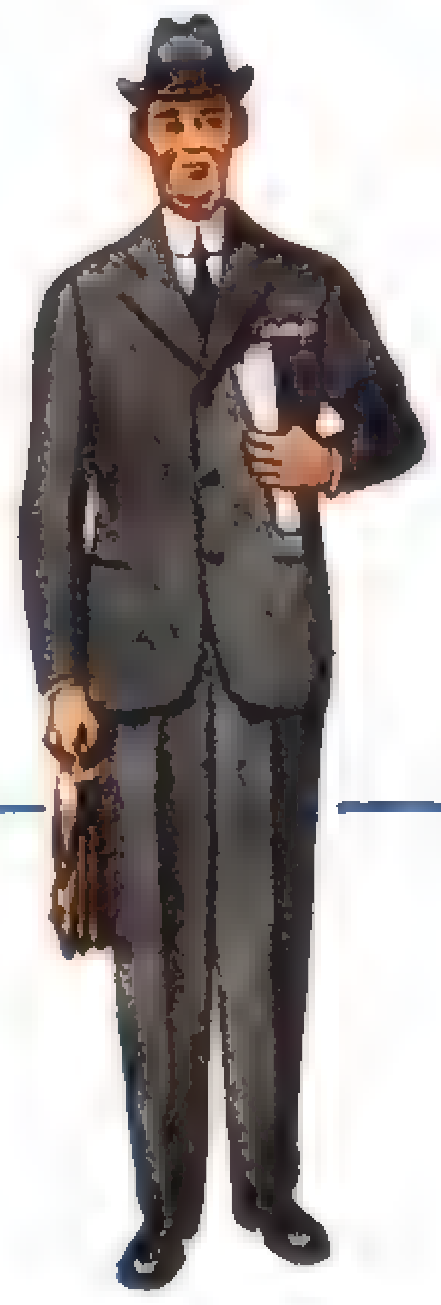
His clothes announce him before he arrives. They're a complete conversation piece with no words barred. An authority on men's fashions, he advances the style—in fact, it's out of this world!





Bargain hunter

Always orders from the right hand side of a menu. Applies this technique to buying clothes. Can lose 50 bucks trying to fill an inside straight, but would be horrified spending as much for a good suit.



Conservative

Dresses like a pall-bearer at his own funeral. Shies away from smart, well-styled clothes as not in keeping with a dignified appearance. Plays it safe, year after year, with the same old model in gloomy color tones.

Then there is the man who knows that looking the part plays a big part in getting ahead. Correct attire buoys up his confidence...puts him at ease in moments when appearance counts for plenty. His means are moderate but wise planning and buying help him do the trick.

Decide what your needs are before you buy. Then let the salesman help you select a suit in the right fabric. Postwar, the "right" fabrics will be Pacific specialty fabrics because they've been loomed to serve your special needs.

You'll find clothes of Pacific specialty fabrics in styles and colors to suit you and your personality...in the country's leading stores. Pacific Mills, Worsted Division, 261 Fifth Avenue, New York 16.

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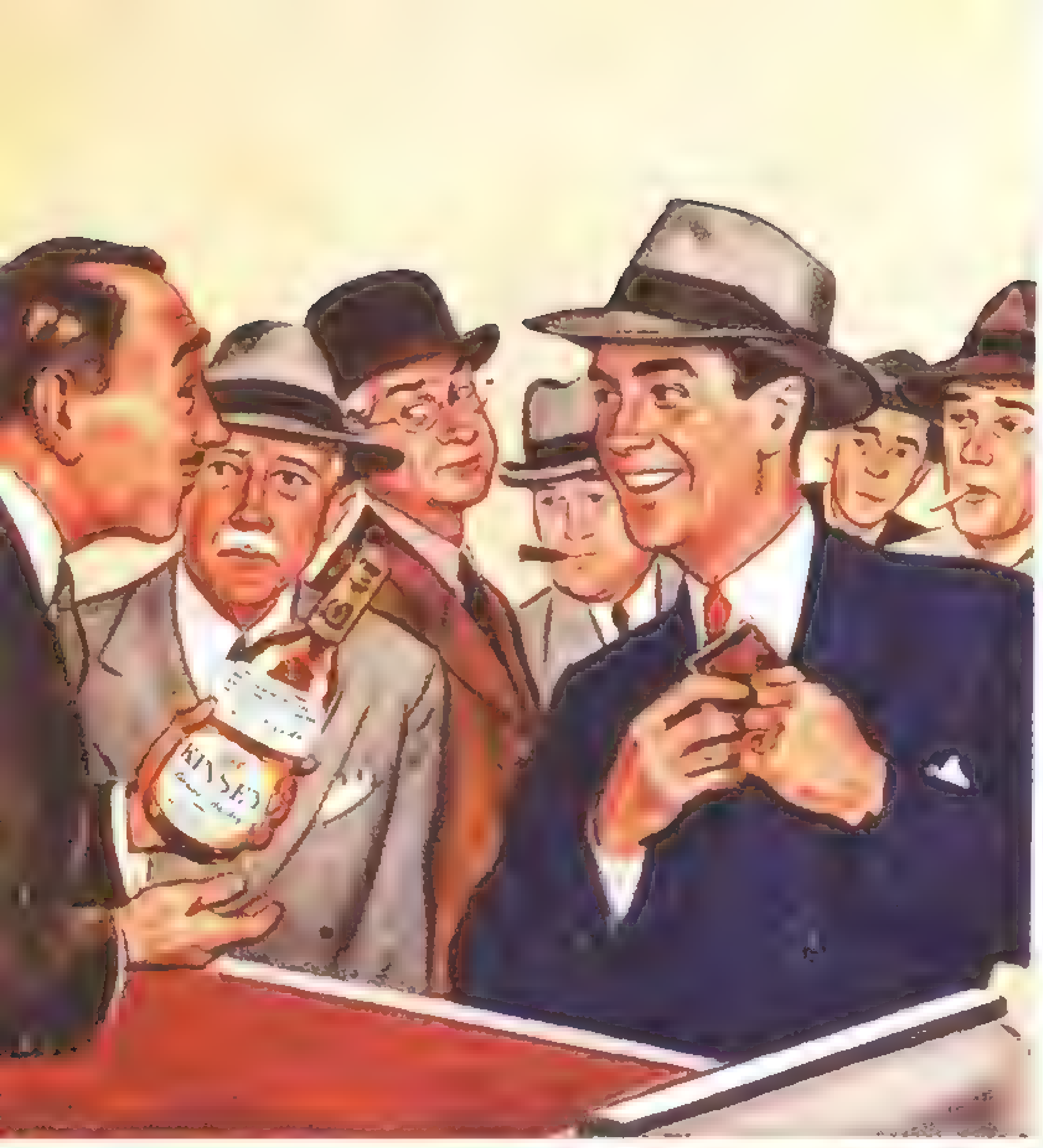
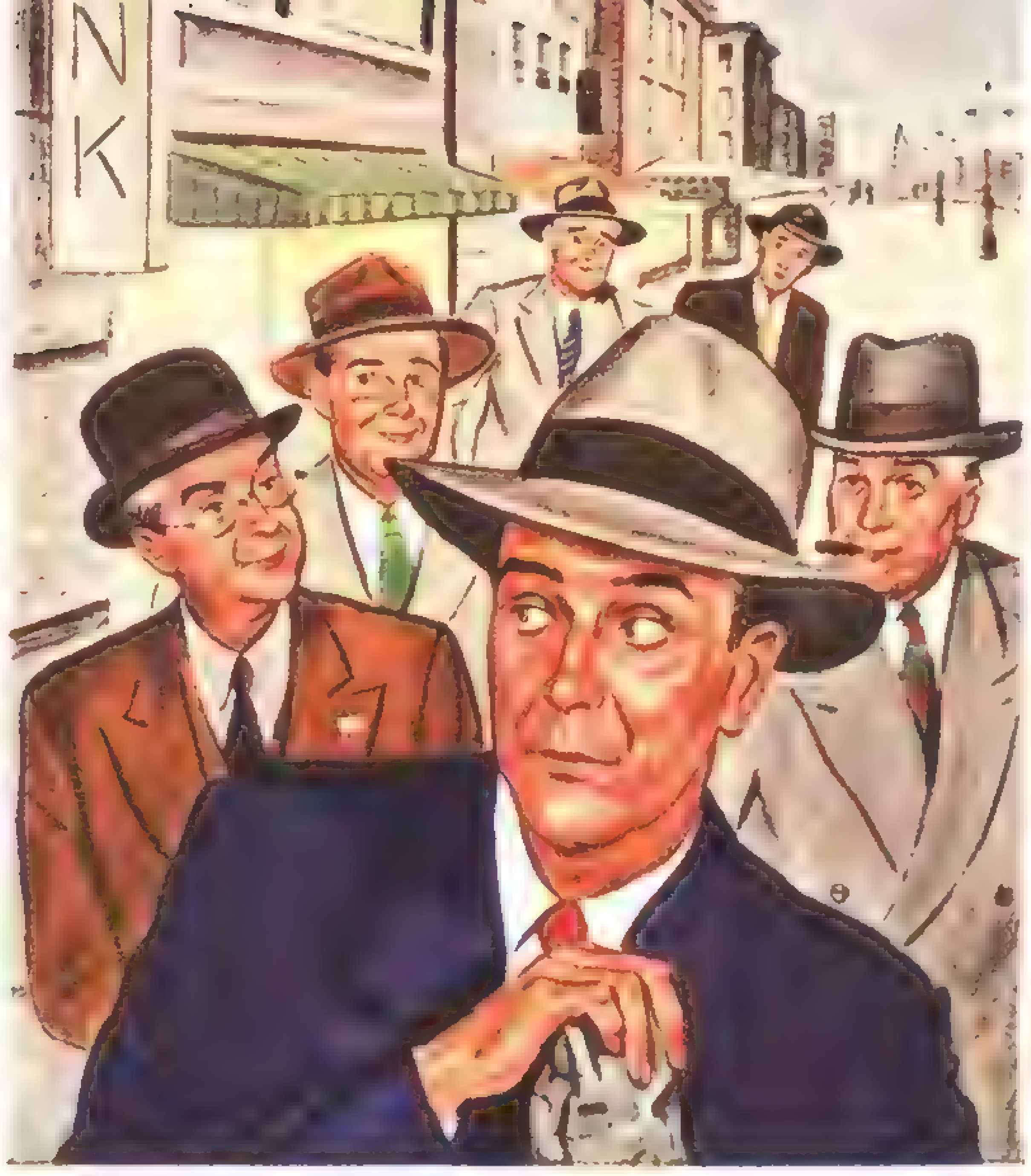
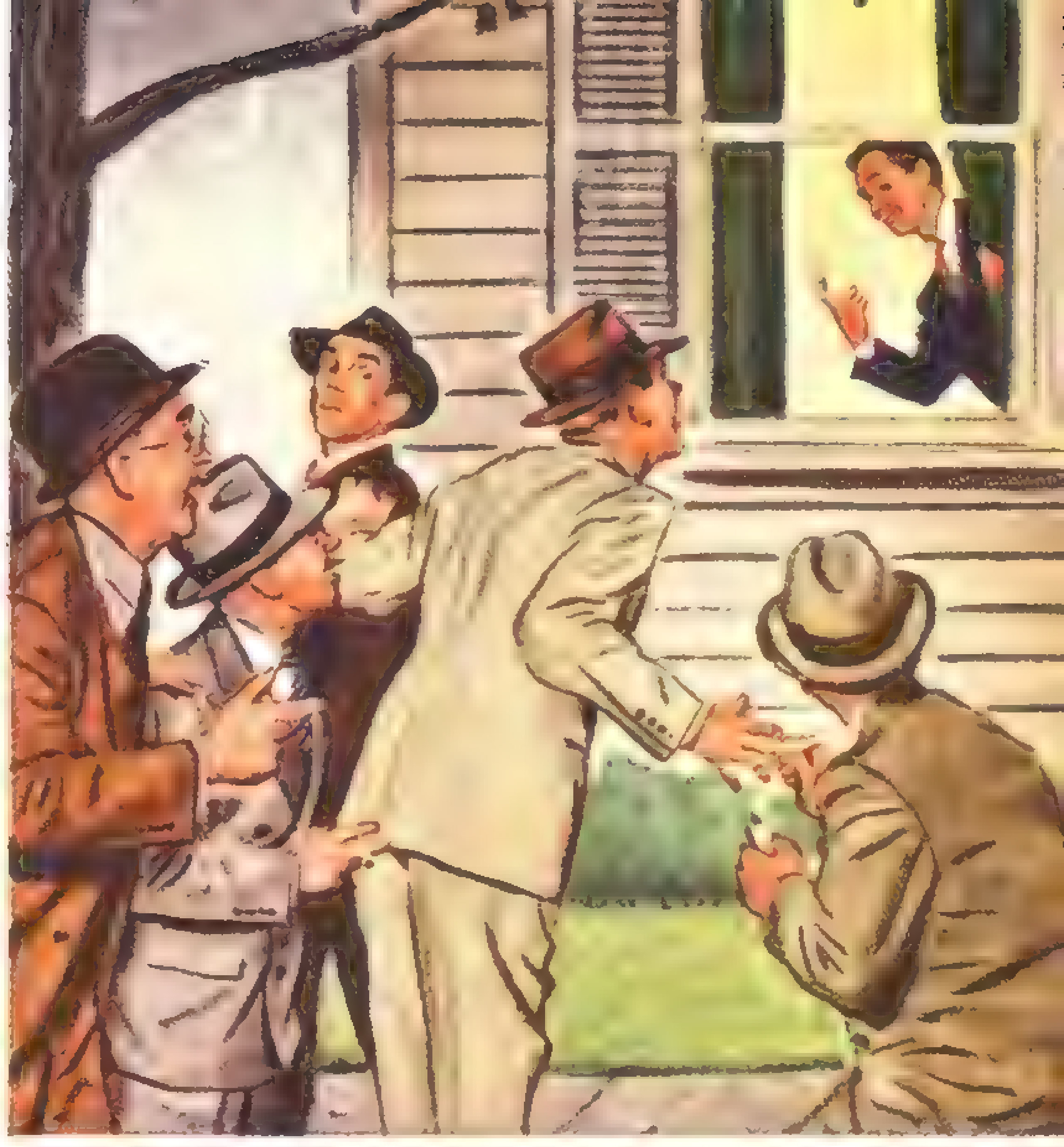


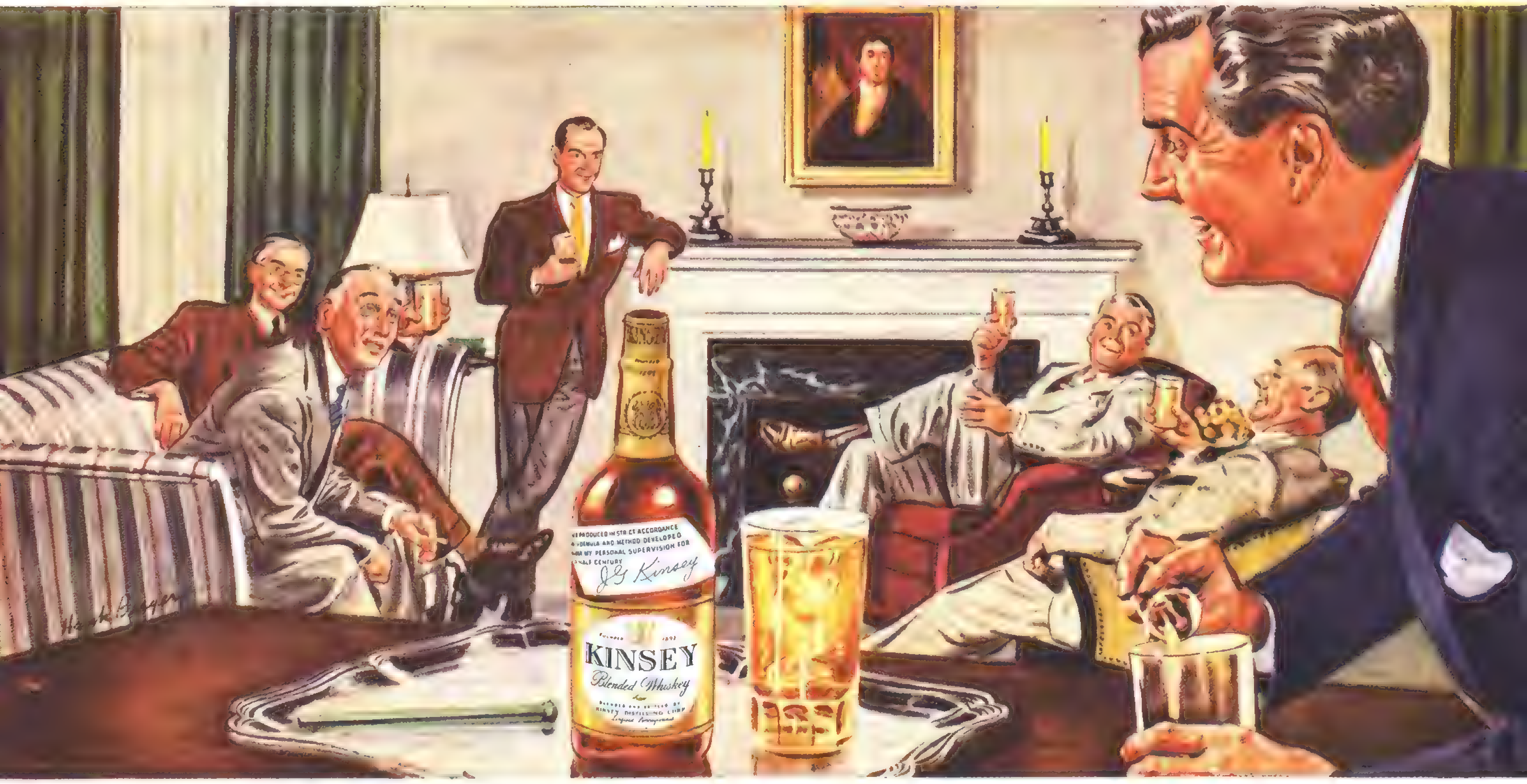
Last bottle of Kinsey today!



Last hope!



At last!



Good Neighbor Policy: Domestic Division

whereas: everybody is urged these days to share and share alike, and . . .

whereas: everybody enjoys having friends and neighbors drop in for a sociable evening, and . . .

whereas: a gracious host always serves his guests whiskey of the finest quality, and . . .

whereas: Kinsey Whiskey, rich in flavor and surpassingly smooth, makes highballs and cocktails of unusual excellence, therefore . . .

be it resolved, that a neighbor who makes it a policy to serve delicious Kinsey Whiskey be deemed and acclaimed an *especially* Good Neighbor!

KINSEY

the unhurried

WHISKEY

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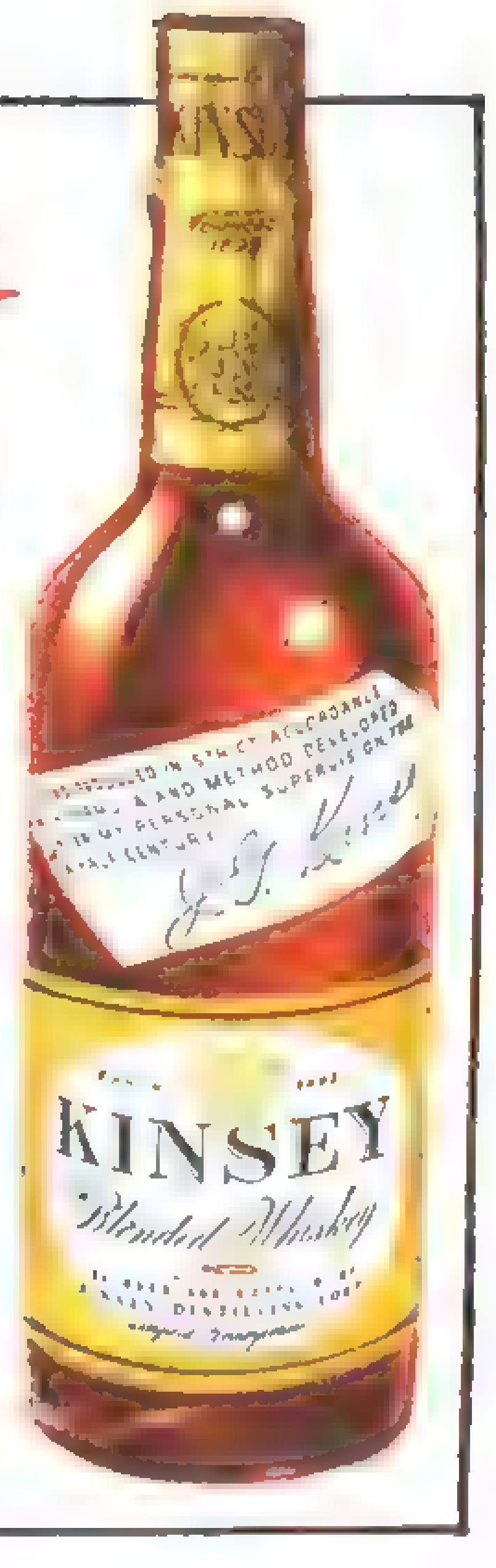

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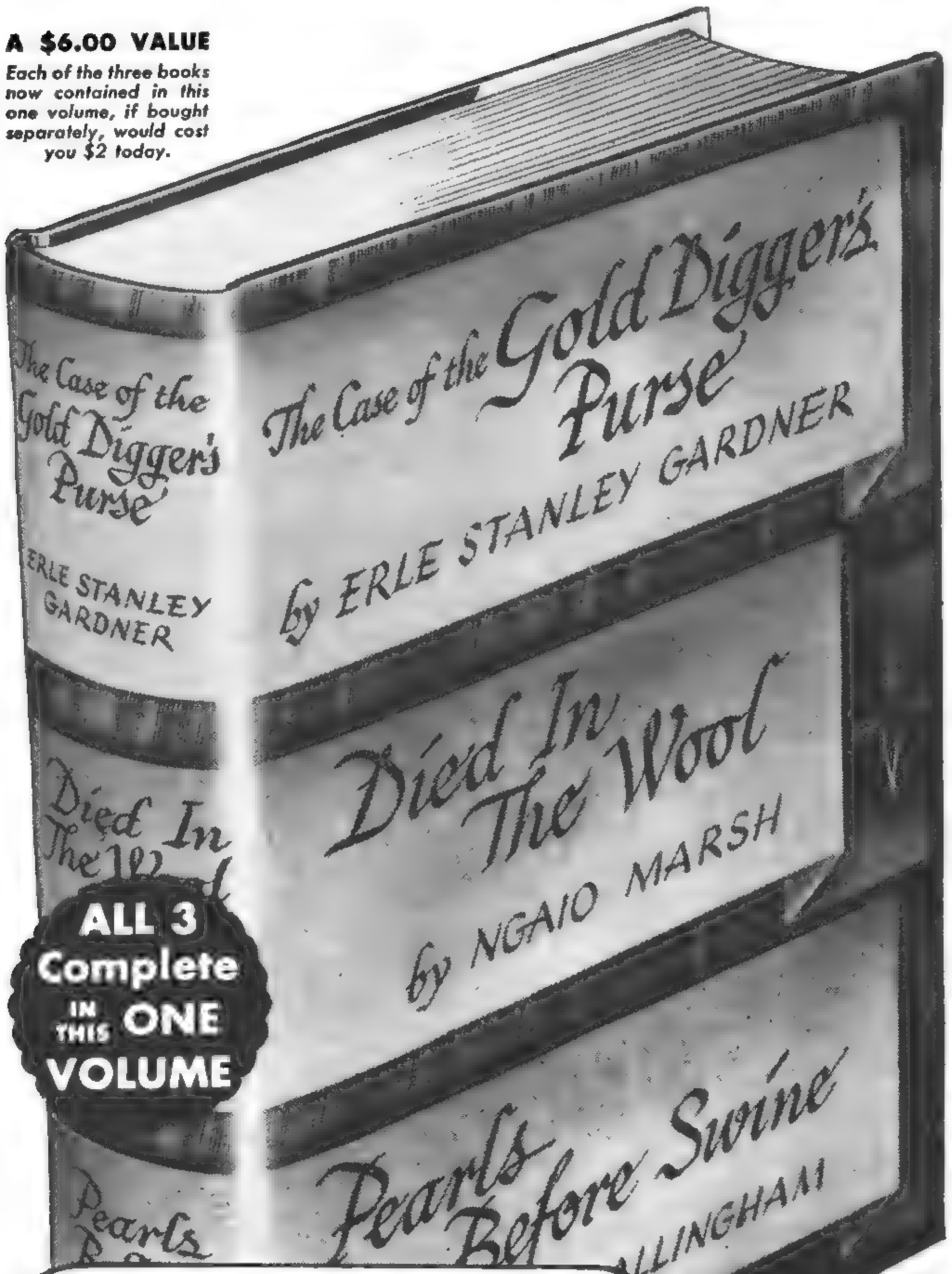

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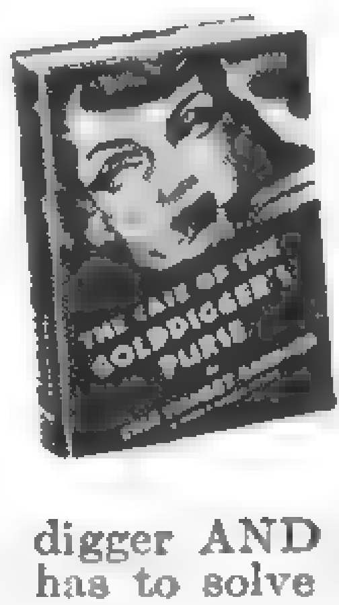
A golddigger almost digs PERRY MASON'S grave—in this NEWEST GARDNER thriller—

THE CASE OF THE
GOLDDIGGER'S PURSE



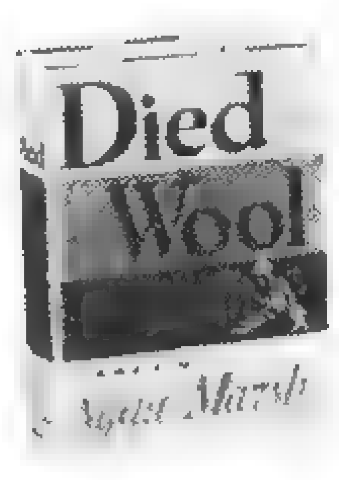
WHEN PERRY MASON'S streamlined secretary, Della Street, looked inside the blond golddigger's purse, she spied a roll of bills big enough to choke a sword-swallower . . . AND the gun that killed Harrison Faulkner!

Mason and Della (for reasons of their own) fail to let the police in on their secret. Then—*too* late—it dawns on them that Della's fingerprints are on the gun. The police hold the golddigger AND Mason AND Della for murder. Mason has to solve the disappearances of (1) "The Fish of Death," (2) the medicine formula, (3) the vanishing bullet, and (4) the real murderer!

FIVE MILLION Erle Stanley Gardner books were sold last year alone! As you watch Perry Mason fit together this macabre jig-saw puzzle, you'll quickly know why!

World's first "died-in-the-wool" murder victim—in NGAIO MARSH'S NEWEST Baffler

DIED IN THE WOOL



YOU MAY NOT speak so lightly of being a "dyed-in-the-wool" mystery fan after *this*. You will remember Florence Rubrick!

While the guests at her great New Zealand sheep ranch *supposedly* searched the dark garden path for her missing brooch—while the Dunkirk veteran *supposedly* "blacked out"—while the young musician *supposedly* played Bach's "Art of Fugue" inside—*Florence Rubrick DIED IN THE WOOL!* Some horribly literal-minded killer stuffed her unconscious body down into the freshly-sheared fleece in the wool press—and baled her up!

Now follow the famous Inspector Alleyn—or steal a march on him if you can!—as he goes over the swiftly fading murder trail. You'll have a murderous tussle with quite a few baffling questions and clues . . . in this first novel by the great Ngaio Marsh in 2 years!

Poof! Murder is a mere trifle—in this NEWEST MARGERY ALLINGHAM triumph

PEARLS BEFORE SWINE

IMPORTANT? A modest murder like this? Poof! Compared to the great secret plot slowly gripping London, the poisoning of a flyweight flirt like Moppett Lewis seems a mere bagatelle . . .

But sleuth Albert Campion suddenly senses that it—and the deucedly odd events which follow it—are *all separate fingers of the same giant menacing hand.* For what else would explain Campion's being chloroformed in "the taxi with the sawed-off door handles"? The peculiar re-appearance of the rare wine in a restaurant owned by the murdered woman's husband? That strange wedding "gift" of a faded paper rose and imitation pearls?

Where would *you* go from here? Maybe you can beat Margery Allingham's noted sleuth to the exciting solution. But you'll have to look sharp and think fast, for this is the author's first novel in four years—and one of the craftiest crimes she's ever created!

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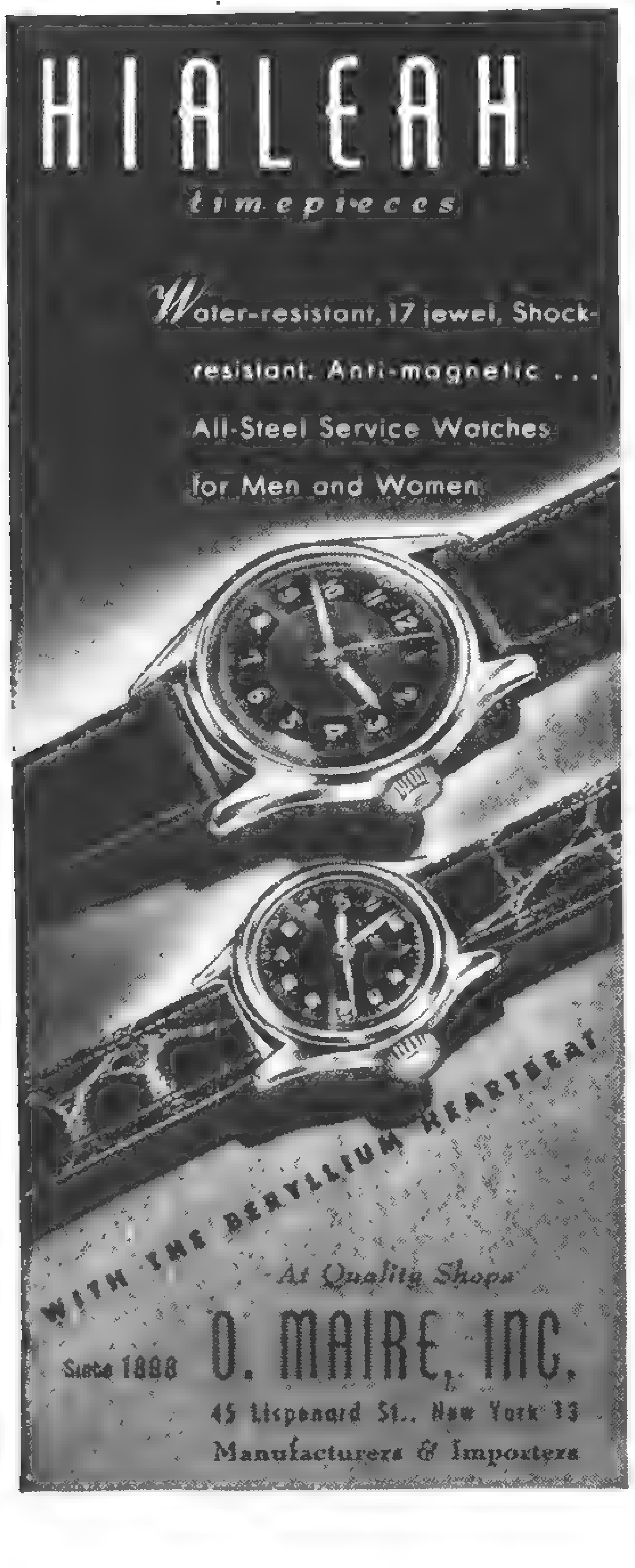

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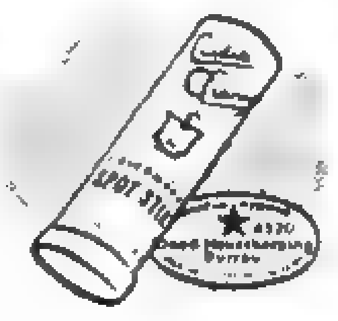

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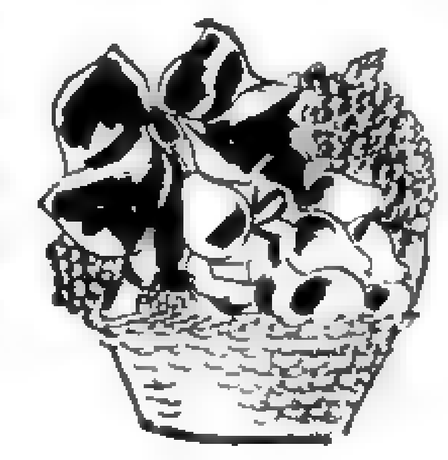

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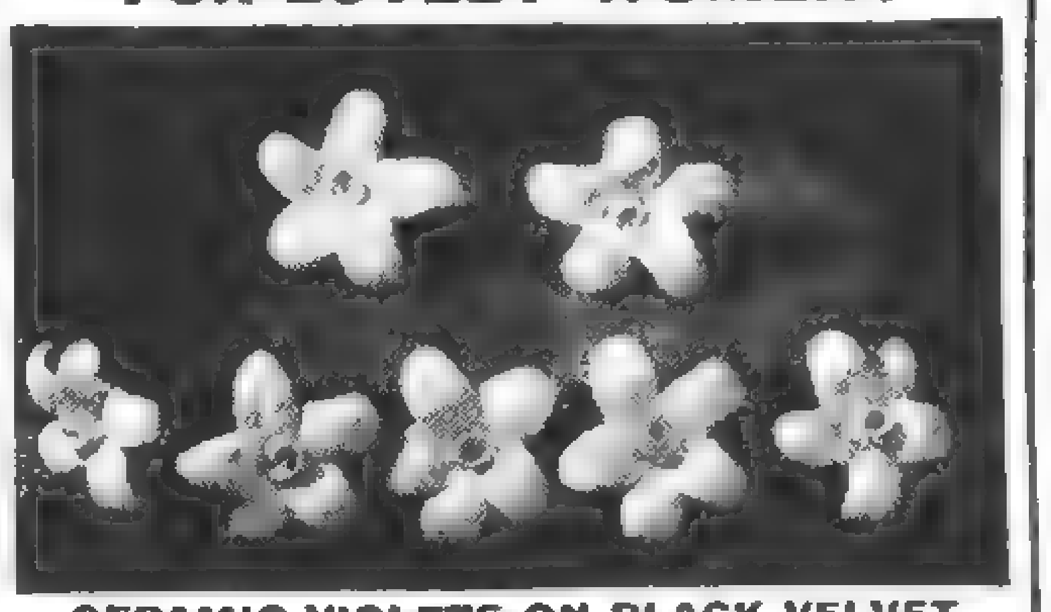

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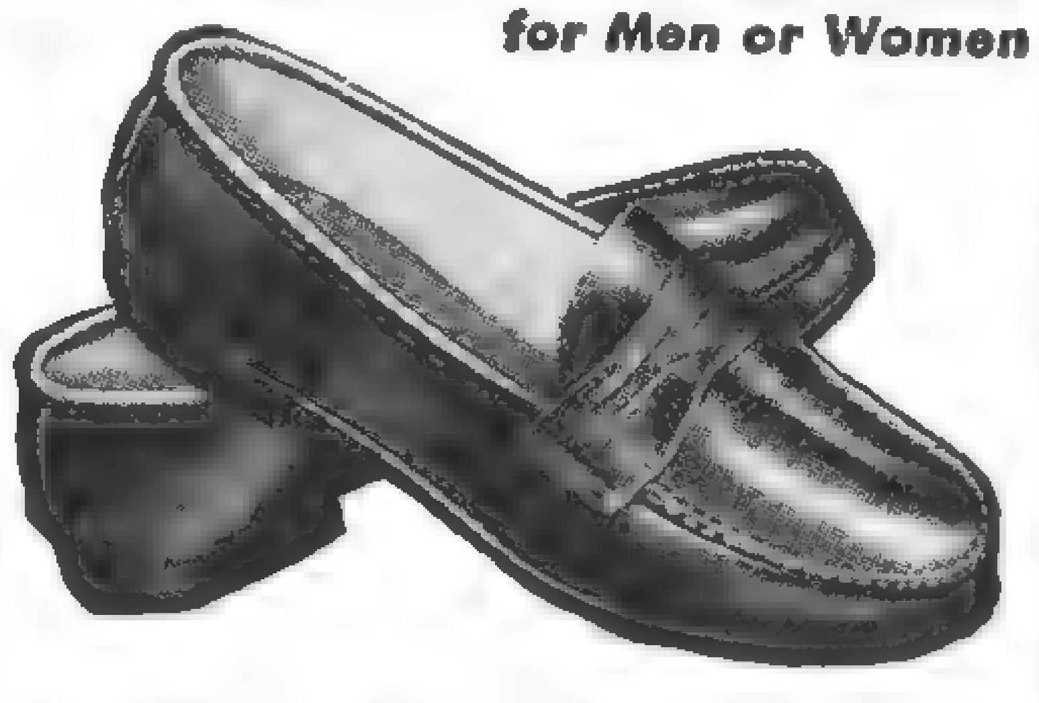

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IDEA MAN. Another ex-serviceman, Otto Reiss, who used to work for Esquire, has just written a book. It's called "How To Develop Profitable Ideas" and it should provide inspiration to veterans or anyone trying to get ahead. He shows you how various ideas were developed, perfected and exploited; explains old success formulas, tells you how to give 'em a brand new switcheroo. You learn how to market ideas, hints on patents, etc. Book is profusely illustrated.

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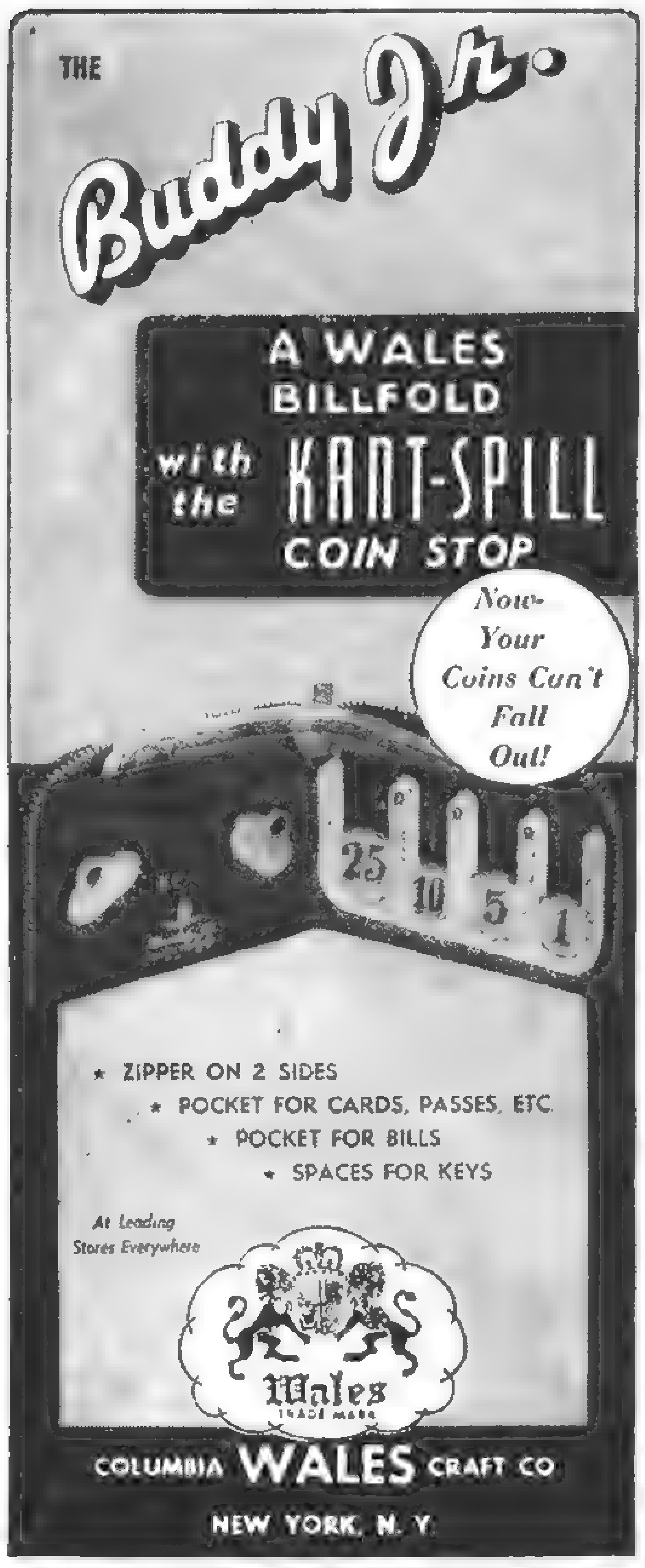
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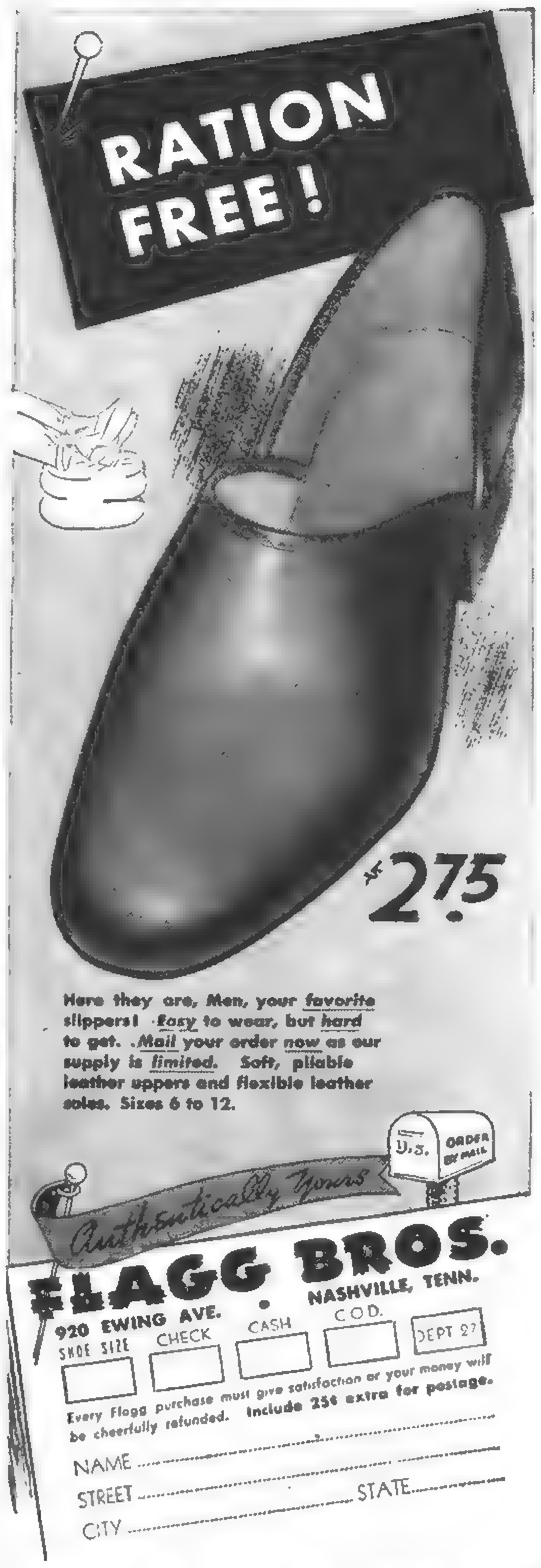
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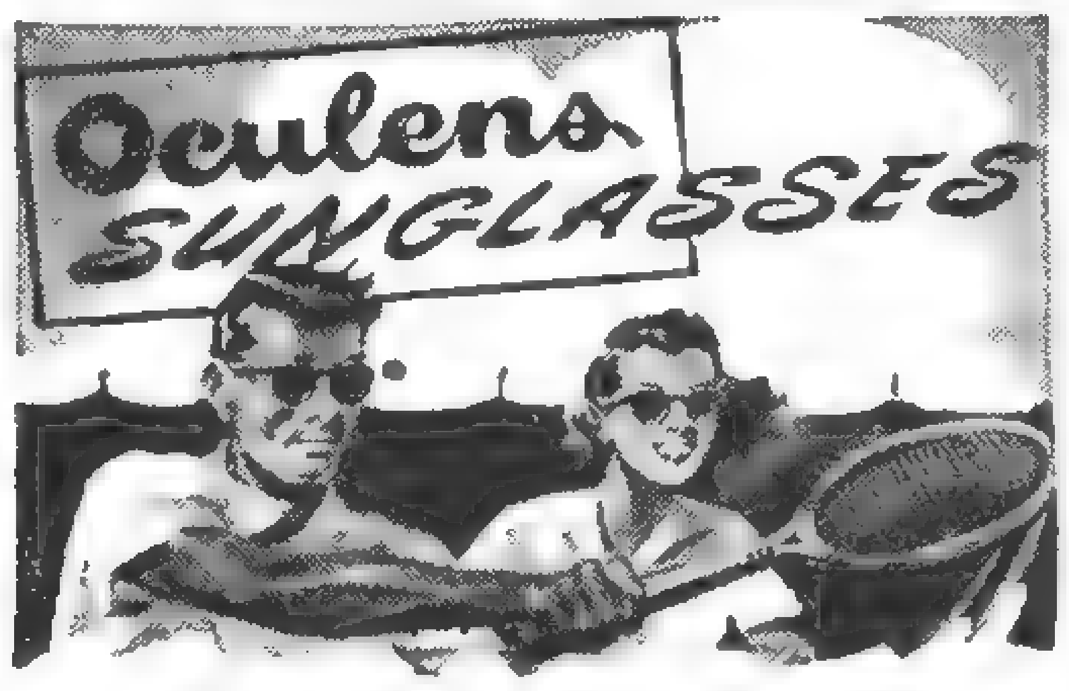
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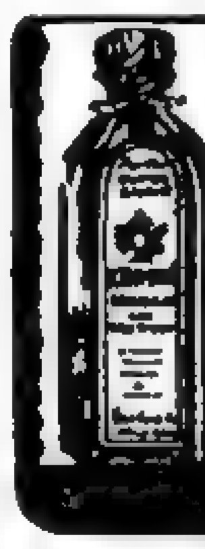
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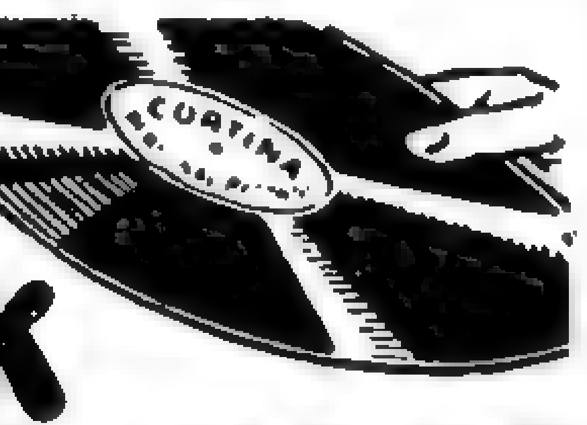

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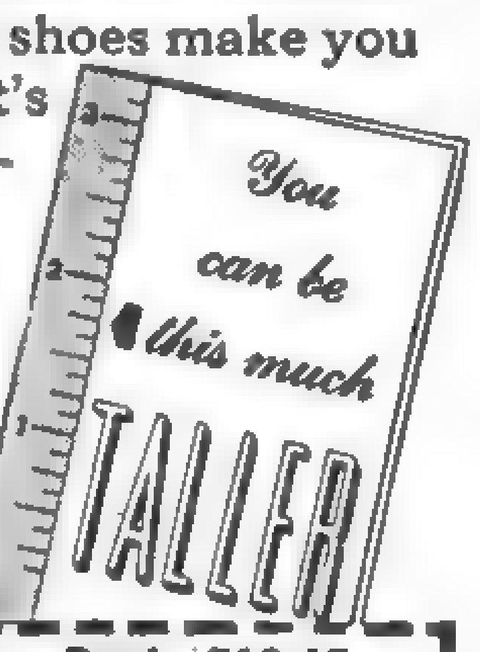
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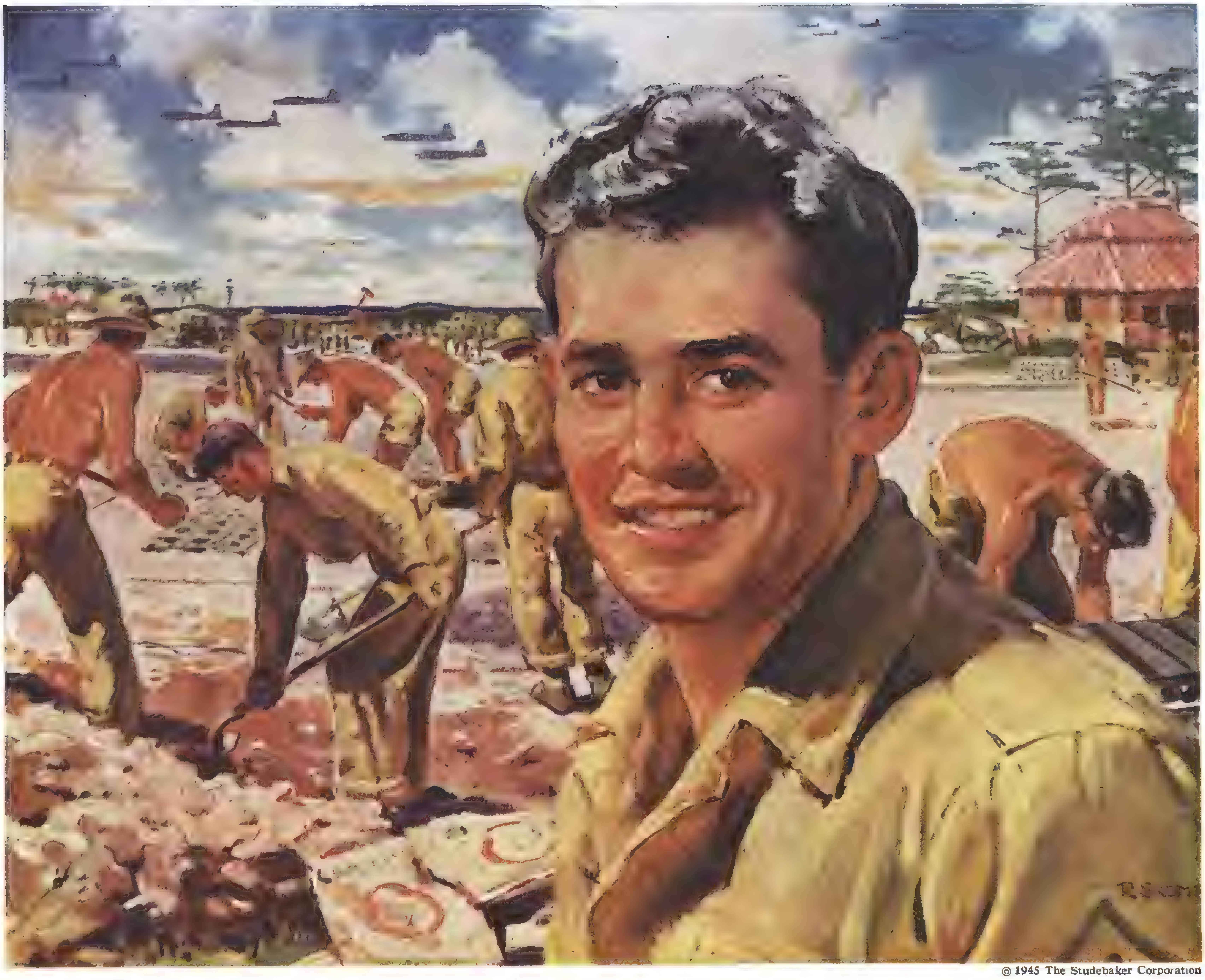

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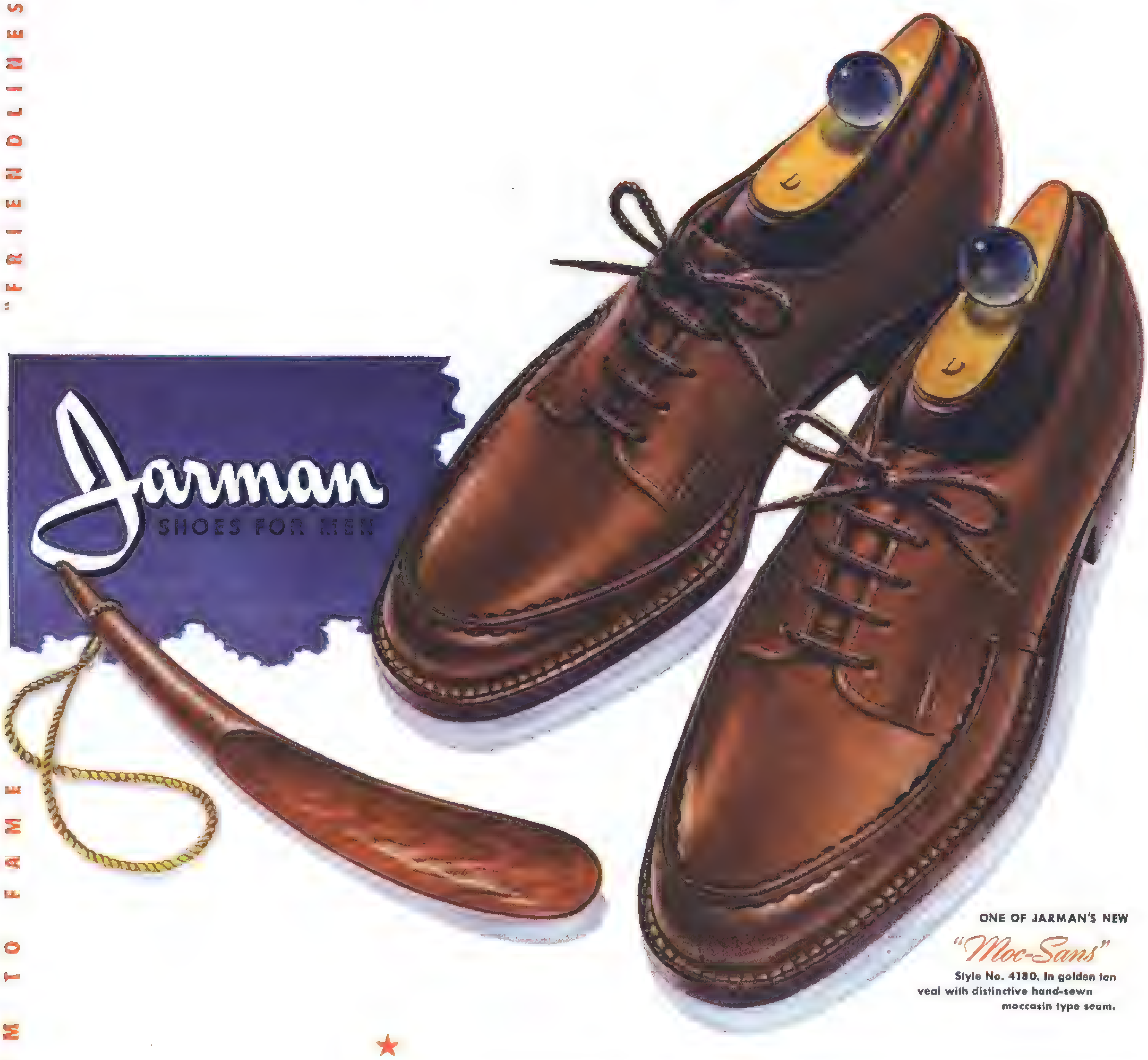

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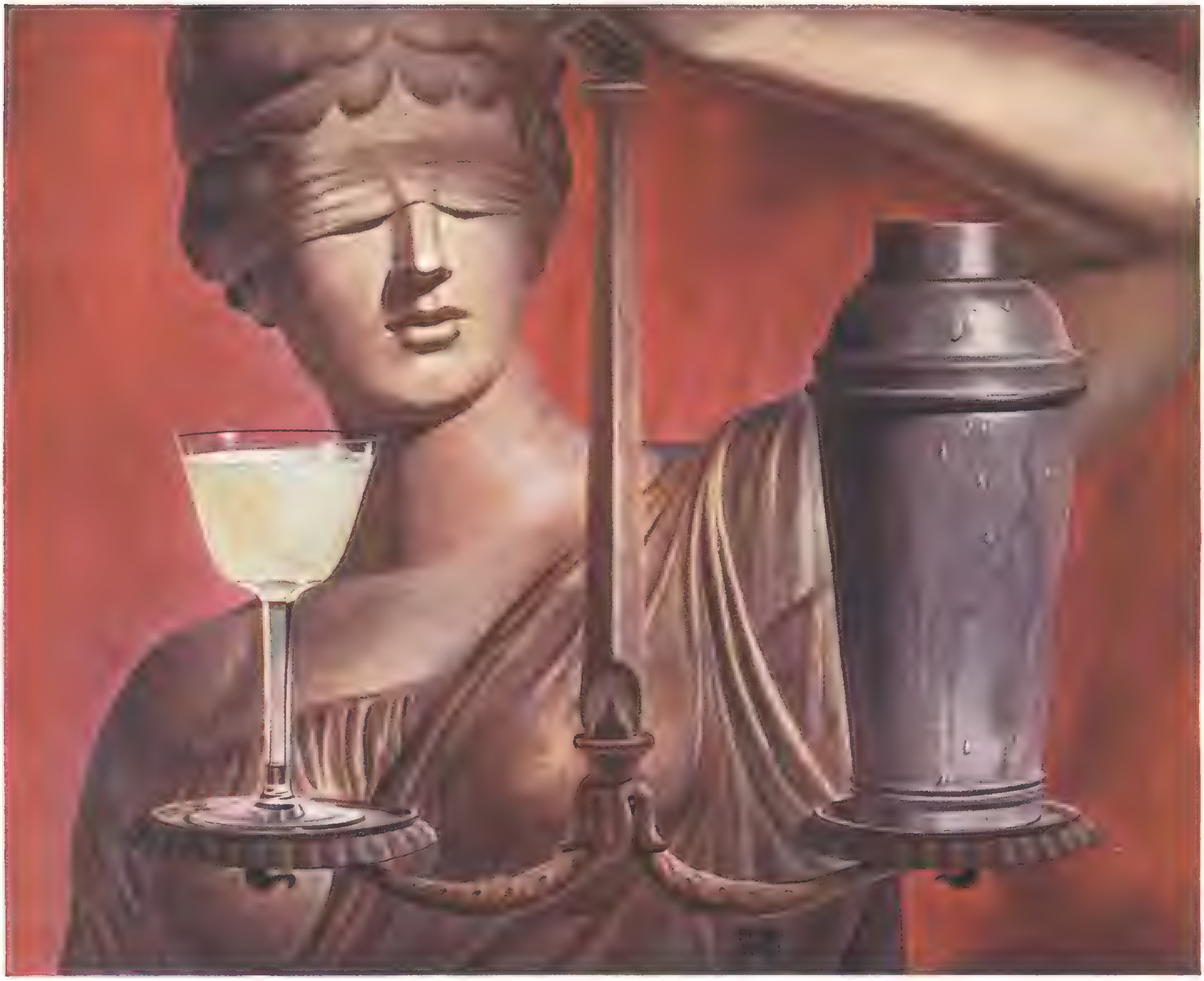


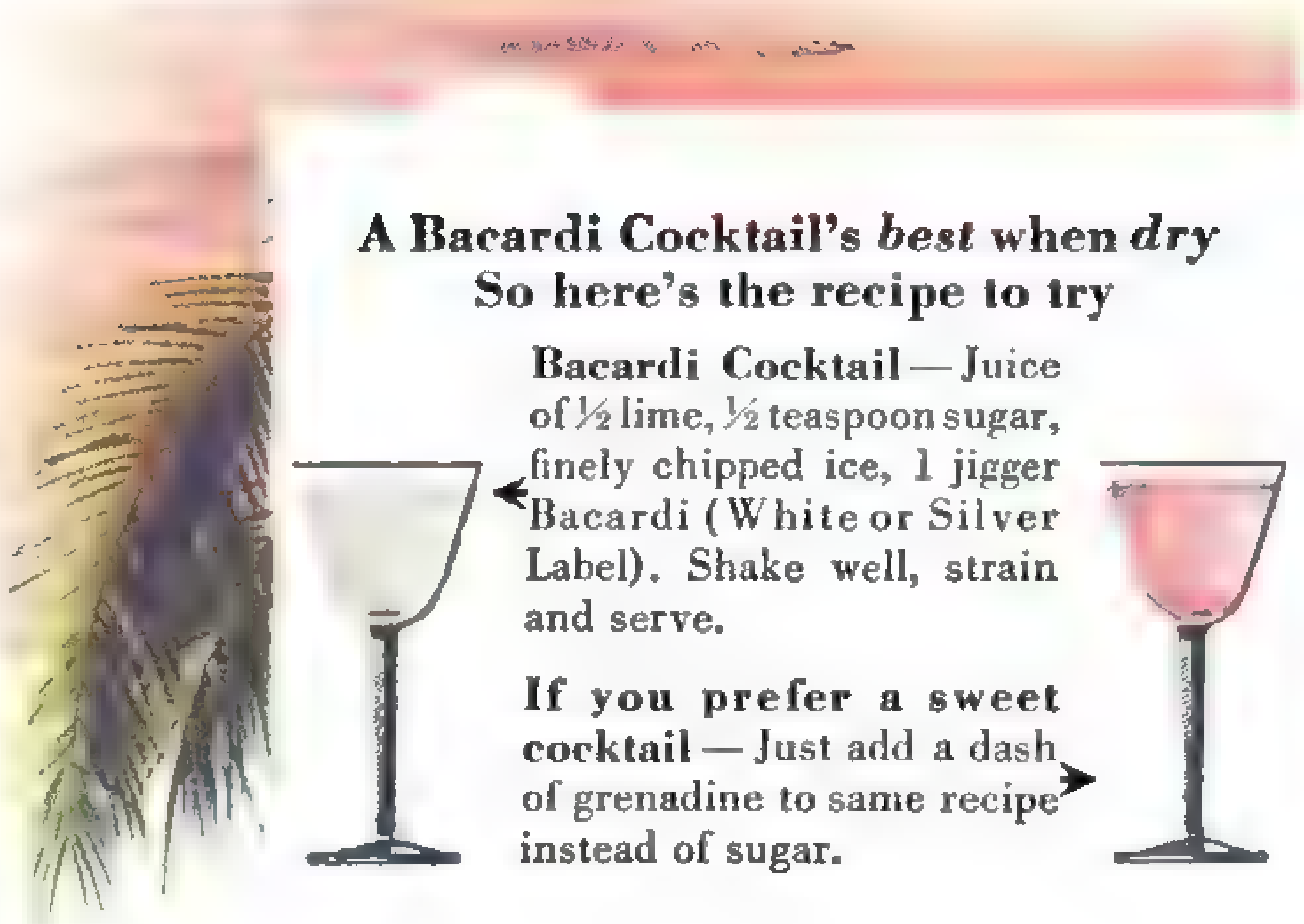
Who says there's no Justice?

If you've ever tasted a Bacardi Cocktail, we think you'll agree that Justice has given connoisseurs a break . . .

For the New York Supreme Court has ruled that a Bacardi Cocktail must be made with Bacardi—and nothing else. Which means you have a *right*, no less, to enjoy this glorious cocktail precisely as it should be made!

You see, nothing *can* replace Bacardi. Because its 83-year-old formula, still known only to the Bacardi family, produces a rich, rounded flavor and superb smoothness that simply can't be matched!

Why not make a test case yourself—today? Just one thing: be sure you really *get* Bacardi when you order a Bacardi Cocktail.



A Bacardi Cocktail's *best* when *dry*
So here's the recipe to try

Bacardi Cocktail—Juice of ½ lime, ½ teaspoon sugar, finely chipped ice, 1 jigger Bacardi (White or Silver Label). Shake well, strain and serve.

If you prefer a sweet cocktail—Just add a dash of grenadine to same recipe instead of sugar.

Even the LAW* says: In a Bacardi Cocktail

Nothing can replace BACARDI

*Ruling of the N. Y. Supreme Court, April 28, 1936: *A Bacardi Cocktail* MUST *be made with Bacardi.* RUM—89 Proof—Bacardi Imports, Inc., New York, N. Y.

Whoa!
SLOW DOWN with a "SLOE-UP" ✲

RED HORSE SLOE GIN

✲ Pour 2 ounces Red Horse Sloe Gin into 8-ounce glass. Add ice. Fill up with lithiated lemon or lime sparkling soda. Stir briskly until frothy head foams.

Copyrighted, 1945 D. J. Bielzoff Products Co.
Chicago, U.S A. 60 Proof.

"Choice Rums from the distilleries of my family have been enjoyed all over the world, since the last century," Senor Oliver says. "But not until now has a brand carried my family name. When you taste its exceptionally fine flavor, you will understand why I am proud to call it Ron Oliver."

SERVE IT WITH PRIDE
There is no better

86 PROOF

Prepared & Bottled by
Licoreria Roses Inc., Arecibo, Puerto Rico
Sole Distributors in U. S. A.
Seggerman Nixon Corp., New York, N. Y.

Painting the Town with Esquire

AUTUMN'S in the air, but the glitter crowd aboard the Waldorf-Astoria's Starlight Roof glides on regardless, to the music of George Olsen and his orchestra, with Mischa Borr's tango-rumba band interluding . . . Bulletin (delayed in translation) off the ancient Egyptian obelisk in Central Park: "Listen, my children, and you shall hear Eddie Davis in song and story after your supper of bread and milk at Leon & Eddie's. And before we tuck you in your little beds, how about a visit to Jimmy Kelly's?"

PERSONS hieing to hip-labors at El Chico (80 Grove St., Greenwich Village) no longer have to trudge downstairs parched. The management, suddenly conscience-stricken after all these years, has transformed the street level lobby, hitherto purely ornamental, into something whistle-useful which is truly a honey, atmosphered with Spanish tiles, wrought iron, and a swell mural series about a bullringer and a mantillaed belle. Shot of fragrant sherry or old Jerez brandy partaken here confers grandee fettle, and you're ready to invade the rumba realm below, where high-combed señoritas are astomp to guitar frenzies, and Hispanic chow is El McCoy.

FINE FODDER in the Italian manner steals flavorfully into your soul at Gino's, new restaurant on Lexington Avenue just above 60th, with walls o'er which zoo quadrupeds frisk as though they had been sampling the house drink: rum, lemon juice, sloe gin . . . Lonesome for the delights of the Coq Rouge, Frank Bonacchini's ultra pleasant dine-and-dance spot at 65 East 56th, guys in the Pacific have set up namesakes, be they ever so shack-like. A Navy bunch have their Coq Rouge on Guam. Marines rally round a rival one, location undisclosed. Officers of the 277th Dive-Bomber Squadron view all such Coq Rouges as upstarts, insist that *theirs* is the genuine imitation . . . Bostonian George Apley was born too soon. Today he'd be cutting himself a splurge in the Copley Plaza's Oval Room (topflight orchestras, stellar entertainers) and joining the social revolutions at the Merry-Go-Round Bar of that Back Bay bastille of conservatism which has tumbled for modernity.

For information about any hotels or restaurants and their related services, write "Esquire-about-town", 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y. Please enclose self-addressed stamped envelope.

REVUE 9-12 2:15 a.m.,
OPEN SUNDAYS NO COVER
Steaks, Chops and Chef's Suggestions
The Montmartre of New York
Jimmy Kelly's
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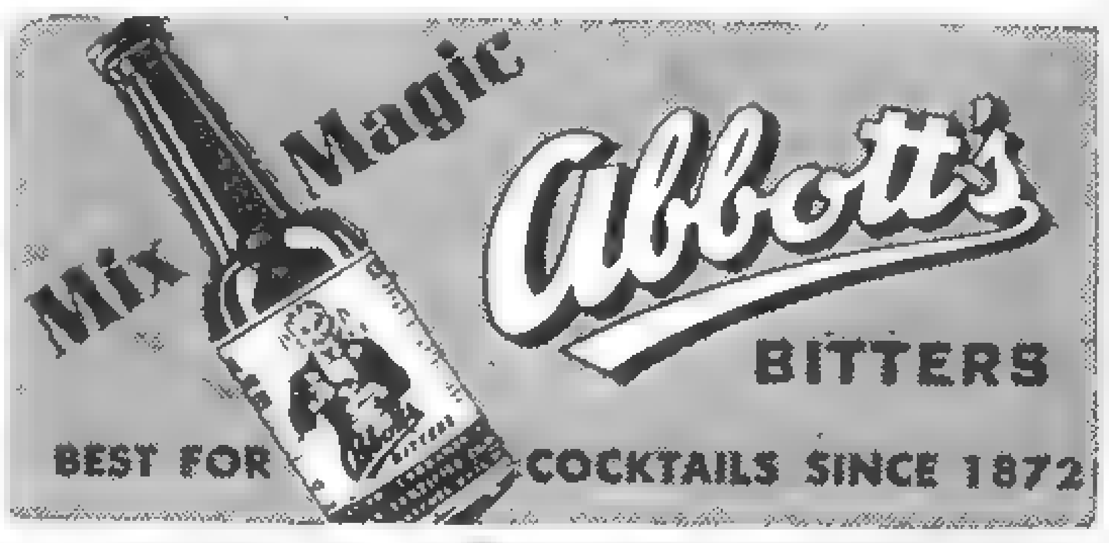

PICKENS CARL BRISSON PAUL DRAPER THE HARTMANS JOAN EDWARDS GRACIE FIELDS MORTON DOWNEY BERNICE PARKS MARINA INTIMATE ICE REVUE HILDEGARDE
THE WORLD'S GREATEST entertain in The OVAL ROOM
COPLEY PLAZA
Home of the Merry Go Round
BOSTON

America's Most Versatile Drink

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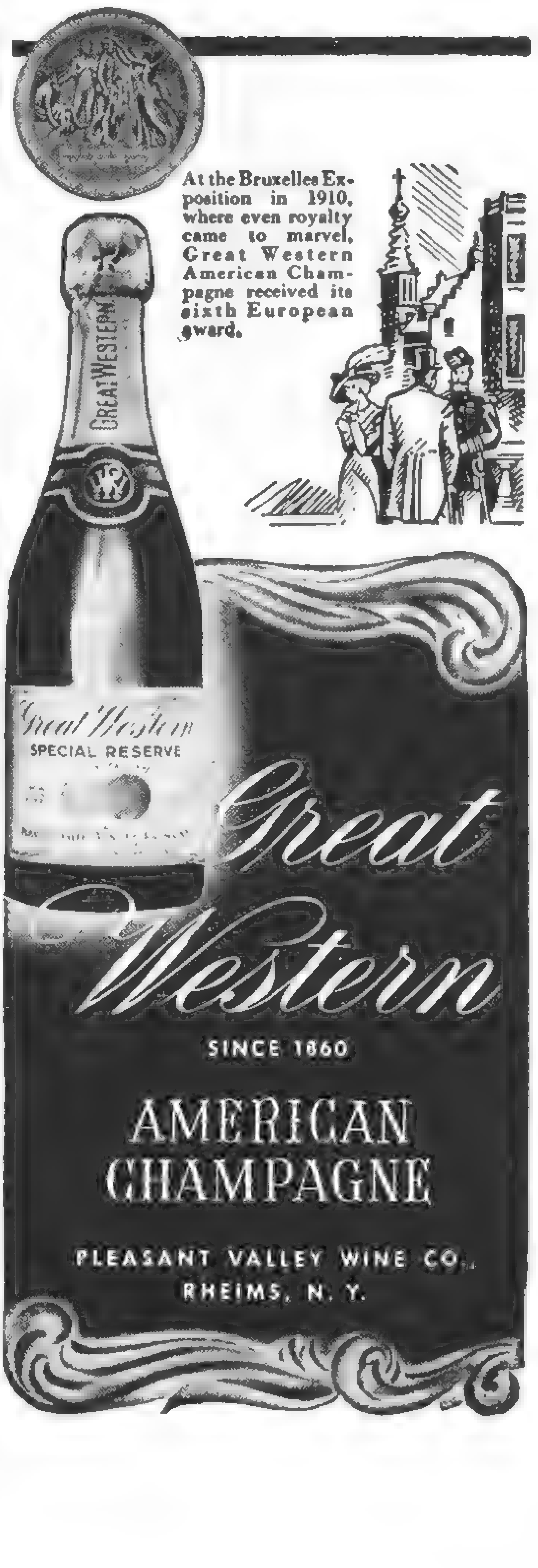
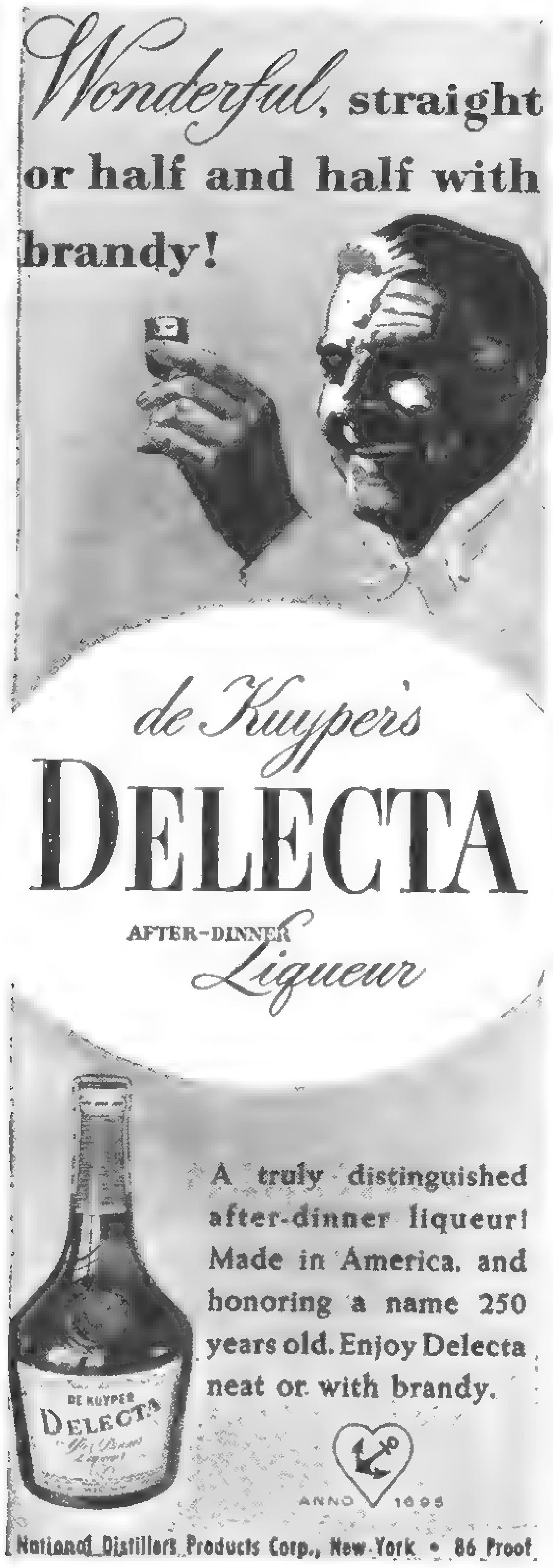


At the Bruxelles Exposition in 1910, where even royalty came to marvel, Great Western American Champagne received its sixth European award.

Great Western
SINCE 1860
AMERICAN CHAMPAGNE
PLEASANT VALLEY WINE CO.
RHEIMS, N. Y.

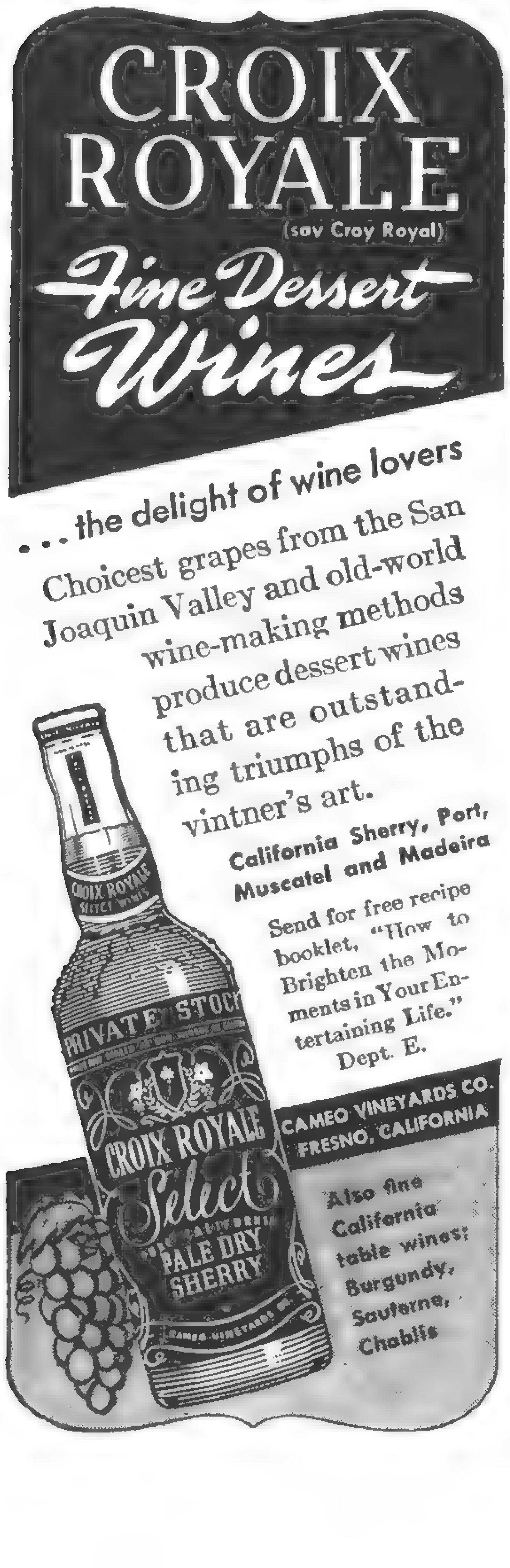

Wonderful, straight or half and half with brandy!

de Kuyper's
DELECTA
AFTER-DINNER *Liqueur*

A truly distinguished after-dinner liqueur! Made in America, and honoring a name 250 years old. Enjoy Delecta neat or with brandy.

ANNO 1695

National Distillers Products Corp., New York • 86 Proof


CROIX ROYALE
(say Croy Royal)
Fine Dessert Wines

. . . the delight of wine lovers

Choicest grapes from the San Joaquin Valley and old-world wine-making methods produce dessert wines that are outstanding triumphs of the vintner's art.

California Sherry, Port, Muscatel and Madeira

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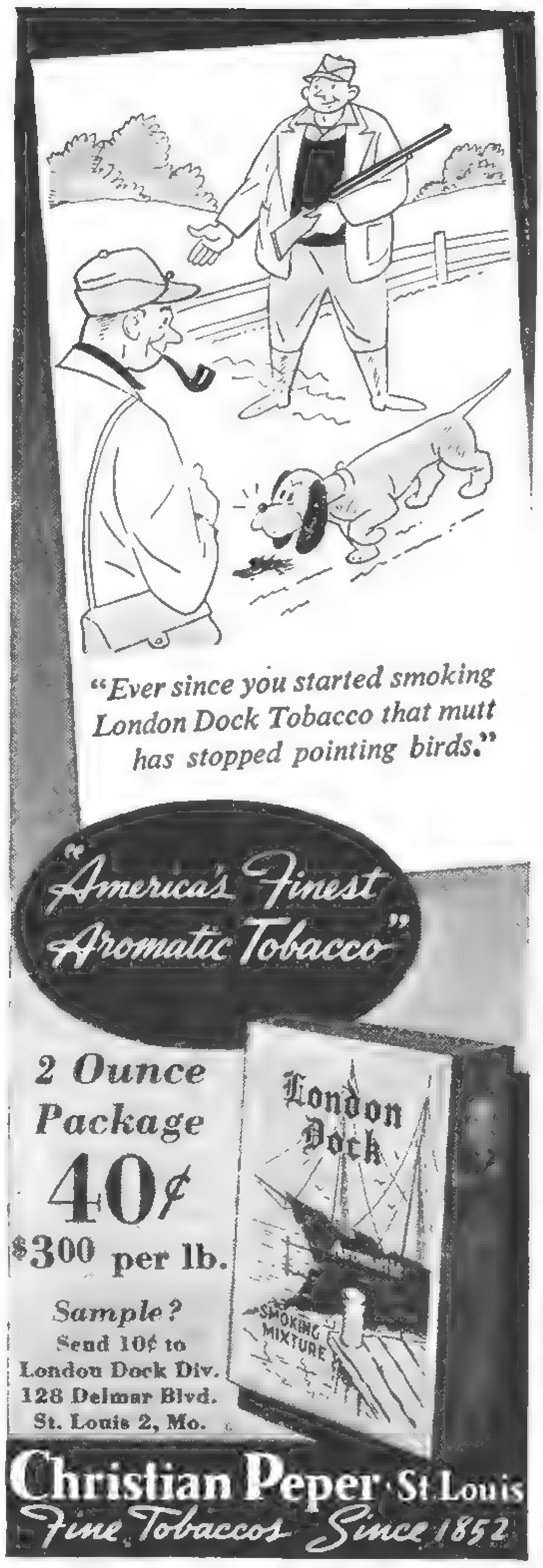
CAMEO VINEYARDS CO.
FRESNO, CALIFORNIA

Also fine California table wines: Burgundy, Sauterne, Chablis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OLD FASHIONED
but still in style

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SHIVELY, KENTUCKY

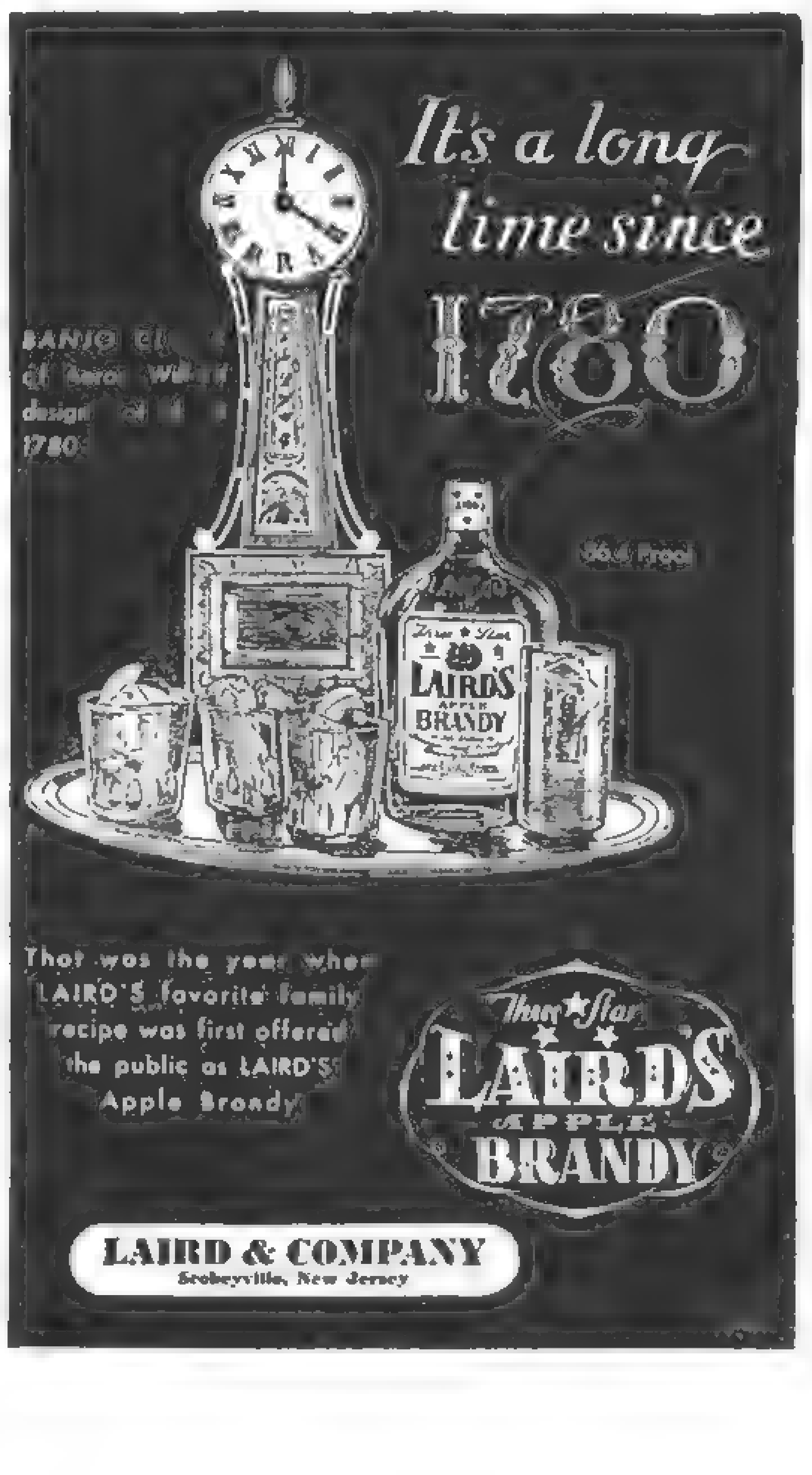
Painting the Town

EVER FLOUNDER in the mazes of a complicated wine list? Such brain strain has been eliminated at the Plaza Hotel under the humane managing-directorship of J. B. Herndon, who has instituted a wine list which is positively anguish-proof. The 55 American wines it boasts are classified as to type, color, dryness or sweetness, etc., with confidential tips on food affinities. If these thirstogenic pages weren't outsize for the pocket, Persian Room headwaiter Fred would have to padlock them to the tables.

PAST-MASTERLY Carl Brisson, Denmark's donation to romance, is killing the dames wholesale at the Versailles, scene of his American début. Personally, we ignore him, togs, technique and all—we're too busy beholding the shapely Ver-Sighs . . . Oysters Rockefeller (invention of Antoine's, New Orleans) "R" with us again, toting the torch for chablis, sauterne, or riesling . . . Solidarity of Armed Forces and their dates is stupendous 'neath the rafters of Joe King's fruity old Fraternity House (3rd Ave. & 17th), where suds are schoonered and sauerbraten is of a tastiness that sends eyes aloft. Any complaints should be addressed to the proprietor, care of Postmaster, S.F. . . . With magnetic drollster Joe E. Lewis heading Copacabana activities, Monte Proser's festive palm forest is well-nigh impenetrable. "Oh for the simple life of a hockey goalkeeper!" gasps plush-rope diplomat Lopez.

SUBLIME-GRAVIED paprika chicken with *nockerln,* served to zingy Gypsy music, is devourable at the Café Tokay, 1591 Second Ave. at 82nd, and don't let mere distance defraud you of it. If you can't corral a cab, there's always the 3rd Ave. "El" to 83rd; within five minutes thereafter you are lipping a Tokay Special Cocktail contrived from Southern Comfort, which this hunk of Hungary has cannily copped onto. Thus started, the evening broadens out with dancing and incidental entertainment featuring the singing of Karoly Maria whose pipes need no mike assistance. Fiddling maestro Charles Benci and his men play as though possessed—any tune from Russian to Brazilian to Broadwayan, seemingly forgetful of the peasant décor which is supposed to set their mood.

● HAVE
● DINNER AT 6
● STAY ALL NITE
AT WORLD-FAMOUS
● LEON & EDDIE'S
● 33 W 52 N.Y.C.


It's a long time since 1780

86.8 Proof

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Three Star LAIRD'S APPLE BRANDY

LAIRD & COMPANY
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A·1 SAUCE

There's nothing quite like it

An international Sauce of satisfaction for over 100 years!

Ask for A·1 Sauce when dining out. Order A·1 for the home table. *Not rationed.*

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The DASH that makes the DISH

with Esquire

THOUGH the average patron of El Morocco possesses town and country domiciles totaling, say, 28 rooms and 19 baths, the zebra-striped hospice at 154 East 54th is home sweet home, with blond Machiste welcoming at the bar, and dapper Carino ushering to table in the main room, where the begemmed may shake a limb if so minded. And for stay-put purposes there's the Champagne Room, candle-lit, where diners and supperers have violin and piano melodies on tap straight from the Vienna Woods. What best peoples' existence would be like without a John Perona, one hesitates to imagine.

OUR FAVORITE skoalmarn is Mrs. Fred Cornell, chatelaine of the Swedish Rathskeller, chummy little oak-paneled den harboring a smörgasbord table mountainous with defenseless delicacies under happy attack noons and evenings. Fifteen years ago only the Scandinavian contingent were hep to this snug spot (below ground at East 52nd & 3rd Ave.); now every guy and his girl friend are plate-loading promenaders—or plan to be as soon as a couple of the 73 seats are vacated. Aquavit, the Svensk schnapps with the aurora borealis flavor, hones appetite. Main course specialties are tasty and substantial. As top-offs, Swedish pancakes laden with lingonberries practically waft themselves wolfward.

FOND RECALLERS of the days when high-heeled slippers were unrationed quaffing-cups for champagne, are having themselves a large time at the Diamond Horseshoe of one B. Rose, where the current cascade of looks and laughs is *Toast of the Town.* In it, jaunty Joe Howard sets the clock back with "I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now," sweet and supple Ann Pennington twinkles those celebrated knee dimples, wack magician Ballantine pulls bellymirthy surprises, and demon rhymester Bob Hall, held over by acclaim, ribs the customers at machine-gun tempo. Quietude just doesn't intrude here . . . The courtly old bartender at Colombo's Steak House (302 East 45th) puts up a meticulous Manhattan cocktail—correctly bittered—in preparation for your glad fangwork on sirloin, cutlet, fowl, or meatball. Kidded about his name, Rummy, he bows deferentially and says, "Now that *you* have come in, sir, there are *two* of us."

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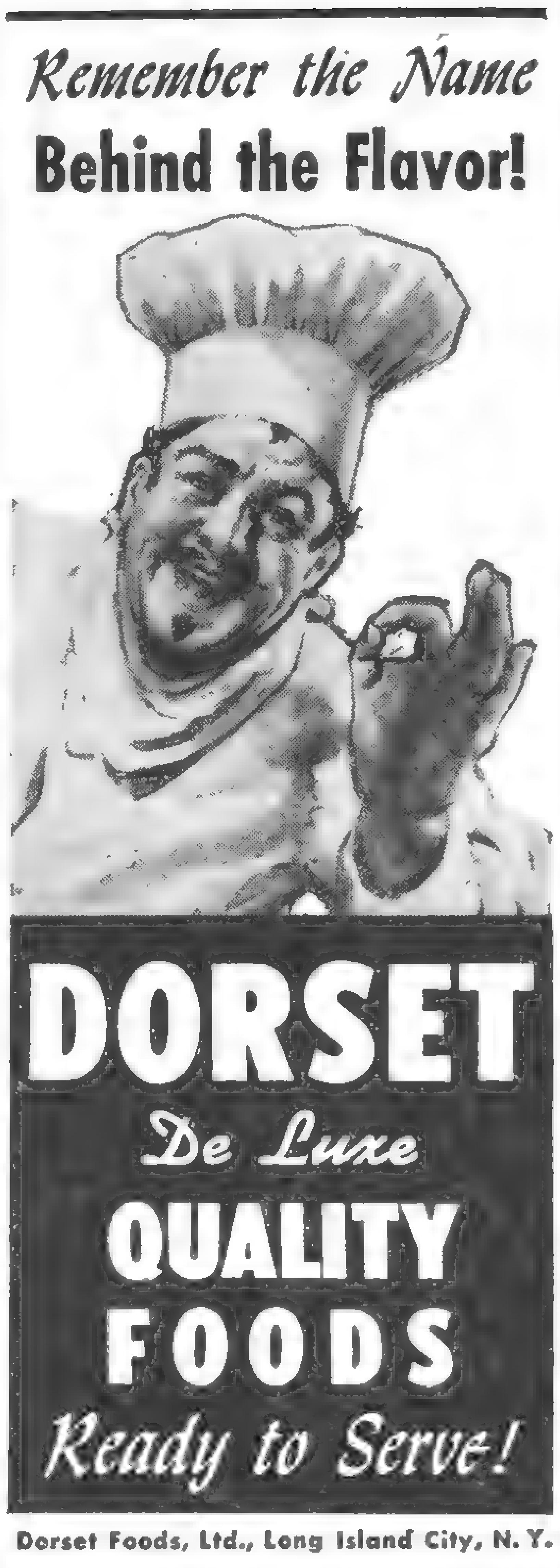

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DORSET
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QUALITY
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Ready to Serve!
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BOOTH'S
HOUSE
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LORDS
Imported from England
The world's most famous Quality Dry Gin
PARK & TILFORD IMPORT CORP. NEW YORK, N. Y.
DISTILLED FROM 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS • 86 PROOF

A delightful evidence of MARYLAND hospitality, this fine beer is, as one would expect, rather costly *but* considered well worth the price.
IN LIMITED QUANTITIES FROM COAST TO COAST
NATIONAL
Premium
BEER
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OF BALTIMORE IN MARYLAND

LEARN THE FLAVOR SECRET OF THE ANCIENT MONKS
Since the Year 1620
Cistercienne
Liqueur
A delicious after dinner Cordial
Made under the direct supervision of the Cistercian Order of Monks, and bearing the original seal of the order
86 PROOF
A PRODUCT OF THE U. S. A.
SCHRANCK & SHAW, INC.
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from Paris come the best Perfumes
"JAMAICA" makes the best in RUM
The French capital has earned a reputation for the finest in fragrances,—quality perfumes at their best.
In the same way JAMAICA RUMS have won the acclaim of those who insist upon finer rums for their cocktails, highballs, and liqueurs. The centuries-old, pot-still method and rigid British control assures you a smoother, richer drink. Since 1661 JAMAICA RUM has been the "Byword" of connoisseurs—"Buyword" for greater satisfaction!
THE SUGAR MANUFACTURERS' ASSOCIATION (OF JAMAICA), LTD.-KINGSTON, JAMAICA, B.W.I.
GENUINE Jamaica Rums

Man—what a sauce
Sensational—Different
EXCELLENT ON STEAK, CHICKEN, FISH, SHRIMP, HOT DOGS, HAMBURGERS
Shedd's
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FISH AND MEAT DRESSING
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Backstage with Esquire

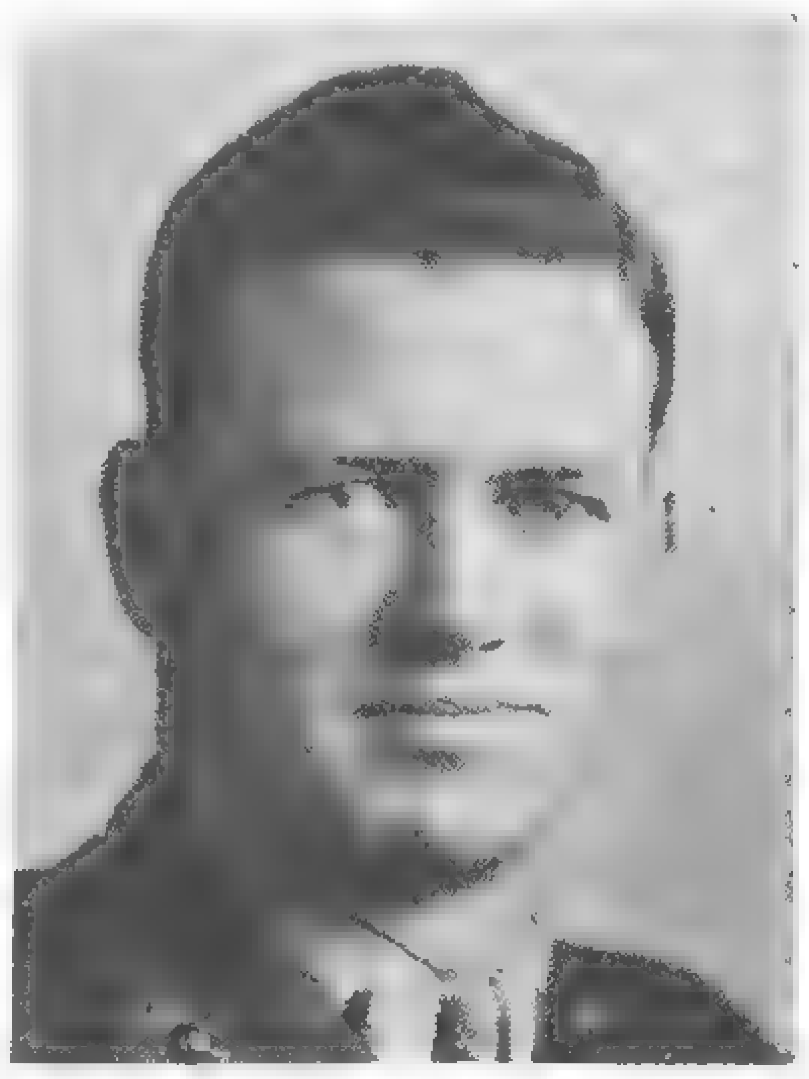
J. D. Salinger

J. D. SALINGER writes: "I am twenty-six and in my fourth year in the Army. I've been overseas seventeen months so far. Landed on Utah Beach on D-Day with the Fourth Division and was with the 12th Infantry of the Fourth until the end of the war here. The Air Corps background for *This Sandwich Has No Mayonnaise* comes naturally because I used to be in the Air Corps. Have also been in the Signal Corps. Am also a graduate of Valley Forge Military Academy. After the war I plan to enlist in a good, established chorus line. This is the life. I've been writing short stories since I was fifteen. I have trouble writing simply and naturally. My mind is stocked with some black neckties, and though I'm throwing them out as fast as I find them, there will always be a few left over. I am a dash man and not a miler, and it is probable that I will never write a novel. So far the novels of this war have had too much of the strength, maturity and craftsmanship critics are looking for, and too little of the glorious imperfections which teeter and fall off the best minds. The men who have been in this war deserve some sort of trembling melody rendered without embarrassment or regret. I'll watch for that book."

TOM FERRIS was born in Belfast, Ireland. He employed his diverse gifts as a seaman, bellhop, laborer, model and actor before becoming a reporter with the Paul Block newspapers. There followed five years with the A.P. and four with Steve Hannagan doing publicity for the Government of Puerto Rico. Now Ferris is the guy who, with Hannagan, turns out these pictures of the beautiful gals at Miami Beach. His wife was formerly Chief Stewardess of American Airlines and they have an eight months old red-haired son, name of Timothy O'Hannagan Ferris.

Tom Ferris

WE WON'T APOLOGIZE for having on our roster so many writers like LT. JOHN ABNEY, with autobiographies more startling than their fiction: "When I was in my 'teens, I liked to see the world from a freight boat and during vacations worked my way as a deck hand to any port I could catch a ship to. I attended Texas University for two years, leaving in 1937 in search of new adventures. So I went to Mexico with an extra shirt, lots of paper and pencils and ten bucks. In less time than it takes to tell, I went broke and lived on the beach at Acapulco for several weeks. I wrote travel-adventure stories which were sent to various Texas papers, and a few of them sold. Mexico City came next; I spent several months there, and managed to find a few extra parts in some of the Mexican Motion Pictures to help keep body and soul intact. Then I went to Yucatan and nosed around the Mayan ruins, still scratching out bad yarns for the poor Texans, caught a boat to the island of Cozumel. There I was stuck once more on the beach, living on fish, coconuts, etc., for several weeks. I met some Devil's Island refugees who had escaped with René Belbenoist some time before, wrote a few articles about them and sailed down to British Honduras, in their 20 foot sloop. My companions were two other American beachcombers and one Frenchman; Fernand Giriat. We all split up in Belize after a couple of months of fishing, diving for conch (which we sold for a cent each to the market) and bananas for each meal. I roamed southward through Guatemala and Central America, then returned to Mexico City. On a jaunt down into Tehuantepec, I met a sweet young thing, European educated daughter of a coffee planter, and married her. She is Mexican and we now have a daughter three years old. During 1942 I operated a bureau of private investigation in Mexico City. I had my eye on the Marine Corps and in December of 1942, I came on up and joined the boys who are always outnumbered but never whipped. After finishing Boot Camp I went to Quantico, was commissioned, picked up my unit and went across. I am now stationed at Cherry Point on limited duty."



John Abney

EDWARD A. HERRON has spent most of the past ten years in Alaska. "It was while coming back on an Army transport that I got the material for *Home on a Troopship*. I have written consistently for all types of magazines, and had a novel published. To be on the safe side, I bring home a pay check every Wednesday as most people do. Not only do I like to eat regularly, but so do my wife, my little daughter and two little boys."

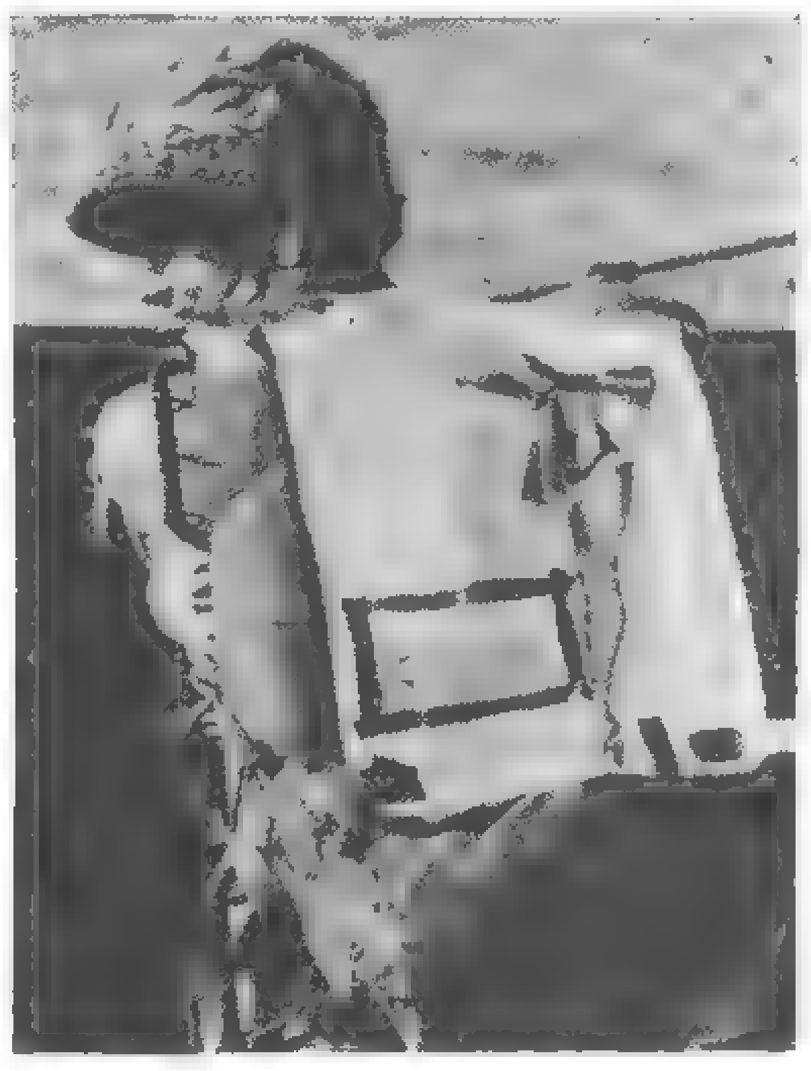
Our overseas readers are surely our severest critics. The following protest against a Backstage statement is a case in point:

"Finding the Varga girl in real life is probably the ambition of every young, single man who appreciates real American beauty; being both young and single, I can hardly say anything against such enticing femininity. But, please, gentlemen! Let's draw the line *somewhere!*

"Your Backstage with Esquire, June, 1945, goes a bit too far in reporting that, 'Hell hath no fury like that of the private who crawls into his foxhole during a raid and finds his favorite Varga girl has been filched by some uninvited, predatory guest.'

"First, a foxhole looks quite like an overgrown post hole and has dirty—often muddy—circular walls. Did you ever try to 'pin up' a picture of any sort on such? Second, during a raid a pin-up shot is the last thing in the world one is thinking of as he listens to those bombs coming down. Somehow one becomes very self-centered and the old force of self-preservation prominently displays itself, *not* the Varga girl! I have yet to see a Varga girl 'pinned up in a foxhole.' "

CPL. BILL TOULOUSE



While we can't at this writing produce an exhibit of a Varga girl in a foxhole, we submit that many a soldier had cadged tear sheets containing that lady from our soft-hearted secretary with the persuasive statement that a Varga drawing would make a foxhole seem a lot less lonely. Possibly Corporal Toulouse has yet to see a Varga girl attached to a flame thrower. So through the courtesy of Acme and the U. S. Marine Corps, we offer this photograph, sent from Iwo Jima, of Private Kenneth R. Hoger from Hartford, Connecticut. Private Hoger explains he attached his favorite pin-up to the flame thrower because her name, "Miss Spitfire," fits the weapon to a T.

KARL G. PFEIFFER shipped overseas with the Red Cross early in 1943. "Attached to the 19th Infantry," he declares, "I went wherever it went, like Ruth with Naomi, dispensing cheer, stationery and playing cards. In August of '44 I returned to the States and went to Cornell where I initiated pre-West Pointers into the ways of the participle and the gerund, that they may be better able to lead their troops into the next war. I also gave the men a thorough grounding in who wrote *Hamlet*. I left Cornell for a job with the United Seaman's Service, and am waiting for orders to go to the Middle East."

Karl G. Pfeiffer

NORMAN KATKOV would have you know that while he got the idea for *The Killing*, on page 68, while police reporting for *The Pioneer Press* in St. Paul, Minnesota, that city has one of the best and cleanest police forces in the entire country. He explains: "Riding around with the dicks and on the ambulance I got to get the feel of cops, and how they figure things. 'Copper Hard,' it's called. The copper in the story, the one that gets licked, isn't any one bloke either. The detectives I knew were young men, good, well-dressed, smart, who could beat most of the bums they ran up against with their heads and with their tongues. My boy was all of them I ever met. For myself, I'm twenty-six, a year and a half out of the Army after thirteen months' service. I'm on the New York *World Telegram* rewrite battery. Working on a newspaper like this and writing nights, stories for *Collier's* and other magazines, is for me."

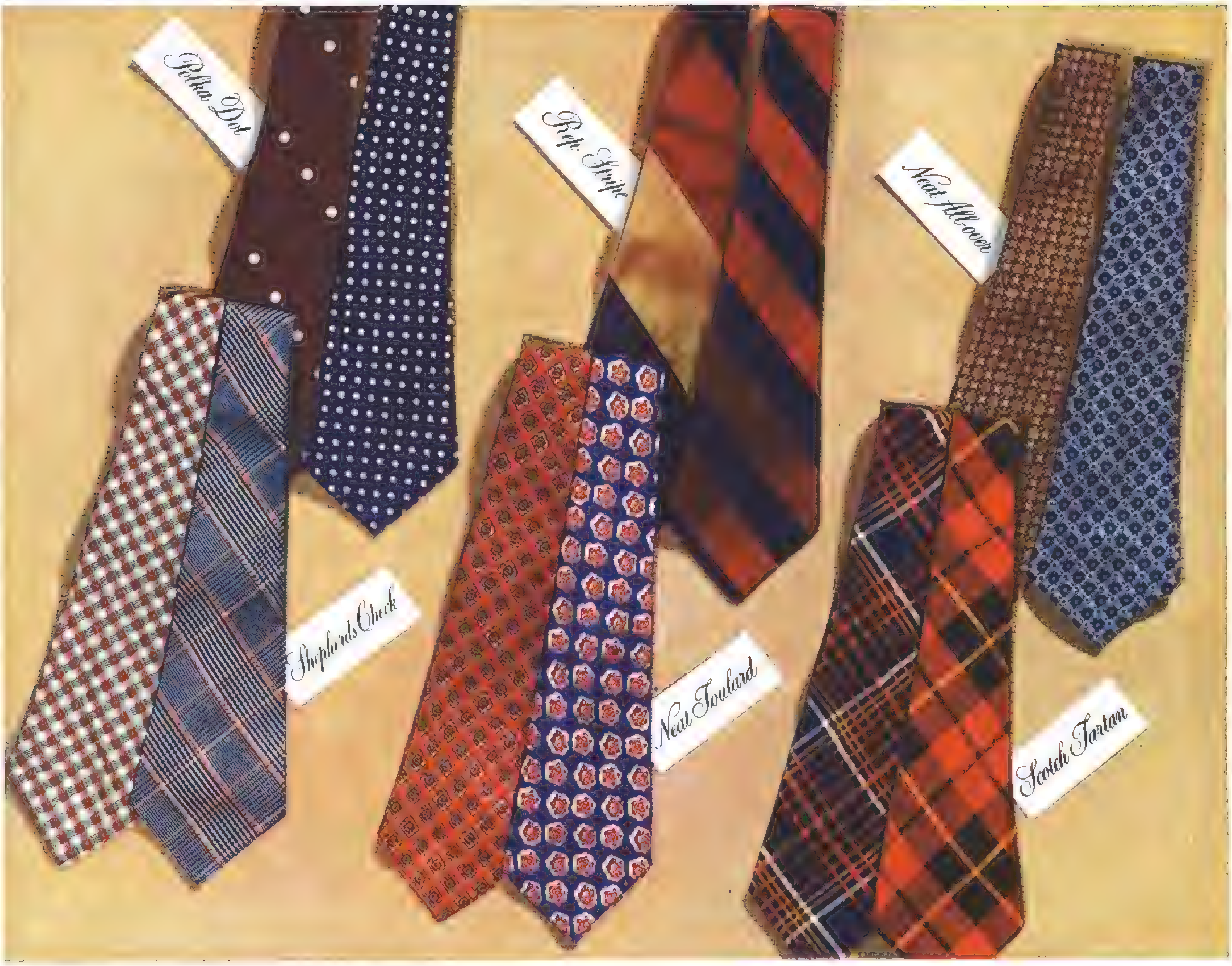
DESIGNED FOR YOUR PLEASURE
Today,
Tomorrow and
Always
Thomson
24354
Seagram's
Seven 7 Crown
BLENDED WHISKEY

YOUR EYES LIGHT with pleasure when you handle a fine gun . . . or taste a fine whiskey like Seagram's 7 Crown. Each is planned for your enjoyment —the gun in balance and "feel" . . . the whiskey in flavor and smoothness. Both are to be enjoyed again and again with the same degree of satisfaction . . . and to this end, Seagram's craftsmen insist that every drop of Seagram's 7 Crown is true pre-war quality . . . today, tomorrow, always!

Say **Seagram's** *and be Sure of Pre-War Quality*

Seagram's *Seven* **7** *Crown*

Seagram's 7 Crown Blended Whiskey. 65% grain neutral spirits. 86.8 Proof. Seagram-Distillers Corporation, Chrysler Building, New York City.


Polka Dot
Rep. Stripe
Neat All-over
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Neat Toulard
Scotch Tartan

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Tie Classics

Golden Shuttle Fabric
WOVEN BY
McCurrach

2.00 TO 3.50

Have you looked over your tie collection lately? Shown here are a few classic types that belong in every man's tie wardrobe. Each of these designs was woven by McCurrach's famous Golden Shuttle Weavers and comes in a variety of color combinations. Ask to see them at better stores and look for the McCurrach label.

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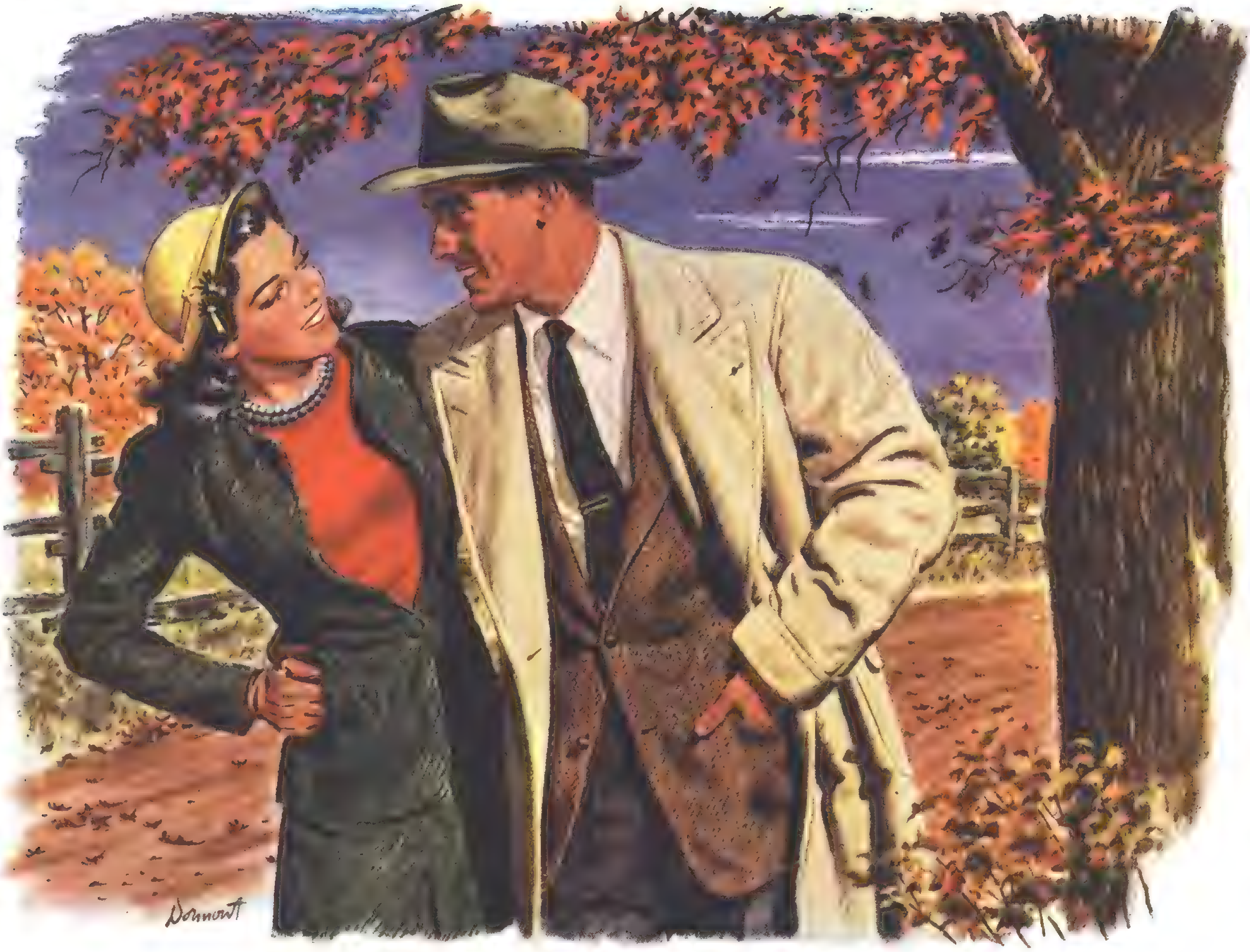
Write for full-color booklet, "Necktie Notes."

Necktie Notes

How to tie Windsor, Bow and other tie knots.

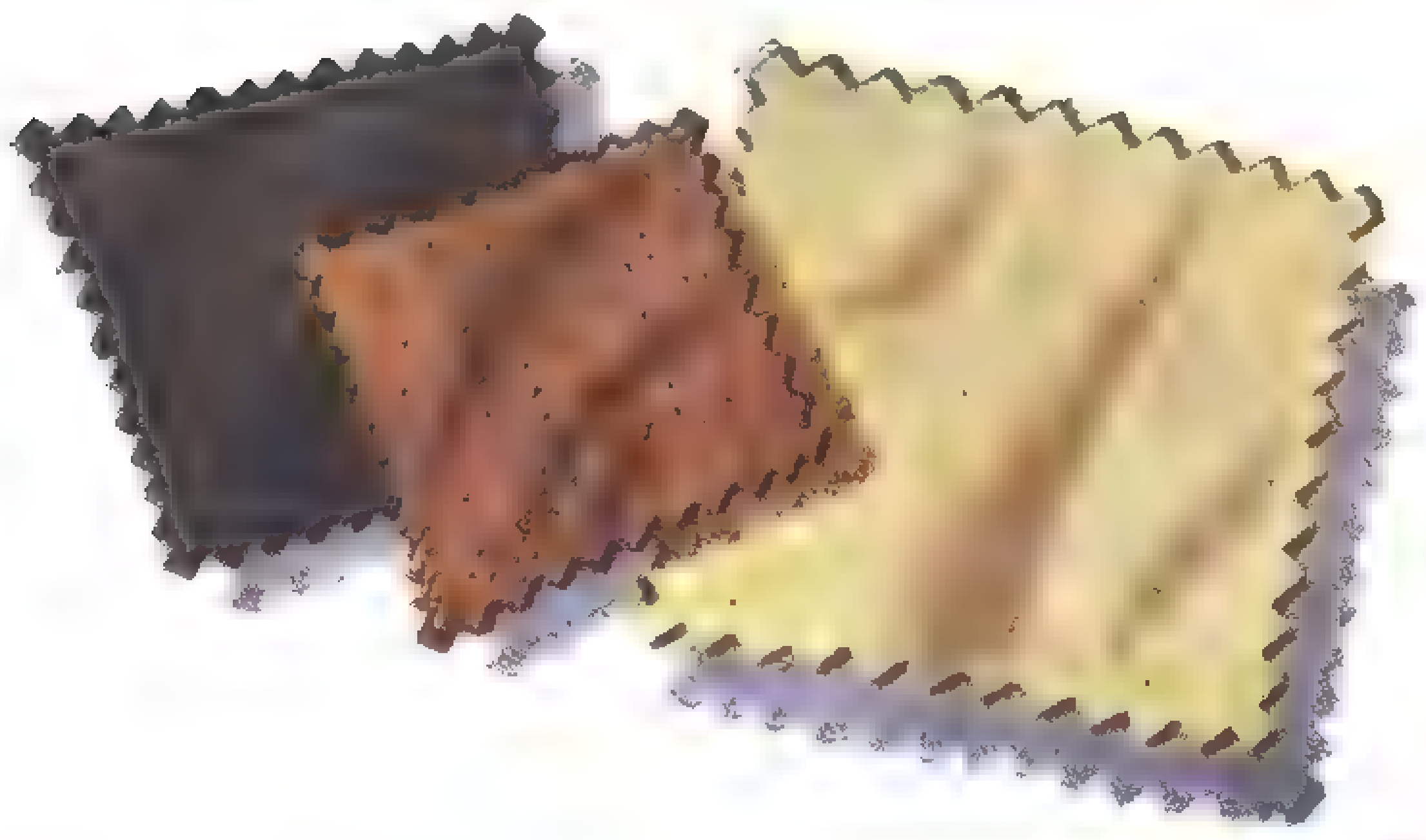


How to go to town in the country

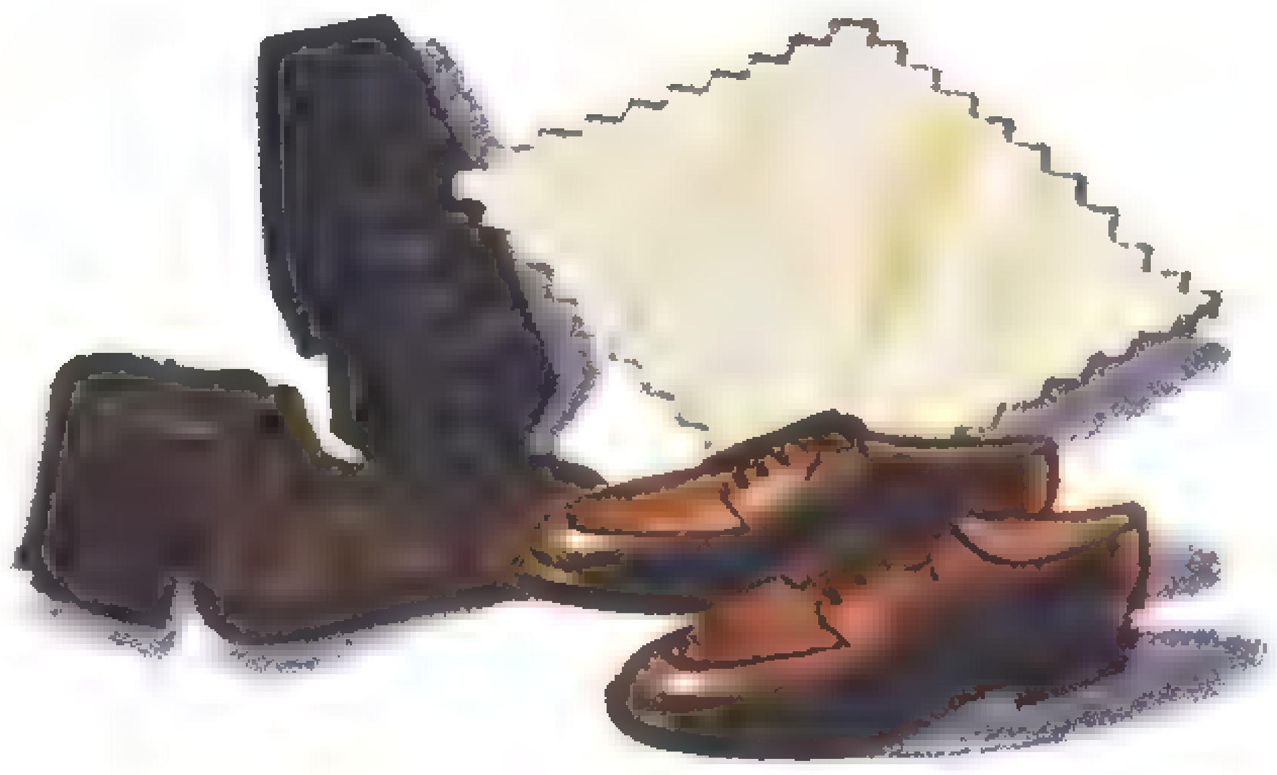
1. You don't have to look at this picture twice to see that this fellow is doing all right for himself.

The big reason, of course, is the man himself—and not the fact that he's wearing all the good-looking clothes displayed below—topped off with that Royal Stetson Playboy.

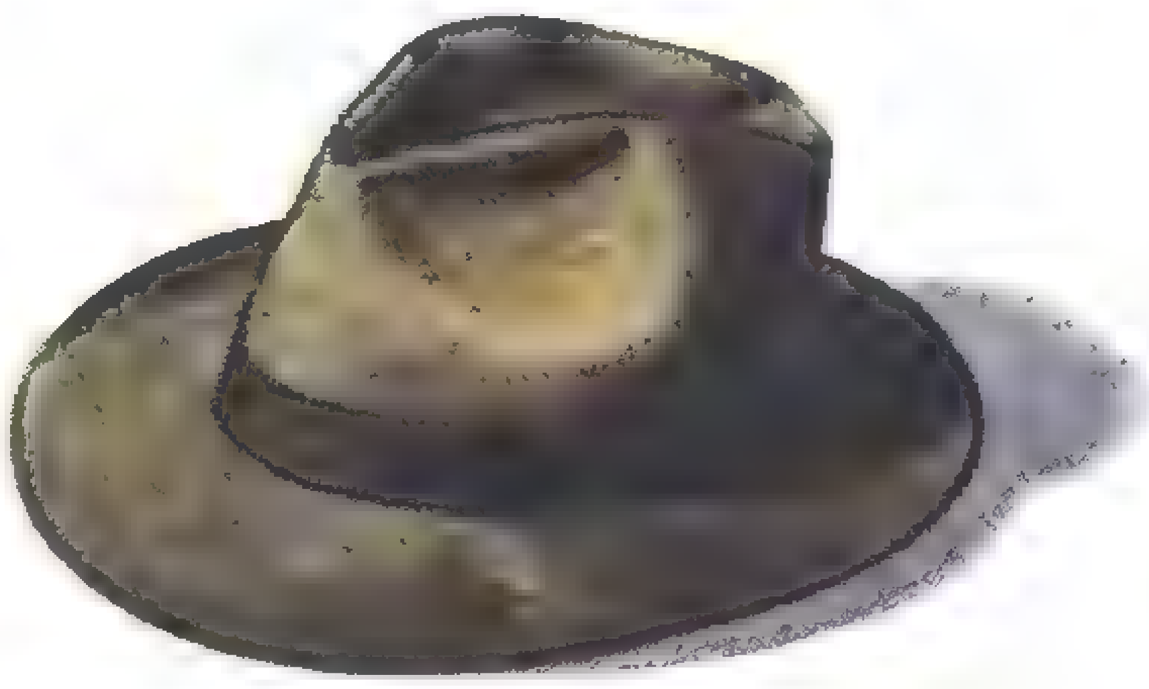
But because he *is* the kind of fellow who knows his way around, he just naturally dresses with an eye to the occasion. Take a look at that outfit he's wearing, for example...



2. Gray flannel slacks, brown tweed jacket and natural tan polo coat won't make you the life of a week-end, but you *will* find them mighty colorful and comfortable.



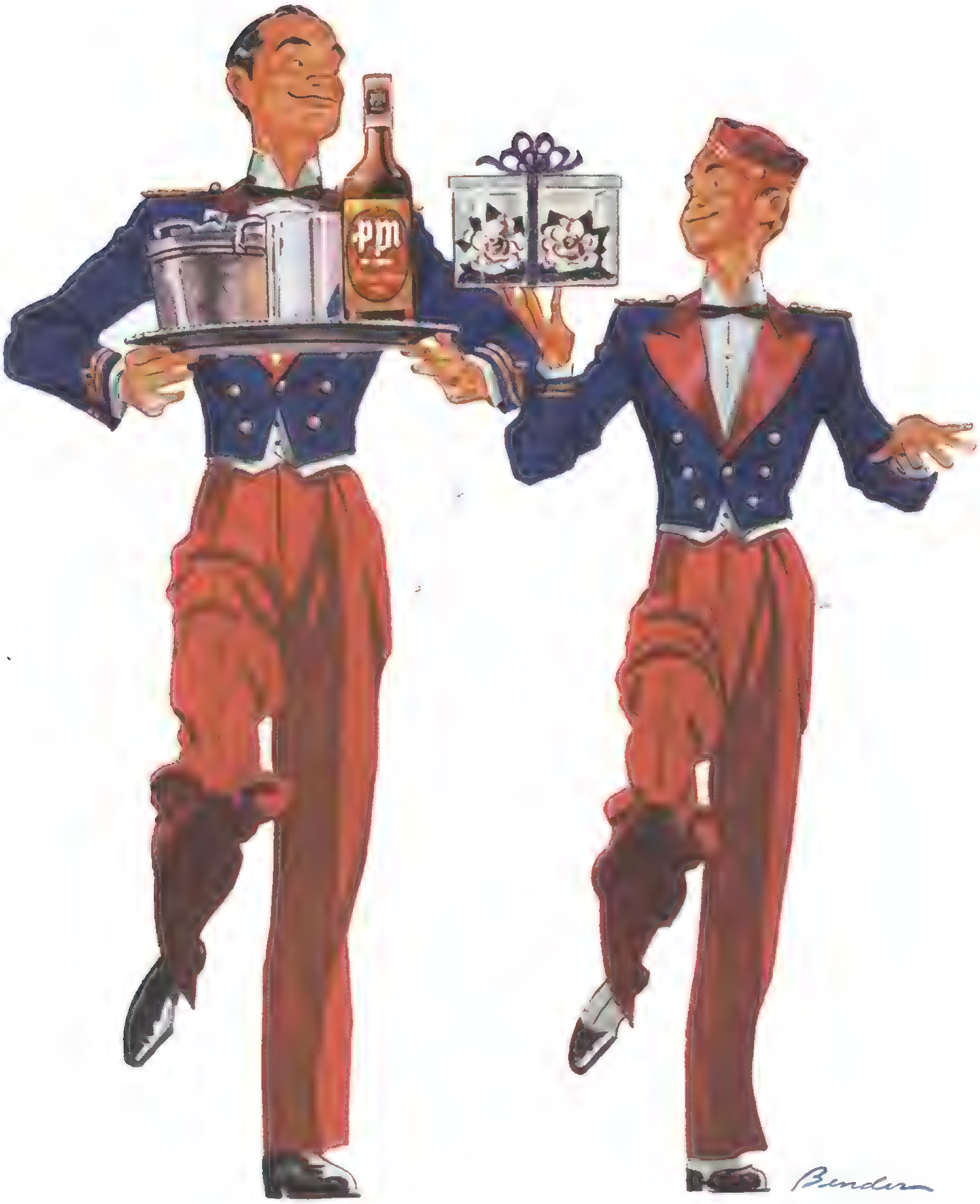
3. For accessories, pick a shirt to blend with the Autumn leaves—cream colored; tie and socks to supply a little contrast—green; and a pair of sturdy brown shoes.



4. To put the finishing touch on this outfit, choose the Royal Stetson Playboy in Willow Green. Its soft, light feel and rakish lines are right on the button. It'll set you back $10.

Right for a Fall Week-End—The Royal STETSON Playboy

JOHN B. STETSON COMPANY, U. S. AND CANADA, HATS FOR MEN AND WOMEN



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The gardenia . . . and PM DE LUXE.
Both exactly right.
PM is so superlatively flavored,
smooth and mellow, that just suggesting,
"Have a PM with me?"
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You're always sure the Pleasure's Mutual.

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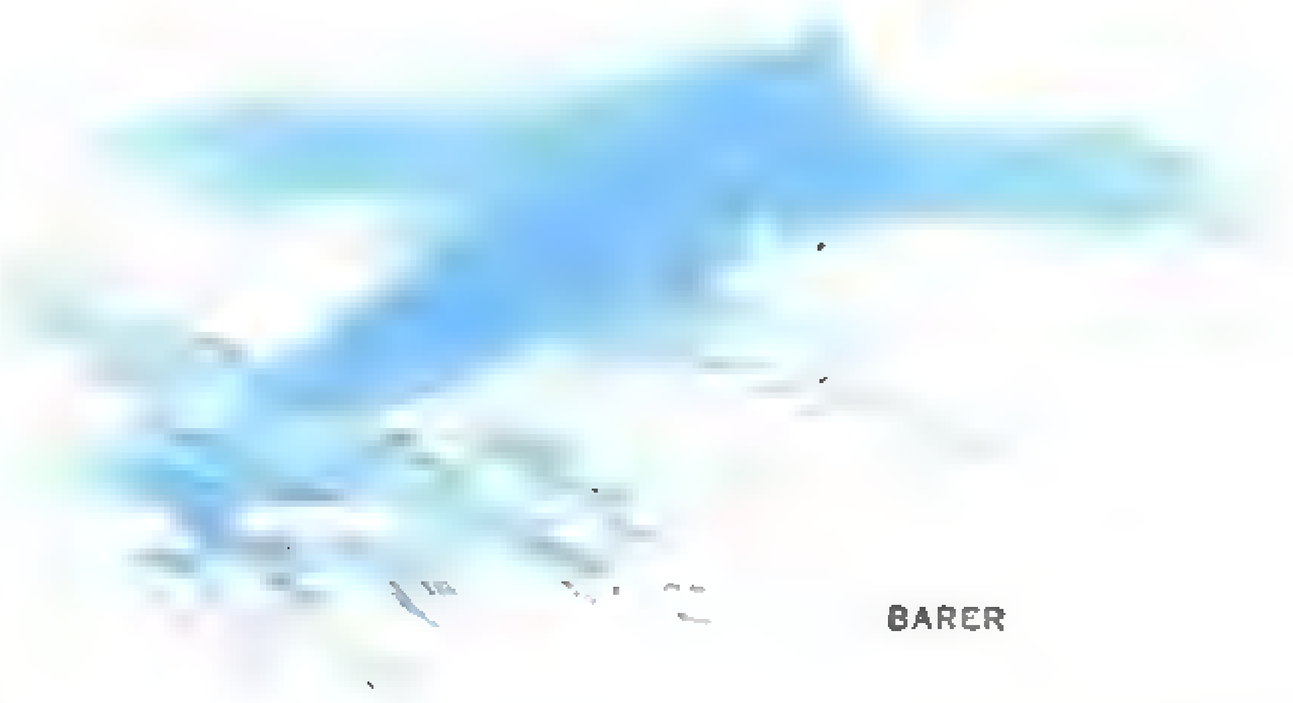
Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

Exciting opportunities include flight engineering, crop dusting, fish scouting

Air Careers for the Yanks



by GUS LARSON

TWO million Yanks in the air—two million workers on the ground—plus three years of working and fighting round the clock knocked the Focke-Wülfs, Messerschmitts, and Zeros from the skies. And now Yank planes rule the air round the world. It's for keeps, too. The Yanks are sure of it. Americans at home are sure of it. And one fighter in six thinks enough of aviation to figure there will be a job in it somewhere for him. So do a few industrial workers.

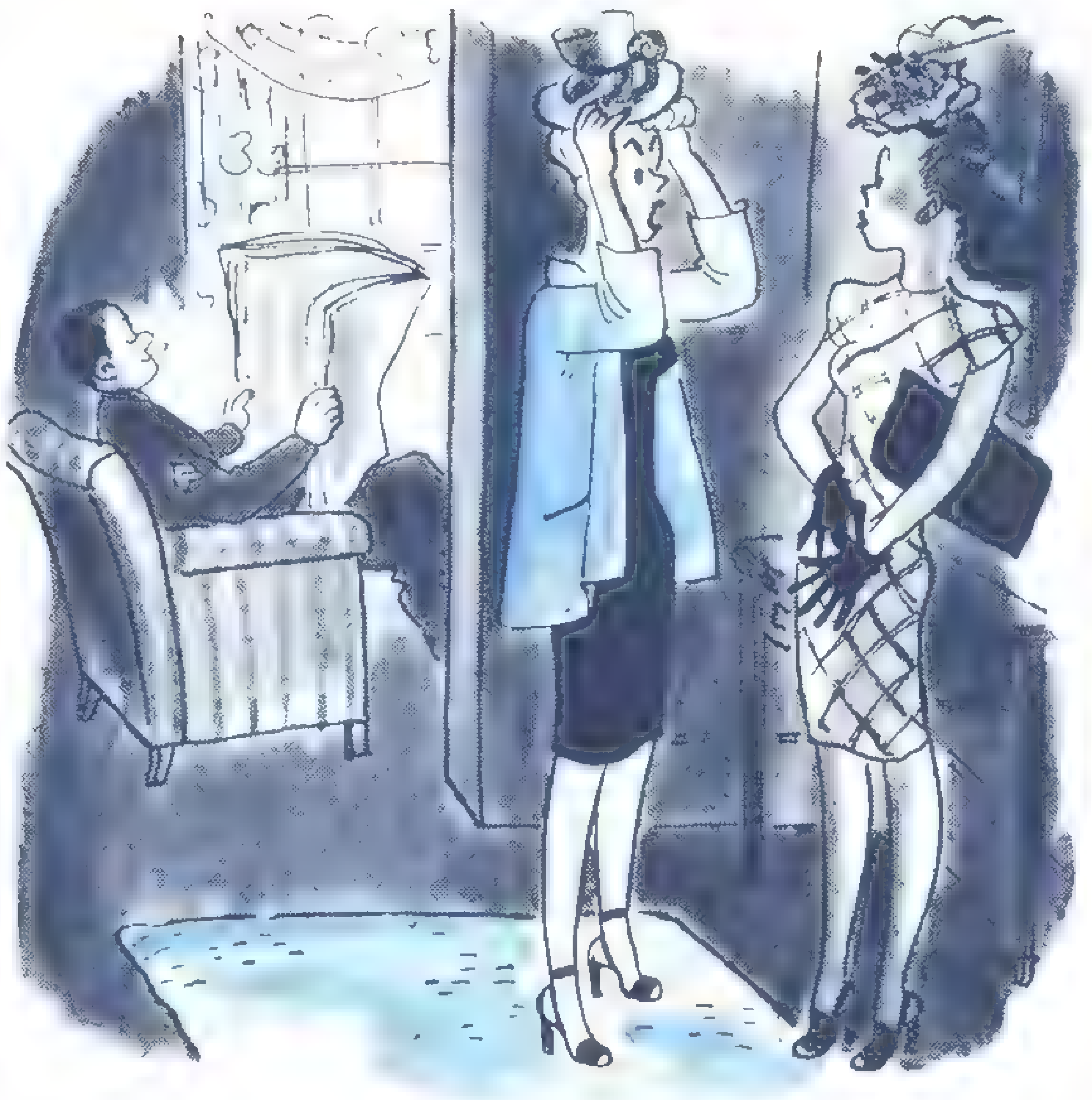
There will be jobs—and business opportunities too—for those who can produce with ideas, work, and know-how. Sure, aviation will deflate from its wartime bloat. But mix all the angles together and the results aren't half bad. Lady riveters will go home to meet the Yanks they sent away. Others will go back to civilian industries. And probably half who say they have a yen for aviation will find something else they like better. Some won't have what it takes. Some will settle for an air spin now and then. So even if the aircraft manufacturing industry shrinks ninety per cent—there will still be plenty worth looking for.

Most postwar employment in aviation will likely come within the field of industrial flying. That includes things like flight instruction and sales, crop dusting, charter flying, lightweight air freight, aerial photography, power and oil line inspection, and hunting of animal pests. The field will be wide open to fellows who bear down and use their imagination, ingenuity, business ability and push.

Flight instruction is a comer. Predictions of numbers of private planes that will be in operation in the first five to ten years after the war range from 25,000 to 450,000. An average of all predictions is about 210,000 planes. So it's a good bet that there will be 100,000 private planes in the air in the first few years after the war. Besides the opportunities this will mean for instructors, it will provide an annual service market of 20,000,000 to 30,000,000 dollars. Any ground crewman knows it takes a lot to keep a plane in the air.

But let's get back to flight instruction. As private planes become easier to fly, the flight instructor will probably change into a salesman instructor who will teach each purchaser as part of the sales contract. The sales' setups are being planned right now. Eighty per cent of the automobile dealers say they might take on light plane dealerships. And thirty-three per cent have actually been making such plans. Many said they plan to hire returning air corps personnel to handle the airplane end of the business.

There's still another angle to flight instruction. The National Aviation Trades Association and the Aeronautical Training Society are going into civilian flight instruction in a big way. The latter expects to employ about 10,000 pilots and instructors. In fact, they are already operating. Thousands of kids around the country are discarding their short pants and are now getting flight instruction. But there's a lack of equipment and trained personnel now.



"It makes me so mad—he went to Paris, yet he doesn't remember what kind of hats the women wore!"

Keep your eyes open for expansion of this flight instruction setup.

There'll be more spraying and dusting of insecticides by plane—also air seeding and fertilizing. And that means opportunities for pilots, small businesses, and for other jobs that go with keeping planes in the air. Right now there are about thirty-five spray and dust companies in business. And farmers, ranchers, and Uncle Sam are just waking up to the tremendous possibilities of going to work on the bugs who digest millions of dollars worth of vegetables and other crops each year.

Most of these spray and dust outfits are located in the South—but there are a few in the North, too. Arizona, Arkansas, Kansas, Maryland, Missouri, Nebraska, South Carolina, Tennessee, Utah, Washington, Pennsylvania, and Michigan claim one each. California has five; Florida, six; Louisiana, two; Mississippi, four; and Texas, five. They spray cotton, vegetables, sugar cane, and spread poison bait. Planes also spray defoliants on cotton plants. These chemicals knock the leaves off the plants and make hand-picking easier. This process also opens the way for effective use of the mechanical cotton picker, matures cotton more rapidly, and reduces insect damage to cotton. Some of the outfits are small—one or two men. The larger ones have as many as ten pilots and fifteen planes.

Duster pilots do well financially. On an average a pilot attached to a commercial dusting service receives 300 dollars a month plus a bonus of a penny an acre. A good day's work on cotton is 600 acres—about 100 acres being covered in 12 to 15 minutes. The rest of the time is spent in loading the plane and cleaning up after the spraying job is done. Although some of the smaller ones operate on a seasonal basis—at least one large company employs pilots the year round. This company pays its pilots 6,000 dollars a year plus bonus. After the war, salaries of 3,000 to 4,000 dollars are expected to be a good average. With the addition of other jobs, such as seeding, special freight transport jobs, hunting and shooting of coyotes on range lands, and photography and some passenger transport, the work has really become a year-round operation for most companies.

But this business is not simple, nor is it a job for an ordinary pilot. Just because a fellow flies a fighter plane or a C-54 doesn't mean that he can handle a duster. The aerial duster and spray people choose men as carefully as the Army does its pilots. It takes flyers about three seasons to become good dusters.

Anyone wanting to break into this field should know something about insecticides and farming—especially if he is going to start a duster business of his own. He won't be able to operate efficiently unless he does know these things. By the way—the field of agricultural insecticide specialist, which really doesn't exist now, will be a good one. There's getting to be so much to know about modern bug killers that it will take specialists to do a (*Continued on page 187*)

The boarder had no permanent home, was driven like a leaf by an unknown Thing

The Devil That Troubled the Chessboard

by GERALD KERSH

A SHOCKING book might be written about Pío Busto's apartment house. It stands on a corner not far from Oxford Street. It stands. No doubt Busto, who knows all the laws pertaining to real estate, has managed to find some loophole in the Law of Gravity; I can think of no other reason to account for the fact that his house has not yet fallen down. Pío Busto knows how to make a living by letting furnished rooms. He puts a sheet of wallboard across a small bedroom and calls it two apartments. His house is furnished with odds and ends raked from the junk heaps in the Cattle Market. No space is wasted. He sleeps in a subterranean washhouse, and would convert even this into a bed-sitting-room if the coal cellar were not crammed with spare furniture and bed linen. He is something of a character, this Busto; he looks like Lorenzo the Magnificent, and sleeps with a savage old dog named Ouif; in case of burglars he keeps a service revolver under his pillow, and a cavalry sabre hung on a bootlace over his head. He keeps evil spirits at bay with a rusty horseshoe, the lower half of a broken crucifix, and a lithograph of the Mona Lisa whom he believes to be the Virgin Mary.

His rooms are dangerous. You sigh; they shake. You sneeze, and down comes a little piece of ceiling. What is more, the walls are full of little holes, bored by tenants of an inquisitive turn of mind. The curiosity of these people is often highly irritating—your view is sometimes obscured by the eye of your neighbor, who is trying to peep back at you. But Busto's tenants rarely stay long. They are mostly rolling stones, and by the time they come down to Busto's house, which is very far from the bottom of things, they have acquired momentum. They come, and they go.

As for me, I lived for more than three months in one of the cheapest of those spy-hole-riddled bedrooms. I completed my education there. Through three or four tiny holes, which must have been bored by some neglected genius of espionage, I watched people when they thought they were alone. I saw things which walls and the darkness were made to conceal; I heard things which no man was ever supposed to hear. It was degrading, but impossible to resist. I stooped. I stooped to the keyhole of hell, and I learned the secrets of the damned.

Among the damned was Shakmatko. Picture for yourself this terrifying man.

I saw him for the first time in the saloon bar of the "Duchess of Euoro"—long-drawn-out, sombre, pallid and mysterious; dressed all in black. He had the unearthly, only partly human appearance of a figure in a Japanese print. I glanced at him, and said to myself, with a sensation of shock: "Good God, this man is all forehead!" Imagine one of those old-fashioned square felt hats without the brim: his skull was shaped exactly like that. It towered straight upwards, white and glabrous. His forehead conveyed an impression of enormous weight—it seemed to have pressed his face out of shape. You can reproduce something of his aspect if you model a human face in white Plasticine, and then foreshorten it by squashing it down on the table. In Plasticine that is all very well; but alive, in a public house, it does not look so good.

And if all this were not enough, his eyes were hidden behind dark-blue spectacles.

As I looked, he rose from his chair, stretching himself out in three jerks, like a telescope, and came towards me and said, in a hushed voice, with a peculiar foreign intonation:

"Can you please give me a match?"

"With pleasure."

He recoiled from the light of the match flame, shading his concealed eyes with a gloved hand. I thought of the Devil in Bon-Bon. The tightly clamped mouth parted a little, to let out a puff of smoke and a few more words:

"I find the light hurts my eyes. Will you drink?"

"Oh, thank you."

He indicated a chair. When we were seated, he asked:

"Pardon me. You live in this vicinity?"

"Almost next door."

"Ah. In apartments?"

"That would be a polite name for them."

"You will excuse my asking?"

"Of course. Are you looking for a room?"

"Yes, I am. But it must be cheap."

"I live on the corner. They have one or two rooms vacant there. They're cheap enough, but—"

"Are there tables?"

"Oh! Yes, I think so."

"Then I will go there. One thing: I can pay in advance, but I have no references."

"I don't suppose Busto will mind that."

"You see, I never stay long at one place."

"You like variety, I suppose?"

"I detest variety, but I have to move."

"Ah, landladies are often very difficult to get on with."

"It is not that. A large number of people live in this house of yours?"

"A good few. Why?"

"I do not like to be alone." At this, he looked over his shoulder. "Perhaps you would be kind enough to tell me the address?"

"I'm going that way. Come along with me, if you like."

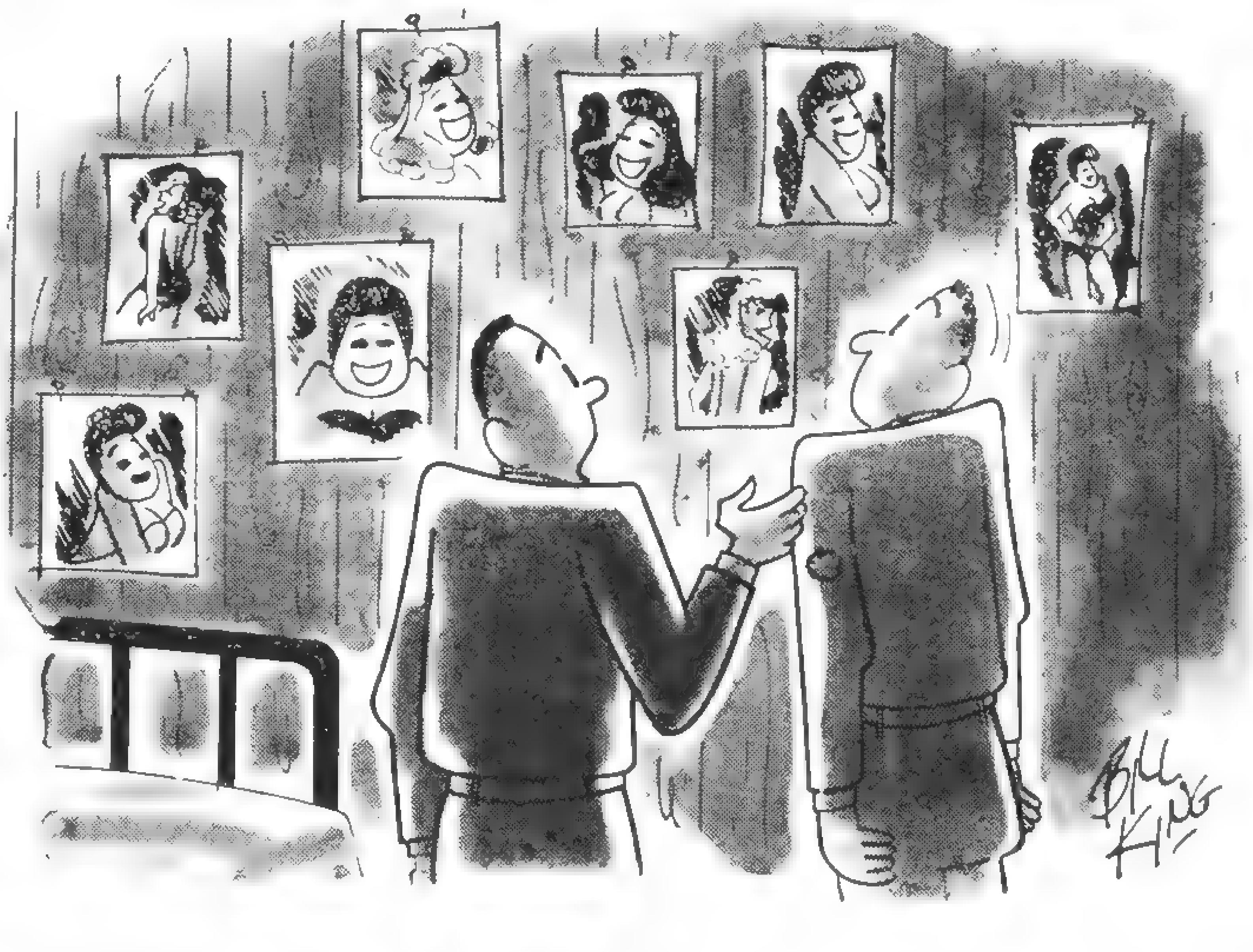
"You are far too kind." He reached down and picked up a great black suitcase which had been standing between his feet. It seemed to drag him down, as if it were full of lead. I said:

"Can I give you a hand?"

"No, no, no, thank you so very much."

We walked to the house and asked Busto about the vacant rooms.

"First afloor fronta vacant, thirteen bobs. Very nice aroom. Top



"Betty Grable's no longer my favorite pin-up girl—I suppose the decent thing to do would be to write and let her know"

floor back aten bob, electric light include. Spotless. No bug," lied Busto.

"Ten shillings. Is there a table in that room?"

"Corluvaduck! Bess table ina da world. You come up, I soon show you, mister."

"As long as there is a table."

We went upstairs. Straining at his suitcase, the stranger climbed slowly. It took us a long time to reach the top of the house, where there was a vacant bedroom next to mine. "Ecco!" said Busto, proudly indicating the misbegotten divan, the rickety old round table, and the cracked skylight, half blind with soot. He looked at the stranger and asked, "Hokay?"

"It will do. Ten shilling a week; here is a fortnight's rent in advance. If I leave within a week, the residue is in lieu of notice. I have no references."

"Hokay. What name, in case of letters?"

"There will be no letters. My name is Shakmatko."

"Good."

Shakmatko leaned against the door. He had the air of a man dying of fatigue. His trembling hand fumbled for a cigarette. Again he recoiled from the light of the match, and glanced over his shoulder.

Pity took possession of me. I put an arm about his shoulders, and led him to the divan. He sat down, gasping. Then I went back to pick up his suitcase. I stooped, clutched the handle; tensed myself in anticipation of a fifty-six-pound lift; heaved, and nearly fell backwards down the stairs.

The suitcase weighed next to nothing. It was empty except for something that gave out a dry rattling noise. I did not like that.

Shakmatko sat perfectly still. I watched him through the holes in the wallboard partition. Time passed. The autumn afternoon began to fade. Absorbed by the opacity of the skylight, the light of day gradually disappeared. The room filled with shadow. All that was left of the light seemed to be focused upon the naked top of Shakmatko's skull, as he sat with his head hanging down. His face was invisible. He looked like the featureless larva of some elephantine insect. At last, when night had fallen, he began to move. His right hand became gradually visible; it emerged from his sleeve like something squeezed out of a tube. He did not switch the light on, but, standing a little night light in a saucer, he lit it cautiously. In this vague and sickly circle of orange-colored light he took off his spectacles, and began to look about him. He turned his back to me. Snick-snick! He opened the suitcase. My heart beat faster. He returned to the table, carrying an oblong box and a large square board. I held my breath.

"He isn't only demobilized—he's immobilized"

He drew a chair up to the table, upon which he carefully placed the board. For a moment he hugged the box to his breast, while he looked over his shoulder; then he slid the lid off the box and, with a sudden clatter, shot out onto the board a set of small ivory chessmen. He arranged these, with indescribable haste, sat for awhile with his chin on his clenched hands, then began to move the pieces.

I wish I could convey to you the unearthly atmosphere of that room, where, half buried in the shadows, with the back of his head illuminated by a ray of blue moonlight, and his enormous forehead shining yellow in the feeble radiance of the night light, Shakmatko sat and played chess with himself.

After awhile he began to slide forward in his chair, shake his head and shrug his shoulders. Sometimes in the middle of a move his hand would waver and his head would nod; then he would force himself to sit upright, rub his eyes violently, look wildly round the room, or listen intently with a hand at his ear.

It occurred to me that he was tired—desperately tired—and afraid of going to sleep.

Before getting into bed I locked my door.

It seemed to me that I had not been asleep for more than a minute or so when I was awakened by a loud noise. There was a heavy crash—this, actually, awoke me—followed by the noise of a shower of small, hard objects scattered over a floor. Then I heard the shrill tones of Shakmatko's voice, raised in a cry of anguish and terror:

"You again! Have you found me so soon? Go away! Go away!"

His door opened. I opened my door, looked out, and saw him, standing at the top of the stairs, brandishing a small silver crucifix at the black shadows which filled the staircase.

"What is it?" I asked.

He swung round instantly, holding out the crucifix. When he saw me, he caught his breath in relief.

"Ah, you. Did I disturb you? Forgive me. I—I—May I come into your room?"

"Do," I said.

"Please close the door quickly," he whispered as he came in.

"Sit down and pull yourself together. Tell me, what's troubling you?"

"I must leave here in the morning," said Shakmatko, trembling in every limb. "It has found me again. So soon! It must have followed on my very heels. Then what is the use? I can no longer escape it, even for a day. What can I do? Where can I go? My God, my God, I am surrounded!"

"What has found you? What are you trying to run away from?" I asked in a calm voice.

He replied: "An evil spirit."

I shivered. There are occasions when the entire fabric of dialectical materialism seems to go sphut before the forces of nightmarish possibilities.

"What sort of evil spirit?" I asked.

"I think they call them poltergeists."

"Things that throw—that are supposed to throw furniture about?"

"Not all my furniture. Only certain things."

"Such as—"

"Chess pieces, and things connected with the game of chess. Nothing else. I am a chess player. It hates chess. It follows me. It follows me from place to place. It waits until I am asleep, and then it tries to destroy my chess pieces. It has already torn up all my books and papers. There is nothing left but the board and the pieces; they are too strong for it, and so it grows increasingly violent."

"Good heavens!"

"Perhaps you think that I am mad?"

"No, no. If you had told me that you had merely been seeing things I might have thought so. But if one's chessboard flies off the table, that is another matter."

"Thank you. I know I am not mad. My name may be unfamiliar to you. Are you interested in chess?"

"Not very. I hardly know the moves." I replied truthfully.

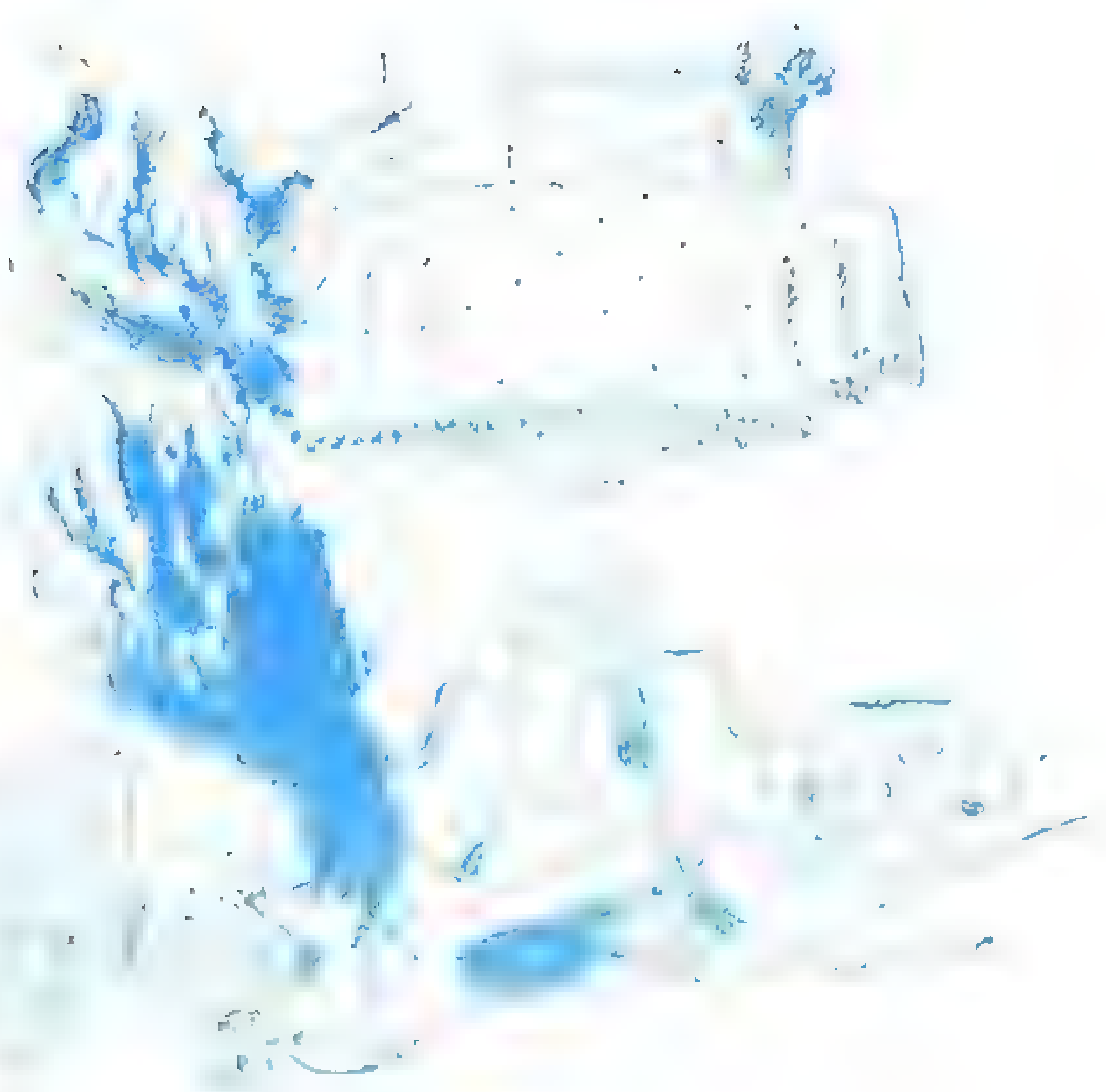
"Ah. If you were you would have heard of me. I beat Paolino, in the tournament at Pressburg. My game on that occasion has gone down in history. I should certainly have been world champion but for that Thing."

"Has it been troubling you for long?"

"My dear sir, it has given me no peace for twenty years. Conceive; twenty years! It visited me, first of all, when I was in Paris, training with Ljubljana. I had been working very hard. I think I had been working nearly all night. I took a hasty lunch, and then lay down and went to sleep. When I woke up I had a feeling that something was wrong: a malaise. I went quickly into my study. What did I see? Chaos!

"All my books on chess had been taken out of the bookcase and dashed to the floor, so violently that the bindings were broken. A photograph of myself in a group of chess players had been hurled across the room, torn out of the frame, and crumpled into a ball. My chess pieces were scattered over the carpet. The board had disappeared: I found it later, stuffed up the chimney.

"I rushed downstairs and complained to the concierge. He swore that nobody had come up. I thought no more of it; but two days later it happened again." He trembled as (*Continued on page 142*)



About two events of heroic proportions which nearly wiped a city off the map

The Great Disaster of 1906

by PAUL T. MacFARLAND

In April, 1906, the city of San Francisco was enjoying a period of extraordinary prosperity. Business had never been so brisk; real estate sales were booming; population was increasing with wonderful rapidity. On Tuesday evening, April 17, Caruso, in *Carmen*, thrilled the packed Opera House. Festive crowds mingled afterwards in restaurants and cafés; then the city slept.

The stars grew dim. As scattered early risers were bustling about, a sudden rumbling was heard. It hurried closer and closer. The houses shook. At first came a sharp but gentle swaying motion; then a heavy sidewise jolting; then another. Then suddenly, like a giant rock crusher, everything ground around—tumultuously, spasmodically. People awakened to find plaster showering from their walls, nails creaking in their sockets, crockery and glassware smashing on the floor, doors jerking off their hinges, pianos jangling in wild discord. Outside, chimneys snapped and fell, houses reeled, streets writhed, hillsides slid.

Frantic men and women pushed and jostled down stairs and rushed into the streets in their nightclothes. As they ran and wept in the frenzy of their fear, it was gone—abruptly. The earthquake seemed to have lasted an eternity; actually it was over in forty-eight seconds.

The crashing of falling walls, chimneys and roofs and the subterranean rumblings died away. Screams of people caught beneath the debris were heard, hysterical laughter and cries from dying horses. Gas escaped from broken mains with loud reports. Then, intense quiet. Men and women stood tongue-tied, wondering if it were all over. They looked at one another, shivering and half-dressed in the streets; it occurred to them that their sudden flight was undignified. Some hurried inside to dress. Others flew into action. The suspense was over; they talked and gossiped about the freak accidents of the earthquake; the fragile glass vase at the Browns' house which survived; the chimney at the Jones' that had split in two and was left standing. They laughed at the crazy angles of the houses and trees. It became a fantastic comedy—a carnival. Sightseers trooped to the business sections; they congratulated each other that the damage was not worse—not realizing that a more horrible disaster was to follow.

Sightseers had passed many small fires, started by falling and uninsulated electric wires, broken flues, and stoves upset in ramshackle hotels and houses. Some were put out by the occupants of the buildings; others were controlled only after a lively battle; still others spread fiercely and were soon beyond the power of the occupants to cope with.

Scattered firemen tended blazes in residential districts, in the wholesale district, and in the tenement and manufacturing districts to the south. No sooner had they brought one fire under control than they were hurried away to other larger ones. In some districts the fire hydrants were found dry; others flowed for a while and then dwindled away. Puzzled, firemen stood with empty nozzles in their hands. Then the truth dawned upon them: the earthquake had snapped every pipe line that came into the city. Millions of gallons of water stored away in the reservoirs were seeping through the broken mains into the soil.

But it was the breaking out of so many fires at once that made the task of the firemen so impossible. Fifty-two "original" fires were written into the records Wednesday morning. A real battle was beginning in the ramshackle district south of Market Street, where the miles of tinder-heaped houses spontaneously burst into flame. The badly scattered firemen, soon without water, were powerless. Innumerable tongues of flame shot up, spreading, growing, licking up whole blocks in their course. Men and women seeking shelter on the hilltops watched the many separate fires eat their way rapidly towards each other. Brick buildings burned one at a time. Market Street—with the internationally famous Palace Hotel in the center—became the meeting place between two immense fires. The Call Building—most famous of the city's office buildings—was a giant flaming shaft, belching fire from all its windows. Fire boats, tugs and other craft pumped water from the bay. Water from cisterns and broken sewers was used. Still the flames raced on.

Wild rumors began to circulate about the outside world. It was said that Chicago had slid into Lake Michigan; that Manhattan Island had been submerged; that all the Pacific Coast cities were in ruins. In this blazing inferno, stories such as these created only mild surprise.

About ten o'clock, word was spread among the watchers on the hills that another huge fire was working from Hayes Valley to the City Hall—a fire which is said to have started when a woman cooked ham and eggs in a chimney broken by the earthquake. At the same time the wholesale district, the financial district, the retail district were in flames. Then a blast of dynamite intended to clear away a small building started a new conflagration which raged through Chinatown and beyond. And in the ruined Delmonico's Restaurant another blaze sprang up from the camp fire of a band of weary soldiers, and spread relentlessly. By midnight, a solid wall of flame which stretched from Market Street to Chinatown worked toward Nob Hill, the home site of the city's pioneers. By four-thirty in the morning the fire was traveling westward through the city towards an unbroken line of wooden residences—all that was left of San Francisco.

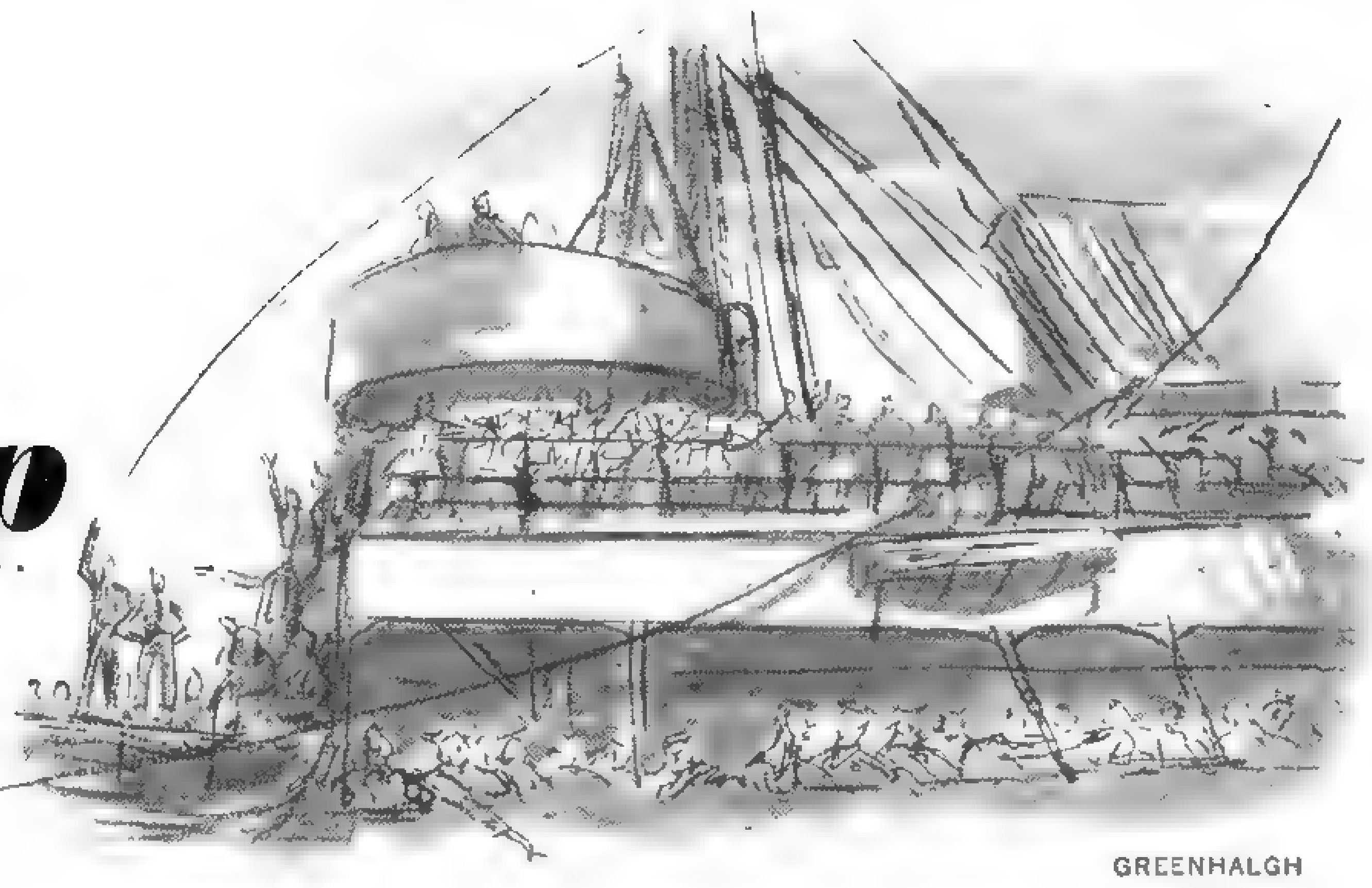
All Thursday evening, exhausted men and women pulled trunks, wagons, baby carriages, bundles of clothing up the hills. When they could go no further, they slept on doorsteps, curbs. Jefferson Square was thick with refugees who stretched blankets over the trees—anything for a roof over one's head. Many women sat alone while their husbands searched other camps for missing children. That night under the trees in Golden Gate Park twenty-three babies were born. And over everyone hung an eerie gold-fringed cloud shot with dancing flame that flared crimson against the smoke.

All day Thursday and Friday the fire burned. By mid-afternoon Saturday it had fairly rounded out the peninsula. Four hundred and fifty-two lives had been lost. Over twenty-five hundred acres—nearly half a thousand blocks—had been ruined. Every building with a history dating from the early years had been wiped out. The entire district that had been young San Francisco was gone. And finally two miles of docks, freight sheds, and steam and sailing vessels seemed destined to go—two miles which were the very reason of San Francisco's existence. A band of soldiers, sailors and firemen put up a valiant fight at Pier Twenty-seven. When at last they knew that victory was theirs—that the vital dock section was saved from total destruction—they were too exhausted to cheer. But after a night of cooling rain, San Francisco, like its official symbol, the phoenix, began the tremendous task of rising again from its own ashes. ⊹

A NOTE ABOUT THIS PAINTING

Writing his own interpretation of the painting on the opposite page, which was done in egg tempera, on Whatman illustration board, Harper Goff says: "The San Francisco earthquake and the fire that followed it, like many disasters, affected such a widespread territory that it was my desire to bring the scattered points together into one view. The collapsed frame structure, the wall-less brick apartment, the stalled cable car, the foolish saving of worthless bric-a-brac, the mighty column of smoke, the peculiar, smoke-filtered light, a glimpse of San Francisco Bay and the Ferry Building seen from the typical San Francisco hill, are all found in this painting. I do not believe that this could be confused with any other event in history."

She was just an old cattle boat jammed with men head to foot in narrow canvas hammocks, but she could carry them home



GREENHALGH

Home on a Troopship

by EDWARD A. HERRON

A TROOPSHIP isn't very glamorous. It may be an old cattle boat with the bulkheads torn down between the holds and rammed full of unpainted steel rods welded to the decks below and above and festooned with garlands of thick chains from which hang narrow, canvas hammocks. Put men in there, head to foot and head to foot. Reach an elbow to this side and touch the man beside you. Stretch a hand across eighteen inches of aisle and bump the man across from you. This for as far as one can see or walk or feel one's way, from the very narrow, pointed bow of the ship right back to the stern where a rudder grunts and groans beneath, while a gun crew treads overhead.

Take a thousand men and jam them into a narrow-waisted freighter and soon you have a stink. Officers can bark and men can scrub, but the smell of it creeps up the narrow companionway, and along the deck and into the few score of cabins where sleep in crowded splendor the Army officers, the big shots of the civilians, and the ship's officers.

There is one time, though, when the stink can become a perfume, and the unbelievable crushing of one human upon another can become almost bearable. Turn your troopship around and point her nose to the States thousands of miles away. Let her take off across the Pacific homeward bound to Seattle or 'Frisco, and your Yank will accept anything without a murmur. It's a foretaste of final victory.

Bring your ship into the base at night under heavy rain clouds; bring in the dull grey hull and tie her up to the wharf the Seabees threw up on that miserable wind-swept Aleutian shore. Gather up your lucky G.I.'s from all over the island and bring them down to the waterfront; let them line up on the wooden planking, trying to be calm, but inwardly throbbing, almost sick with the excitement. Going home! After two years and more of the dull, maddening monotony of the wind-cursed island. Going home!

Never can there be such depth of feeling as is packed into that drab, dreary scene while you wait in the darkness on the slippery dock in the rain, climbing up the steep gangplank one by one to be checked on board. It is like a movie scene, something that Alfred Hitchcock would do. The rain, the muddy, rutted planks of the dock, the yellow lights dimming in the night, the long-nosed artillery swinging overhead to be lowered into the yawning holds, the noise of the winches.

The double line inches forward. The sergeant barks out your name, and you start up the gangplank. Another name check on the ship's deck, and you follow the bobbing pack ahead of you, follow it under the high-lifted life rafts, inching cautiously down the steep open ladder leading to the well deck, follow through the narrow steel door in the very bow of the ship. Then down again, holding grimly to the shining steel rail. You can chuck your pack now and follow the sergeant down the narrow aisles of bunks, past swinging feet, until he points at a dim recess by the floor. "Put it in there, fellow."

Take a good look at that piece of taut canvas, for the best part of the next two weeks will find you wedged in there. It's exactly six feet six inches long and just wide enough for your shoulders. On your right, away from the aisle, there is a free space of two inches, and another man stretched out. When the bunk above you is occupied—and that means twenty hours of the day—the sag in the canvas will be just ten inches above your face.

You can't sit in the bunk, because it's not high enough. You can't stand alongside of it, or you'll block the aisle. All you can do is stretch out—and that's what you'll do.

Whoever designed this marvel of sardine-canning, forgot that a soldier, whether on furlough or on rotation, travels heavy. They forgot that a G.I. staggers on board not only with his pack and rifle, but also with one or two bursting duffel bags. Take them and jam them somehow, some way against the steel sides of the hold, in the infrequent spaces that thwarted the designers by being too small to take a tier of bunks. But squeeze them in.

You're struggling with the three scrawny blankets trying to make your bed upon the drum-tight canvas. The gray kapok life preserver at the head is your pillow. The boy who sleeps in the top bunk has come along and climbed heartily up the tier, tramping on your hand in the process. A helmet has fallen from its insecure perch upon an I-beam and just grazed your head. But you don't mind. You're on the ship. You're going home.

The rumor spreads through the ant hive. "We're pulling out!" You join the heads and feet ducking out of bunks and squeezing through the aisles, climbing up the sheer ladder with three or four G.I. clods inches from your nose. This is the last of the damned island. Next stop Seattle!

You squeeze over by the rail and look at the little tug alongside. A Navy petty officer is slouched behind the wheel, his nose deep in a magazine. You marvel at his indifference until you remember he's pushed a hundred ships on these first few feet toward the States. Over on the dock side the black soldier-stevedores have thrown loose the lines and stand beneath the lights, watching with envious eyes. Dead silence hangs over everything, broken only by an occasional order from the darkened bridge.

You thought, during every moment of those years, that the moment of departure would bring derisive shouts, that you'd thumb your nose at the island, mouth curses at the biting wind, and jeer at the G.I.'s melting in the distance on the retreating dock, but only dead silence. A little prayer—dear God, let 'em all come home!

The snuffing tug butts you through the submarine net, and you can almost feel the pilot high up on the bridge taking the old ship carefully through the mine fields that sprinkle the outer harbor. There is the soft swish of water thirty feet below the deck-line, and a slight heave as the ship meets the greater swells. The lights from the island sink back deeper into the night, and the ship rises higher on the swells as it points its sharp nose into the Pacific. Though you won't admit it to anyone, there is always the thought of a submarine waiting outside the busy harbor. Two little escort vessels are bobbing up ahead, but they're little, and you wonder what they could do against a submarine. You keep wondering while the wind

WHAT DAY IS THIS?
WHAT GREAT EVENT TOOK PLACE 3 YEARS AGO TODAY?
?
Bill O'Malley

sharpens upon the open waves of the ocean and bites deep under your shirt. The last light of the island has dropped back and you follow the groups as they drift off the deck, past the armed guard who stands by the canvas-shrouded opening and down once more into the ant heap.

* * *

Twelve hours before Seattle, we enter the sheltered waters of Juan De Fuca Strait and Puget Sound. The nightly blackout on the ship is lifted and the deck is jammed with black figures tight in the darkness, winking red cigarette eyes flaring and dimming. From the solid masses by the rail, a steady stream of red sparks arcs out and down into the green white spume as butts are flipped into a watery grave. Fascinating—toward the endless streams, like tracer bullets. End of the blackout, end of the submarine menace, and the homeland, twelve hours away.

The word surges through the ship. "We tie up at eight in the morning."

The boys drift down to the last night in the stifling confines of the hold. There is short, nervous laughter, a rummaging through bags. For the first time they strip down to their underwear, hoping in comfort to win sleep in spite of the restlessness. By eleven o'clock there is an uneasy silence. At midnight light sleep. At two in the morning someone clumps heavily toward the bathroom carrying shaving gear. At two-thirty a half dozen others follow him. By three in the morning, the washroom is jammed with G.I.'s shaving in cold salt water. The bunks are turning out. By three-thirty, the sardine can is in upheaval. Everyone is up, hauling at luggage, rolling blankets, jamming cups under canteens, polishing boots, laying out the best suit of khaki. Orders have been handed out that the bunks are to be torn down and stacked in the far corner. This adds to the turmoil.

Five o'clock and struggling up to the deck with the bursting duffel bags. On deck. Pitch dark, but you see a dim light in the east. Up ahead a fat cluster of lights. You stand shuddering in the cold morning wind. There are faint bells deep within the ship as the pilot signals the engine room. The light comes stronger in the east while the gray hull slides forward through the dark Sound waters. A ferry toots mournfully as it starts across to the Bremertown Navy Yard. A slim finger of sunlight pierces the grey-black of the morning clouds. You shiver with an urgent rush of feeling as you recognize the tower thrusting upward in the cold blackness of the morning.

Before God this is the greatest moment in your life. You've made it. You're home! #

Time to Wake Up Now

After bombing Olpe he was haunted by visions of the dead and the wounded, of those hapless Germans called "good"

by MacKINLAY KANTOR

That chilly March afternoon we got back from Germany around four o'clock, and promptly I went to my barracks and packed up for Paris. I was leaving the 344th Group of medium bombers, based at the time in a windy valley stretching from Cormeilles to Genicourt.

The 344th—especially the 495th Squadron, with which I had been flying—boasted a swell bunch of boys, and I was sorry to leave them. But more than that I found myself worrying about a gang of Germans I had never even seen or talked with.

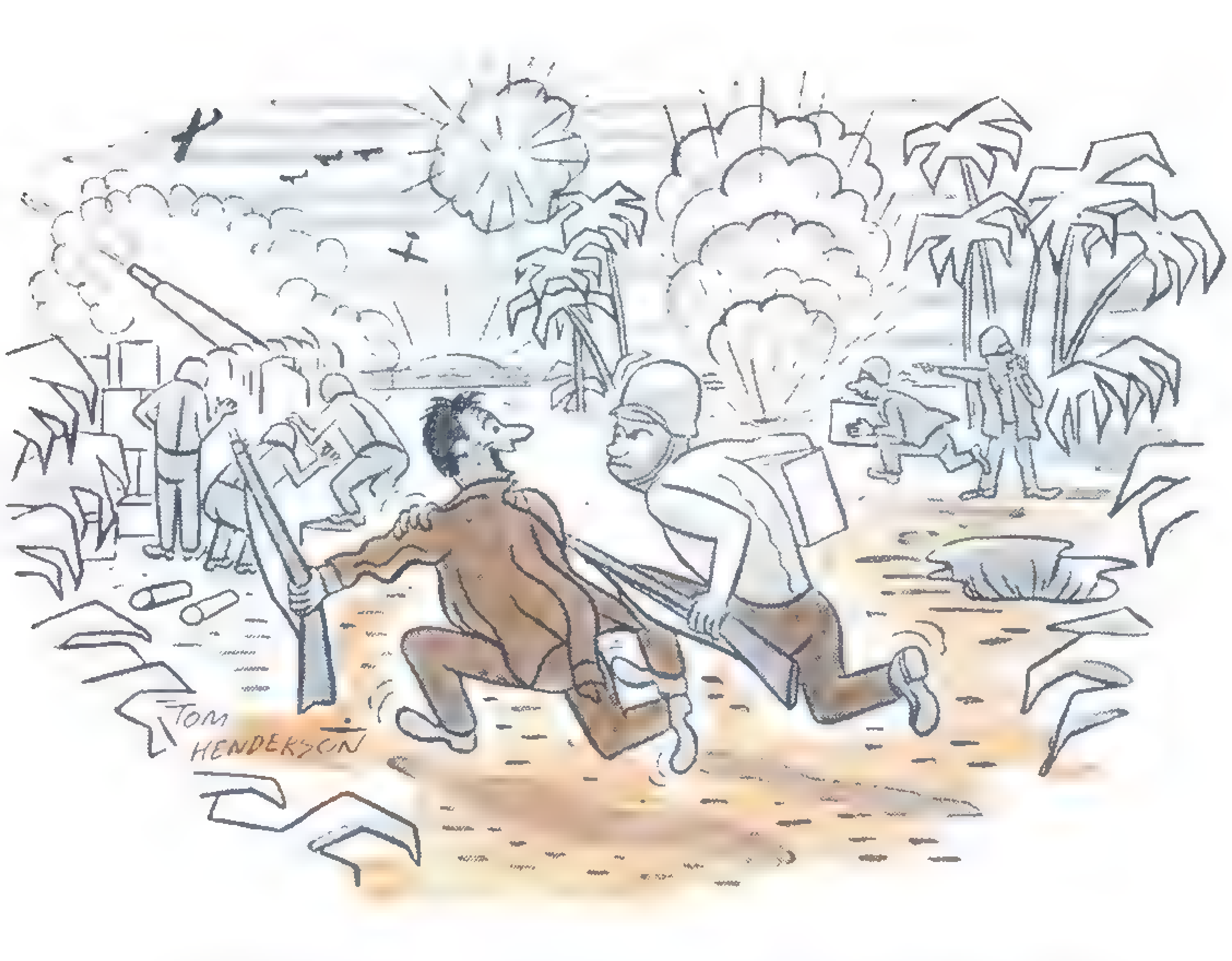
Maybe they were good Germans; I didn't know. I was convinced that a lot of them must now be good Germans (in the traditional sense of the word, borrowed from our pioneer past: i.e., the only good Indian is a dead Indian). The trouble was, I couldn't decide just how good those Germans at Olpe were, in the more ordinary sense of the word, before our B-26's came flashing overhead that afternoon.

We hadn't intended to go to Olpe; we had been briefed for a target called Bad Oyenhausen, away up northeast of Hamm. The boys made a lot of cracks about this, naturally: they said they'd rather go to Good Oyenhausen, if such a place there were. Bad Germans, good Germans, Bad Oyenhausen, Good Oyenhausen . . . it was all rather mixed up in my mind.

As we twisted along the narrow road toward Paris in Colonel Witty's car, I considered the facts of the matter. Some friends named Durato and Fender and Brady were riding with me, and we had a bottle of rather green cognac. Fender had finished his missions that day, so of course he was planning a celebration; was indeed already embarked upon it. I could talk with the others, and take an occasional swig with them. I wished that I could get over being concerned about those Germans at Olpe.

I had flown with a very sharp pilot named Ehart, and I remembered how we all cussed when the order for diversion came crackling in over the radio. We were across the bomb line by that time, or almost. I know that we were across the Rhine, and in those faraway days of late March our bomb line still lay close to the Rhine. A bomb line is an imaginary barrier set up for the protection of ground forces; it is changed from hour to hour. You cannot drop your bombs on the nearer side of the bomb line: only on the farther side, for fear of killing your own troops on the ground. Sometimes mistakes are made. They say that's the way General McNair got killed.

Anyway we were diverted, and at first we thought we were going to have to turn around and go home, but more information soon



"Gosh, it seems good to be out of the Army and back in the movies again"

followed. We were told to attack Olpe instead of Bad Oyenhausen. That was fine. Olpe was close, and Bad Oyenhausen was a long way off, and we had been warned about a lot of Luftwaffe in those northeastern areas. So we would proceed at once to Olpe and get rid of our bombs on top of the road junction there; and we would get credit for a mission after all, and we would be home before we had expected. As the Rafs would say, "Good show, good show!"

Well, we reached Olpe in short order; this was a Pathfinder mission, and our window-ship was right ahead. When I saw his bomb doors pull down, I went back and opened the door into our bomb bay. I had always enjoyed watching bombs fall on our enemies; in the 17's I never got to see much of that sort of thing, because I always rode in the nose; this was very pleasant stuff.

Our bomb doors were wide open when I looked, and patches of cloud were scudding past a couple of thousand feet beneath. Even as I looked, the bombardier pressed his switch up forward, and the big brown plummets sank rapidly and purposefully toward the overcast. Then miraculously the clouds opened to admit them. And I saw Olpe—a little place with a lot of peaked gable roofs, pinkish tile roofs, such as they have in most of those towns in western Germany. I thought again, "Good show," and closed the door, and went up front to watch the flak which was already beginning to appear in startled black and silver buffets directly ahead of us and below and to the left of us.

"I'm just lonesome for the sound of a human voice, Sarge"

Also I started to worry about those wretched Germans on the ground.

I imagined many old ladies, and they were simple, dumb, honest souls. They had the kind of wrinkled Teutonic faces which you see on old farm wives in Pennsylvania counties . . . their teeth gone, the flesh on their lips all squeezed like brown flower petals around their thin mouths; and their little blue eyes were bright, as I thought of them. They wore lace caps, or maybe shawls over their heads, and they liked to keep coffee pots warm and ready on the backs of their stoves. They had flowers growing in spring gardens and maybe there were kids who called them *Grossmutter*.

Then I started worrying about the kids. I saw them with their yellow hair and engaging little faces, and I imagined them playing with cats or maybe picking up bright pebbles in the road to play with on their mother's doorsteps. I put myself down in Olpe. I stood around while the bombs went *wham* and the bricks flew this way and that way, and the concussion blasted my ears. I thought I heard people crying.

This wasn't like bombing those flak gun positions south of Limburg, which we had attacked the previous Sunday when I was flying with T. Pearson. Then we were after our old flak enemies—the bastards who threw the black-and-silver at us, and had at one time or another torn to bits certain airplanes that we loved and certain people who rode in them—people whom we loved also. No; and it wasn't like attacking a Jerry fighter field or a locomotive works which had been reconditioned to make Messerschmitts. This was attacking a town with harmless civilians in it. Our bombs had undoubtedly closed up a very important transportation bottleneck, but a lot of noncombatants must have been killed.

These thoughts lingered unpleasantly with me all afternoon, and they didn't vanish even while we rode toward the cool, tired, misshapen boundaries of Paris and felt the thin spring sunset on our faces as we rode. I went to my hotel lugubriously; when I found that I couldn't have a room to myself I was more lugubrious than ever.

The clerk shook his head, and got out a register with a long list of names on a certain page. "All the singles are taken. You'll have to move in with someone who's already registered in a double room. Do you know any of these people, Monsieur?"

Halfway down the list I saw the name of *Grammer, S.*

"Is that Stan Grammer from Press Wireless?"

"*Mais oui.*"

"Okay. I'll move in with him. I've known him for years."

And so I had, and so had most of the other correspondents in the ETO. Stan Grammer is a dapper Englishman, middle-aged, and he manipulates Press Wireless with a skillful hand. I used to know him in London earlier in the war, when he wore civilian clothes, when we used to play poker down at the Savoy night after night while the sirens screeched outside and the windows shook in their casings.

Now Stan was wearing an American correspondent's uniform, people had told me, with his RAF Wings from the last war neatly stitched on the right breast of his blouse; and I supposed that he must be having a very good time in this war, because I was sure that he rather liked war.

The clerk said, as the porter gathered up my bags, "You are fortunate. You will have the room to yourself, after all. Monsieur Grammer is with the Army at the front—has been for weeks."

About ten o'clock I had finished with dinner and with what reading I wanted to do; I crawled into one of the two beds in the hotel room and smoked for awhile. I contemplated the miscellaneous chunks of luggage piled on top of the wardrobes in the room, and I guessed rightly that Stan Grammer's room was a repository for stray bits of personal belongings left there by other correspondents who had drifted off in one direction or another. I say, I tried to count the pieces of luggage and speculate as to their contents, but I couldn't get those old *Grossmüttern* and minor yellow-haired *Mädchen* out of my head.

Finally I turned off the light and went to sleep, but that gang of Germans came all the way from Olpe and climbed into bed and crowded me. They were dead and bloody, and still crying as if their hearts would break.

Then I was awake, and it was twelve o'clock. Someone was pounding on the door which I had bolted before I went to bed. I got up and tramped groggily to the door and looked out into the hall. There stood Stan Grammer and a porter with Stan's luggage, and we blinked at one another for a few seconds and then I welcomed him into his own room. The porter went away, and still Stan and I were saying that it was good to see each other again. I got out what was left of my cognac and we had a couple of drinks.

"How are things up at the front?" I asked him, but even then I was wondering why he had that big wad of cotton sticking out of his right ear.

"Front, hell," said Stan. "Who said I'd been at the front?"

"The *concierge.*"

"Nonsense. I've been home; on leave, in Britain."

I told him, "I'm going over tomorrow or next day, to go back to 305th."

He made a wry face. "See that you go quickly to Chelveston, old chap. Don't linger in London. It's not nice."

"What do you mean? Are the V-2's getting pretty bad?"

"They've been damn bad all week. Look at this." Stan touched the cotton protruding from his ear.

"What's the matter with your ear? Don't tell me you got hit."

He walked around the room, swishing the brown cognac in his glass. It was chilly; I got back into bed and watched him.

"No," he said. "I didn't get hit. It was concussion. It cracked my eardrum. It's painful, and a damn nuisance, too. I have to keep putting medication in my ear."

He said, "Larry Rue and I were just coming out of the Savoy when the thing hit. It was up in High Holborn. It was just about noon."

I watched him twisting a tuft of cotton into a sharp point between his thumb and first finger.

"You know how the Savoy is: there's that little court where you come in off the Strand? We were in that court, and I guess that made the difference. The concussion gave us a bloody hard wallop. I didn't realize anything had happened to my ear at the time; but later it got to making noises and paining me, so I went to a doctor."

He drank the last of his cognac, put down the glass, and began to take off his clothes. "God," he said, "I'm *(Continued on page 135)*

Forfeiting the fight to Nathan, warning bumptious butchers and copping a lesson from our British cousins anent the phone

This Man's World

by PAUL GALLICO

A HOUSEWIFE of my acquaintance who, for reasons which will shortly become apparent, has suggested that she remain nameless, has begged me to use this uninhibited public forum to announce that she is looking forward to the coming of the day when she will haul off and clout her grocer one across the side of his kisser and knock him galley-west between the soap flakes and boxes of dried apricots. She says she is tired of having to have her behind pinched, in addition to yielding up points for a couple of pounds of butter or a package of sugar.

At once alert to any manifestation of sex rearing its lovely head in our republic I asked instantly, "Tell me more, dear . . ." and was forthwith initiated into the racket of small sex favors—none of them as yet serious enough to cause the head of the house to get the blunderbuss down from over the fireplace—instigated by the petty tradesmen, the butcher, the grocer, et al , in exchange for necessities.

It seems that now that power over the dispensation of vittles is in their hands, the Lothario none of us suspected beneath the skin of tradesmen is breaking out in the form of coy requests for "35 blue points and a little kiss, Mrs. Yifnif." And if Mrs. Yifnif is a looker, he ain't kiddin'.

The butcher it seems has a moist eye not exactly resulting from contact with his refrigerator when he emerges with a precious lamb chop or a piece of veal knuckle and a smirk on his puss, "For an old customer we can always manage to find a little something, eh, Mrs. Schantzenfrantzen?" And to her surprise, Mrs. Schantzenfrantzen finds herself in possession of not only the chunk of meat, but likewise a tender little pat on the fanny or a gentle squeeze.

Naturally, she can always take the *schnitzel* and ram it down the butcher's face, but then her old man wouldn't have it on his table that night and nothing would have been accomplished.

This being a new field, I am told the tradesmen are conducting this racket on a small scale—no lady having yet been requested to give her all in exchange for a four-rib roast—and in a manner half kidding, half furtive, since the philandering butcher or grocer has to keep one eye peeled on his own missus parked in the cashier's cage, knowing that if she catches him at it she will part his hair with the cleaver. But it is nonetheless, my housewife informer assures me, thriving merrily and in time might lead to goodness knows where.

I believe what is outraging my housewife friend so is that it is not even a rousing black market operation in which case a small touch of sex blackmail might be expected. No, it is strictly ceiling prices, get the goods, hand over red points or blue points *and* a mild goose or a bit of fondling.

At any rate, my housewife friend advises me that she does not wish to start anything at the moment in the way of a national campaign against this odd practice to which I would gladly have devoted some of this space. She tells me that she is quite resigned to these familiarities in return for such necessities as five pounds of sugar or a slab of bacon. She merely wishes to let the boys know that *she* knows what is going on, so that they will be neither surprised nor hurt when comes the eventual end of rationing and she walks into their stores, winds one up from the floor and parks it where it will do the most good.

Farewell to Privacy

I HAVE received a threatening letter from a gentleman who operates the service I use in my business in connection with the telephone, a service which takes messages and acts as a kind of secretary when I am out or away from my phone. It is headed, "Radio paging for our subscribers will be a postwar development," and names me as a possible mythical subscriber 169 to a one-way radio paging service.

He is proposing, according to these advices, to stuff into my pocket an apparatus no larger than a small camera which will be a radio receiving set tuned to my private call number. What happens then will be as follows:

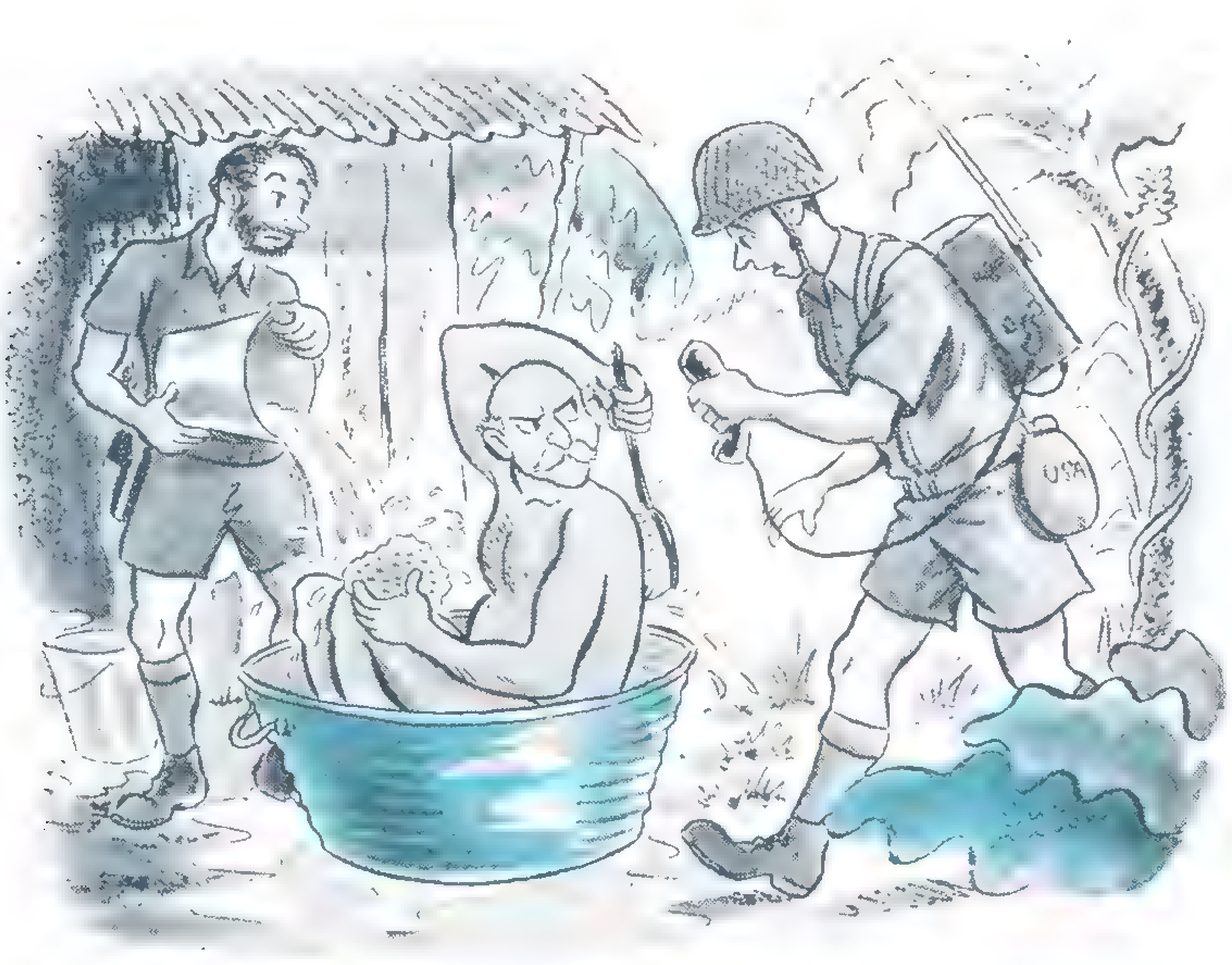
My telephone rings at home. The answering service cuts in and answers it since I am out around town somewhere, trying to drum up a little literature business. The Service takes the message and then over its private transmitter sends out a radio tone tuned only to the assigned frequency of subscriber 169, which is me. The radio tone sets off a buzzer in my pants pocket which causes me to jump a mile when it goes off. When I recover from my fright, I go to a pay station and telephone the Service and say, "You buzzed. Now what?" They say, "A very important message, sir. Call Mechanic 9-9999."

Thereupon I drop in another nickel and dial Mechanic 9-9999 and say, "This is Mr. Gallico. You called me." Whereupon an oily voice will reply, "Ah yes, Mr. Gallico. With regard to that small account outstanding. Will there be a check in the morning mail, or do we back up the van in front of your joint tomorrow and start moving stuff out? Thank you for calling."

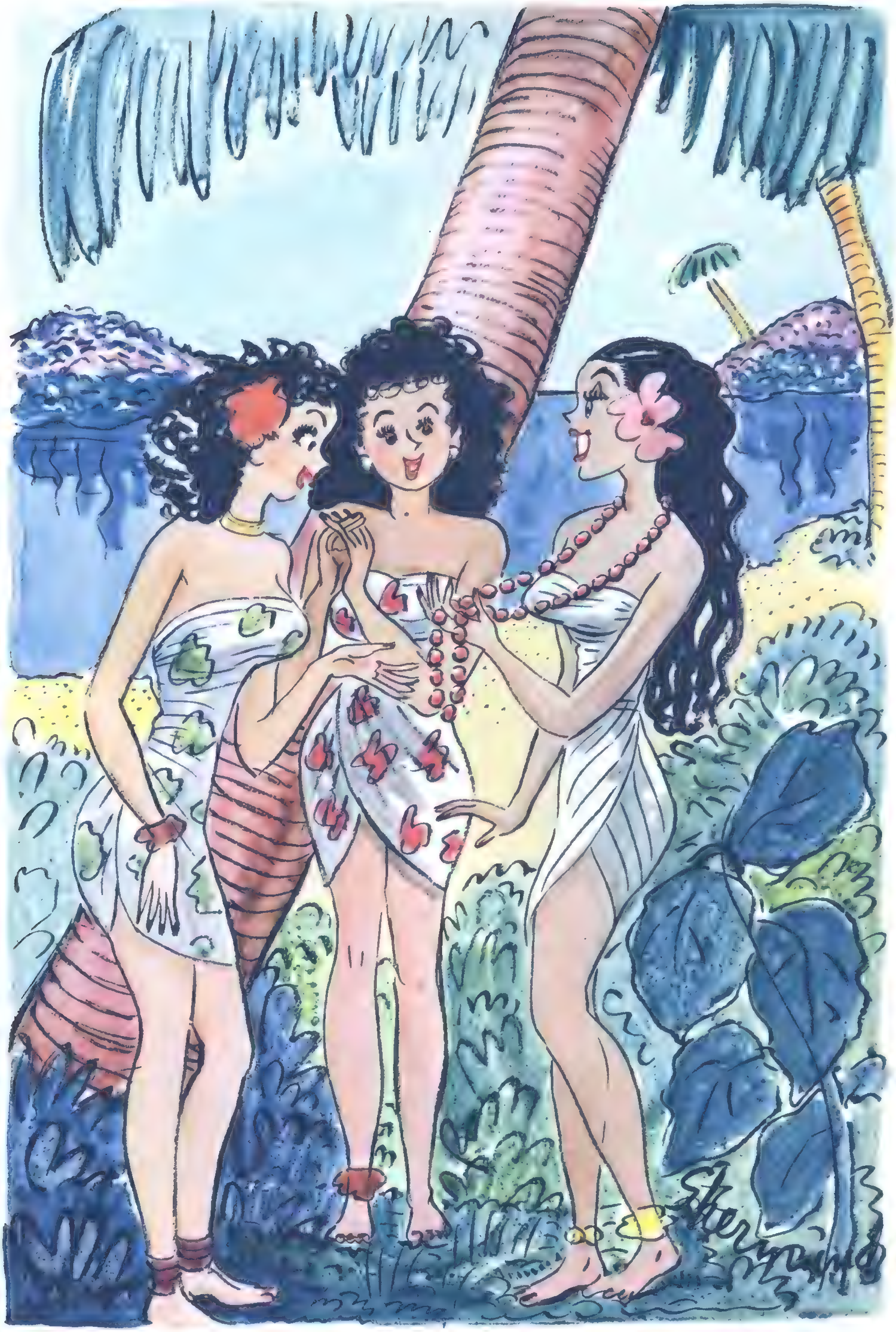
Jimminy!

The gentleman further threatens, when materials are again available, to install a telephone in my automobile so that I will be able to carry on conversations with any land station while en route. A recent article in *Coronet* menaced me further with telephones aboard fishing boats, on trains, affixed to the sides of express elevators voyaging from the ground to the 68th floor, in busses, airplanes, subway trains and at the bottom of swimming pools. There will be a phone in my game bag when I go hunting and an extension in my creel while fishing. Farewell to privacy. There will be literally no place left on earth where one cannot be reached immediately by telephone.

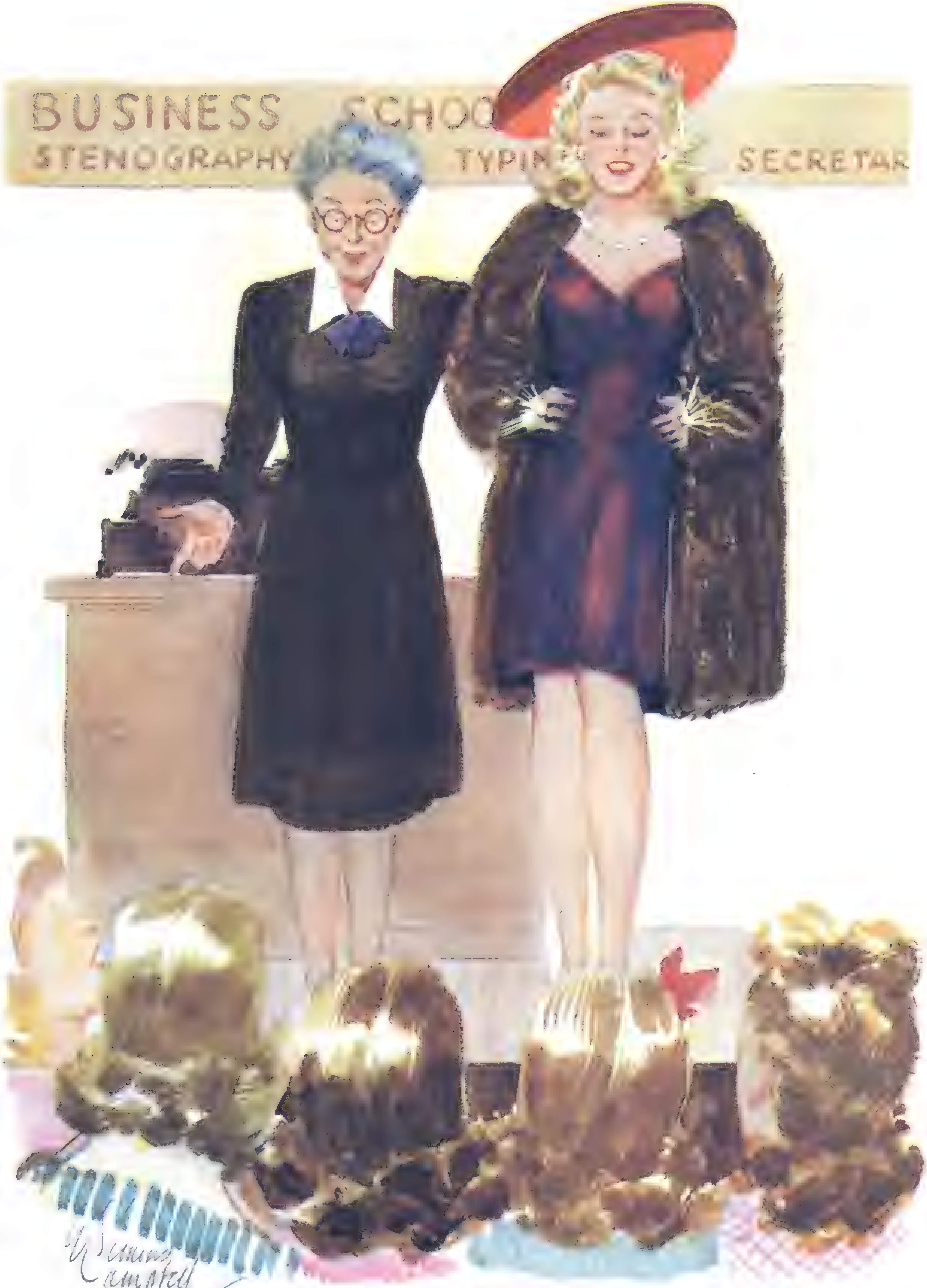
I think this is as good a (*Continued on page 175*)



"Tootsie's papa insists on speaking to you, General; he says you remember her from V-J night"



"Apparently Woolworth's is the shop in New York"


BUSINESS SCHOO
STENOGRAPHY
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SECRETAR

"*Girls, Miss La Verne is one of our most successful graduates!*"

Renaissance in Manila

The hardy Filipinos continue to thrive in the ruined capital and a paradoxical spirit of happiness pervades the scene

by SIDNEY CARROLL

The city of Manila today looks like a city which was raised by some device to a great height and then dropped on solid rock. It is a city of chars and embers, ruins, burnt-out buildings, twisted steel guts and busted cement, dirt and dust and mud and filth, no sanitation and no roofs. There are many blocks with nothing left on them but the rubble and stumps of houses, and the heart of the city looks like a collection of graveyards.

We paid our horrible price for it, and the stench of dead Jap hangs over the place, and the population is ill-housed and scarcely clothed, and everything looks like screaming delirium. All this should depress the spirit, but it does not. For Manila today is full of life, and bustling and awake. The rebuilding has begun.

God knows where the Filipinos hid and how they preserved their skins during the bombardment and the gutting and the systematic Jap demolition of the city, but there are tens of thousands of survivors climbing all over the ruins like ants over a desiccated cheesecake—picking, salvaging, pilfering whatever remains of a city that lies in pieces. And if you're impressed by the fact that the lowly ant can lug several dozen times its own weight across the ground, you should see some of these miniature Filipino women carrying hundreds of pounds of burnt and corrugated tinware on their heads . . . or loads of two-by-fours . . . or a whole coal stove.

Wherever you go you see the men, women, and even the smallest children poking into the rubble and then walking through the streets with their treasures. They seem to be quite happy over the whole thing.

They take their pieces of tin and their burnt boards and their bits of paper and string and they move into the remnants of what was once a house or a store. Perhaps the cement floor still remains in this house, cracked and warped. They proceed to build tin huts, or wooden huts, or even patchwork tents on these foundations. And then they hang out a sign and squat in the doorway and smile at you with their proud gold teeth and they're open for business. What do they sell? Nuts and bolts pulled out of the debris, tin plates and lamps they hammer out of the salvaged tin, Japanese cigarettes, Japanese helmets, chunks of electric wire, half-bricks, rusty nails, old vegetables, overage candy, soft drinks made out of something extremely yellow, candles, Jap money which they pick off the streets and then fold into attractive little accordions.

Some parts of Manila are still respectably intact. In certain parts of the downtown business section, for example, there are blocks of houses which need very little repair. The fortunate possessors of these spared buildings have suddenly become the plutocrats of Manila. Their buildings, which in normal times would look like the slum houses of any American city, now constitute the fashionable shopping district of Manila. And if you wander down these streets and shove your way through the crowds, the kids, the traffic jam, and you pass in and out of the shops, you discover one fantastic fact. In Manila today, one of the most thoroughly destroyed cities in history, you can buy almost anything your heart desires! You pay through the nose and the ears, but you can get anything you want, if you look hard enough.

I saw one store which had an array of brand-new electric irons on the shelf. In other stores I saw light bulbs, thousands of men's brand-new Manila straw hats, shoes, food of infinite variety, and fur coats. It is all there, in the stores of the relatively intact streets. You wonder how these shopkeepers did it, where they hid it all. In one store I saw a collection of carved ivory figurines, brittle and delicate as hothouse flowers. They were untouched, perfectly preserved. I asked the storekeeper how he had managed to save that collection through the sack of Manila. He flashed the gold teeth and said, "I have secret place."

And the prices they are asking! Hundreds of dollars for the ivory figurines. The famous straw hats that used to bring them a dollar apiece now sell from ten to twenty dollars. If you believe all you read in the guide books to the Orient and you proceed to quote these boys an offer of exactly one half of what they ask, they close up the gold teeth for the afternoon and show you the door. They are well fed now, these creatures of recent famine and misery—they're back in business, and they know darn well that if you don't meet their prices the next Yank will.

All through the streets you still see the famous Filipino two-wheel horse carts, loaded with families and furniture and being pulled by skinny ponies. These carts are tender works of art, triumphs of the most laborious sort of carpentry, ornamented with beautiful paintings and fringed tops. The ponies are covered with elaborate brass harness work, polished until it shines like gold. Again you wonder—how did such frailty, such fragility, survive the cataclysm when block-big buildings caved in from the inside like monsters which had finished breathing, and there are miles and miles of nothing but rubble and waste where once the skyscrapers stood? The Filipinos laugh when you ask them how they did it, and crack their whips over the heads of their ponies and go racing down the street with their little secrets intact.

Any Army engineer will tell you that from a purely scientific demolition point of view the Japs did a terrific job. The scope of their destruction is amazing. When you consider that in a few days they ruined the major portion of one of the world's great cities, you realize that they must have begun their plans for its destruction on the very day they took the city back in '42. It is an indication of just how safe they felt about these acquisitions even back in their era of conquest.

They did very thorough jobs on thousands of homes and office buildings, but they seemed to pay particular attention to the churches. The outer walls, the steel framework of some of the office

"But honey, the doctor isn't trying to scare you—
he only wants to help you!"

buildings and hotels are still standing, and the Army has scraped the debris out of these the way you scrape the mush out of a cantaloupe. They have moved into these buildings and they are functioning. But I have not seen one church—and this was a city of churches—which is redeemable. The walls of some of them still stand, but they stand in a sick, rickety way, their insides gaping and empty. You wander around in these churches among the booby traps and you find pieces of the faith—a porcelain angel's wing, the tiny right hand of a statuette with the fingers upraised for the blessing, bits of inscriptions from the epitaphs on the crypts—and nothing else. I have not seen one church which will not have to be dynamited and then cleared by those notorious nonsectarians, the bulldozers.

The Army engineers are working miracles in Manila. The streets are bumpy, but clear. (The thing that makes them bumpy is the pits out of which we removed the Jap land mines.) Sewage lines are being laid. Traffic converges on the city at an enormous pace, though it still gets stalled at the river which separates one half of the city from the other. At this writing, Jones Bridge (the Japs rechristened it Banzai Bridge) is the only one working across the river. There used to be four bridges. There are footpaths across Jones Bridge, and all day and all night the Filipinos walk across the river with the enormous hunks of salvage on their heads—tin, wood, scrap metal—and they are going gaily, God knows where, to build their new homes. Actually, all this collecting they are doing could be classified under the harsher term of looting, but it is all so good-natured and free and easy and the Army doesn't try to discourage it because the Army knows that if it leaves these people alone for a while they will fend and forage for themselves and build shelters with this loot that nobody wants anyway. As a matter of fact, the happy looters in their own small but effective way are helping the engineers to clean up the mess.

And I repeat that in spite of the city which looks like a carcass ready for the maggots, in spite of the stink and the filth, the children with bloated bellies and the occasional men and women you see with the shattered ends of arms and legs freshly bandaged—in spite of everything, Manila today is not a depressing place. I saw a Filipino standing in a doorway of a demolished store. The doorway was all that remained of it. The Filipino was trying to peddle a handful of rusty nuts and bolts. He told me that the store had once been a fine store and that it had once been his and that he had run a flourishing dry goods business there. I asked him how he felt about the whole thing. He smiled the fourteen-karat smile, patted me on the shoulder, and said, "When the Jap were here, we have our city. We are sad. Now the Americans come. No more city. But we are happy." #

GREENHALGH

In the Army truck in the Georgia rain he couldn't forget his brother was missing

This Sandwich Has No Mayonnaise

by J. D. SALINGER

I AM INSIDE the truck, too, sitting on the protection strap, trying to keep out of the crazy Georgia rain, waiting for the lieutenant from Special Services, waiting to get tough. I'm scheduled to get tough any minute now. There are thirty-four men in this here veehickle, and only thirty are supposed to go to the dance. Four must go. I plan to knife the first four men on my right, simultaneously singing *Off We Go Into the Wild Blue Yonder* at the top of my voice, to drown out their silly cries. Then I'll assign a detail of two men (preferably college graduates) to push them off this here veehickle into the good wet Georgia red clay. It might be worth forgetting that I'm one of the Ten Toughest Men who ever sat on this protection strap. I could lick my weight in Bobbsey Twins. Four must go. From the truck of the same name . . . Choose yo' pahtnuhs for the Virginia Reel! . . .

And the rain on the canvas top comes down harder than ever. This rain is no friend of mine. It's no friend of mine and these other gents (four of whom must go). Maybe it's a friend of Katharine Hepburn's, or Sarah Palfrey Fabyan's, or Tom Heeney's, or of all the good solid Greer Garson fans waiting in line at Radio City Music Hall. But it's no buddy of mine, this rain. It's no buddy of the other thirty-three men (four of whom must go).

The character in the front of the truck yells at me again.

"What?" I say. I can't hear him. The rain on the top is killing me. I don't even want to hear him.

He says, for the third time, "Let's get this show on the road! Bring on the women!"

"Gotta wait for the lieutenant," I tell him. I feel my elbow getting wet and bring it in out of the downpour. Who swiped my raincoat? With all my letters in the left-hand pocket. My letters from Red, from Phoebe, from Holden. From Holden. Aw, listen, I don't care about the raincoat being swiped, but how about leaving my letters alone? He's only nineteen years old, my brother is, and the dope can't reduce a thing to a humor, kill it off with a sarcasm, can't do anything but listen hectically to the maladjusted little apparatus he wears for a heart. My missing-in-action brother. Why don't they leave people's raincoats alone?

I've got to stop thinking about it. Think of something pleasant, Vincent old troll. Think about this truck. Make believe this is not the darkest, wettest, most miserable Army truck you have ever ridden in. This truck, you've got to tell yourself, is full of roses and blondes and vitamins. This here is a real pretty truck. This is a swell truck. You were lucky to get this job tonight. When you get back from the dance—Choose yo' pahtnuhs, folks!—you can write

"I've been working on the railroad!"

WAXMAN

Joanne Van Dyke, one of the nebulae of Hollywood

She's blonde and beautiful, actually loves housework, and was bounced out of her job as church organist because she beat out hymns in a hep rhythm. Joanne Van Dyke, magazine model from Chicago, has come to California to see if it's true that—what everyone has been telling her for twenty years—she should be in the movies. When she was "young" she used to like suave sophisticated men. Now she settles for 'em rugged and if they happen to be radio announcers or actors that doesn't make her mad. If Joanne doesn't click cinematically she'll go back to Chicago and model, but perhaps through this Kodachrome—attention talent scouts—she will be reached through photographer Waxman. Vital Statistics: Height: five, six and a half; weight: one twenty-five; bust: thirty-four; waist: twenty-five; hips: thirty-six; age: twenty.

an immortal poem about this truck. This truck is a potential poem. You can call it, "Trucks I Have Rode In," or "War and Peace," or "This Sandwich Has No Mayonnaise." Keep it simple.

Aw, listen. Listen, rain. This is the ninth day you've been raining. How can you do this to me and these thirty-three men (four of whom must go)? Let us alone. Stop making us sticky and lonely.

—Somebody is talking to me. The man is within knifing distance. (Four must go.) "What?" I say to him.

"Where ya from, Sarge?" the boy asks me. "—Your arm's gettin' wet."

I take it in again. "New York," I tell him.

"So'm I! Whereabouts?"

"Manhattan. Just a couple of blocks from the Museum of Art."

"I live on Valentine Avenue," the boy says. "Know where that is?"

"In The Bronx, isn't it?"

"Naa! *Near* The Bronx. *Near* The Bronx, but it ain't *in* it. It's still Manhattan."

Near The Bronx, but it isn't in it. Let's remember that. Let's not go around telling people they live in The Bronx when in the first place they don't live there, they live in Manhattan. Let's use our heads, buddy. Let's get on the ball, buddy.

"How long have you been in the Army?" I ask the boy. He is a private. He is the soakingest wettest private in the Army.

"Four months. I come in through Dix and then they ship me down to Mee-ami. Ever been in Mee-ami?"

"No," I lie. "Pretty good?"

"Pretty *good*?" He nudges the guy on his right. "Tell 'im, Fergie."

"What?" says Fergie, looking wet, frozen and fouled.

"Tell the Sarge about Mee-ami. He wantsa know if it's any good or not. Tell 'im."

Fergie looks at me. "Ain'tya never been there, Sarge?"—You poor miserable sap of a sergeant.

"No. Pretty good down there?" I manage to ask.

"What a town," says Fergie softly. "You could get anything you want down there. You could really amuse yourself. I mean you could really amuse yourself. Not like this here hole. You couldn't amuse yourself in this here hole if you tried."

"We lived in a hotel," the boy from Valentine Avenue says. "Before the War you probly paid five, six dollars a day for a room in the hotel we was at. *One room.*"

"Showers," says Fergie, in a bittersweet tone which Abelard, during his last years, might have used to mention Héloïse's handle. "You were all the time as clean as a kid. Down there you had four guys to a room and you had these showers in between. The soap was free in the hotel. Any kinda soap you wanted. Not G.I."

"*You're alive, ain'tcha?*" the character in the front of the truck yells at Fergie. I can't see his face.

Fergie is above it all. "Showers," he repeats. "Two, three times a day I took 'em."

"I used to sell down there," a guy in the middle of the truck announces. I can barely see his face in the darkness. "Memphis and Dallas are the best towns in Dixie, for my dough. In the wintertime Miami gets too crowded. It used to drive you crazy. In the places it was worth goin', you could hardly get a seat or anything."

"It wasn't crowded when we were there—was it, Fergie?" asks the kid from Valentine Avenue.

Fergie won't answer. He's not altogether with us on this discussion. He's not giving us his all.

The man who likes Memphis and Dallas sees that, too. He says to Fergie, "Down here at this Field I'm lucky if I get a shower once a day. I'm in the new area on the west side of the Field. All the showers aren't built yet."

Fergie is not interested. The comparison is not apt. The comparison, I might and will say, stinks, Mac.

From the front of the truck comes a dynamic and irrefutable observation: "No flying again tonight! Them cadets won't be flyin' again tonight, all right. The eighth day no night flyin'."

Fergie looks up, with a minimum of energy. "I ain't hardly seen a plane since I'm down here. My wife thinks I'm flyin' myself nuts. She writes and tells me I should get outta the Air Corps. She's got me on a B-17 or something. She reads about Clark Gable and she's got me a gunner or something on a bomber. I ain't got the heart to tell her all I do is empty out stuff."

"What stuff?" says Memphis and Dallas, interested.

"Any stuff. Any stuff that gets filled up." Fergie forgets Mee-ami for a minute and shoots Memphis and Dallas a withering look.

"Oh," says Memphis and Dallas, but before he could continue Fergie turns to me. "You shoulda seen them showers in Mee-ami, Sarge. No kiddin'. You'd never wanna take a bath in your own tub again." And Fergie turns away, losing interest in my face—which is altogether understandable.

Memphis and Dallas leans forward, anxiously, addressing Fergie. "I could get you a ride," he tells Fergie. "I work at Dispatchers. These here lieutenants, they take cross-countries about oncet a month and sometimes they don't already have a passenger in the back. I been lotsa times. Maxwell Field. Everywhere." He points a finger at Fergie, as though accusing him of something. "Listen. If you wanna go sometime, gimme a ring. Call Dispatchers and ask for me. Porter's the name."

Fergie looks phlegmatically interested. "Yeah? Ask for Porter, huh? Corporal or something?"

"Private," says Porter—just short of stiffly.

"Boy," says the kid from Valentine Avenue, looking past my head into the teeming blackness. "Look at it come down!"

—Where's my brother? Where's my brother Holden? What is this missing-in-action stuff? I don't believe it, I don't understand it, I don't believe it. The United States Government is a liar. The Government is lying to me and my family.

I never heard such crazy, liar's news.

Why, he came through the war in Europe without a scratch, we all saw him before he shipped out to the Pacific last summer—and he looked fine. Missing.

Missing, missing, missing. Lies! I'm being lied to. He's never been missing before. He's one of the least missing boys in the world. He's here in this truck; he's home in New York; he's at Pentey Preparatory School ("You send us the Boy, We'll mold the Man—all modern fireproof buildings . . ."); yes, he's at Pentey, he never left school; and he's at Cape Cod, sitting on the porch, biting his fingernails; and he's playing doubles with me, yelling at me to stay back at the baseline when he's at the net. Missing! Is that missing? Why lie about something as important as that? How can the Government do a thing like that? What can they get out of it, telling lies like that?

"Hey, Sarge!" yells the character in the front of the truck. "Let's get this show on the road! Bring on the dames!"

"How are the dames, Sarge? They good-lookin'?"

"I don't really know what this thing is tonight," I say. "Usually they're pretty nice girls." That is to say, in other words, by the same token, usually they're usually. Everybody tries very, very hard. Everybody is in there pitching. The girls ask you where you come from, and you tell them, and they repeat the name of the city, putting an exclamation point at the end of it. Then they tell you about Douglas Smith, Corporal, AUS. Doug lives in New York, and do you know him? You don't believe so, and you tell her about New York being a very big place. And because you didn't want Helen to marry a soldier and wait around for a year or six, you go on dancing with this strange girl who knows Doug Smith, this strange nice girl who's read every line Lloyd C. Douglas has written. While you dance and the band plays on, you think about everything in the world except music and dancing. You wonder if your little sister Phoebe is remembering to take your dog out regularly, if she's remembering not to jerk Joey's collar—the kid'll kill the dog someday.

"I never saw rain like this," the boy from Valentine Avenue says. "You ever see it like this, Fergie?"

"See what?"

"Rain like this."

"Naa."

"*Let's get this show on the road! Bring on the dames!*" The noisy guy leans forward and I can see his face. He looks like everybody else in the truck. We all look alike.

"What's the looey like, Sarge?" It was the boy from near the Bronx.

"I don't really know," I say. "He just hit the Field a couple of days ago. I heard that he lived right around here somewhere when he was a civilian."

"What a break. To live right near where you're at," says the boy from Valentine Avenue. "If I was only at Mitchel Field, like. Boy. Half hour and I'm home."

Mitchel Field. Long Island. What about that Saturday in the summer at Port Washington? Red said to me, *It won't hurt you to see the Fair either. It's very pretty.* So I grabbed Phoebe, and she had some kid with her named Minerva (which killed me), and I put them both in the car and then I looked around for Holden. I couldn't find him; so Phoebe and Minerva and I left without him . . . At the Fair we went to the Bell Telephone Exhibit, and I told Phoebe that *This* Phone was connected with the author of the *Elsie Fairfield* books. So Phoebe, shaking like Phoebe, picked up the phone and trembles into it, *Hello, this is Phoebe Caulfield, a child at the World's Fair. I read your books and think they are very excellent in spots. My mother and father are playing in* Death Takes a Holiday *in Great Neck. We go swimming a lot, but the ocean is better in Cape Cod. Good bye!* . . . And then we came out of the building and there was Holden, with Hart and Kirky Morris. He had my terry-cloth shirt on. No coat. He came over and asked (*Continued on page 147*)

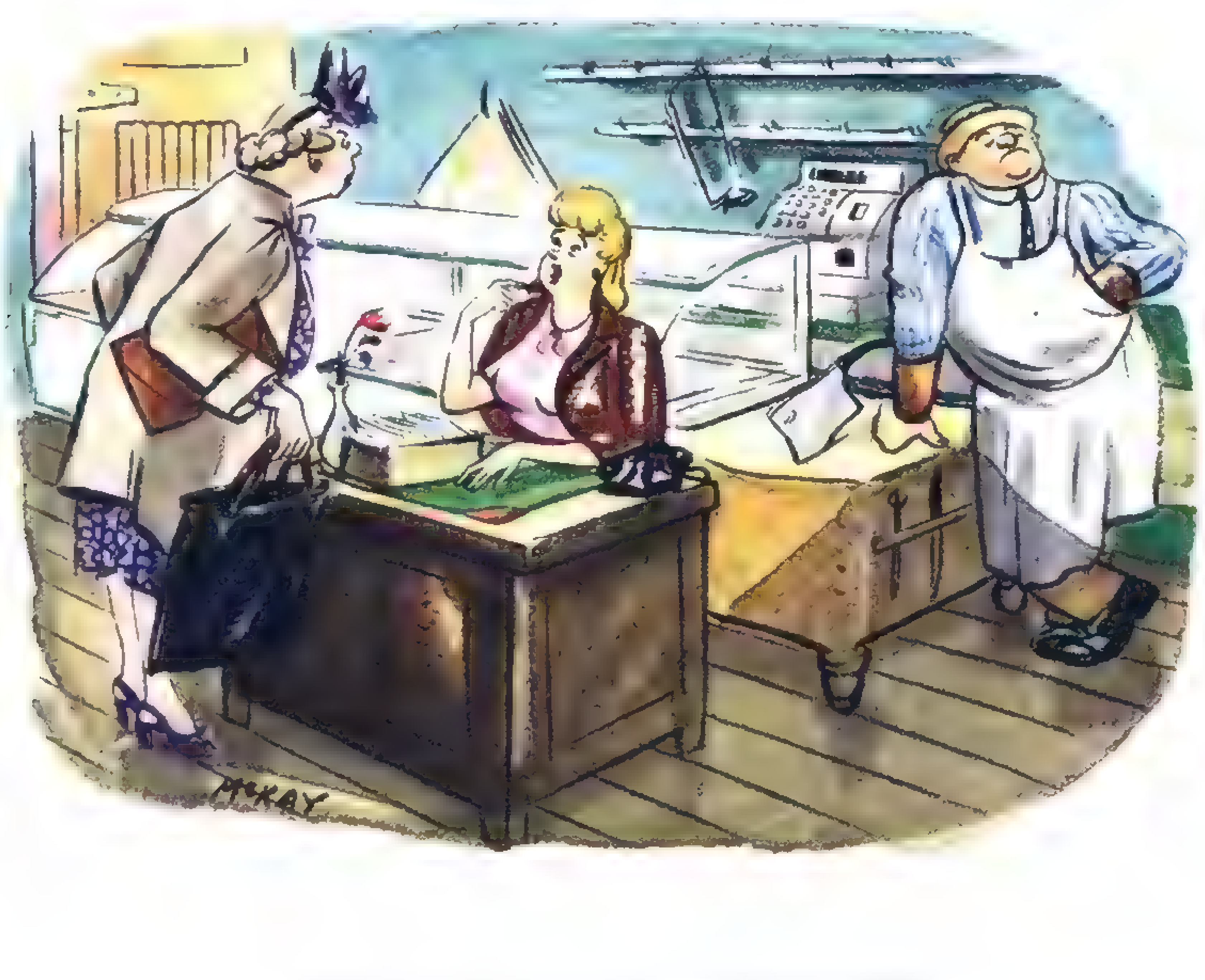
Lacoste's youth and precision won over Tilden's genius and experience in that great championship tennis match of 1927

The End of a Reign

by JOHN R. TUNIS

LACOSTE came into the forecourt, seizing with rare judgment the exact moment for the frontal attack. But instead of recoiling, Tilden drove the ball hard at the Frenchman, and came forward. There they stood, both well within the service lines, exchanging shots so fast your eye could hardly follow the ball. Once, twice, three times, then Lacoste hit down at Tilden's knees and edged in closer for the kill. He volleyed the return past the American's reach to the far corner, and the packed stadium burst into applause.

Behind me in the press box, Wallis Myers, veteran English tennis writer, threw up his hands. "Masterly, René, masterly," he said.



"Do you have an appointment?"

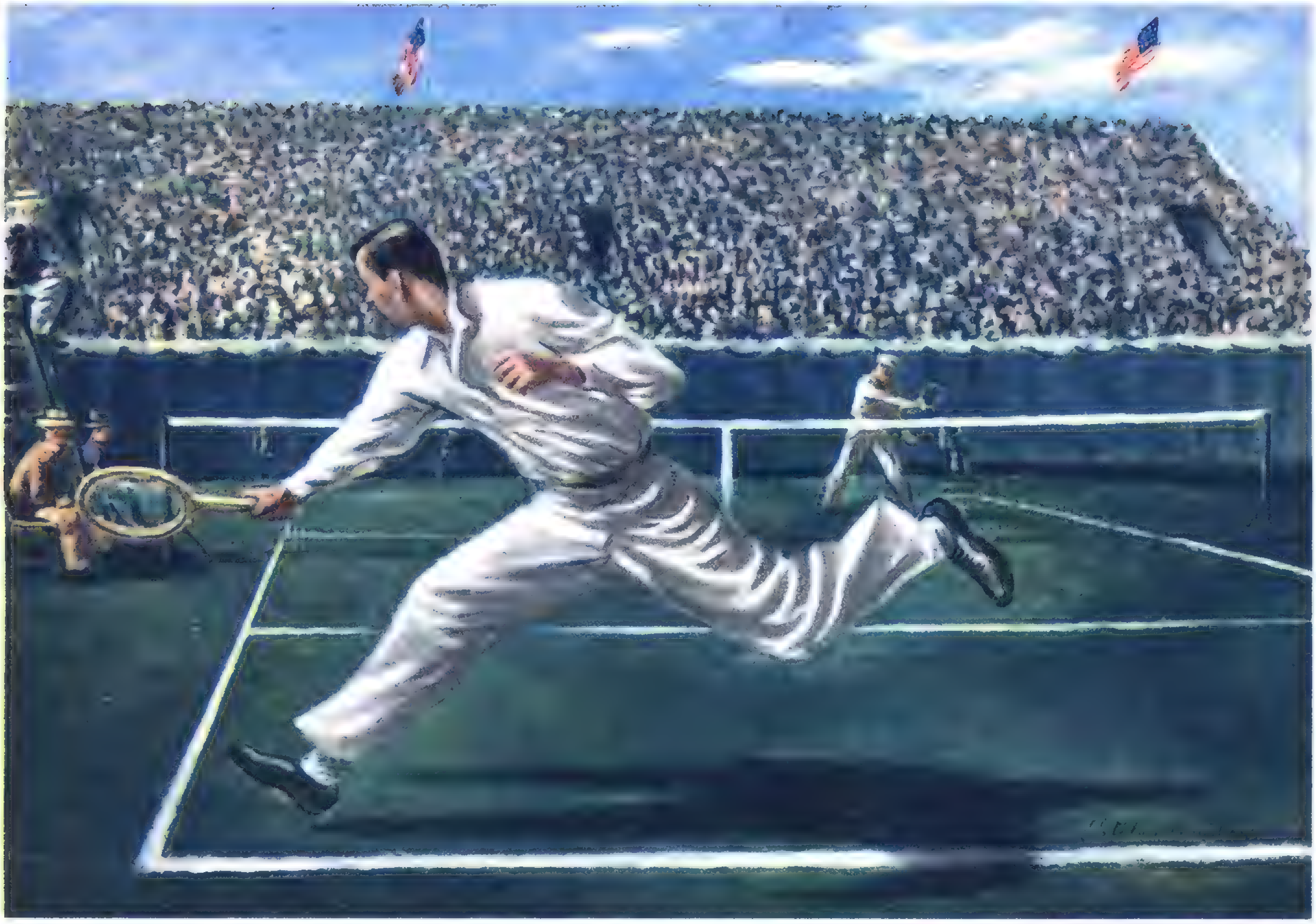
It was 1927. The year Silent Cal did not choose to run. It was a year of fine sport and fine sportsmen, the year a blond boy named Lindbergh made the first nonstop flight across an ocean from New York to Paris; the year of the "long count" in Chicago where Tunney defeated Dempsey in ten rounds; when Bobby Jones became the British Open and American amateur golf champion; when the Babe earned the 70,000 dollars the Yanks gave him for patrolling right field in the Stadium by smacking out sixty homers. 1927 was also the year when the two finest living exponents of lawn tennis met one torrid afternoon in the middle of September at the West Side Tennis Club on Long Island to contest the championship of the United States.

The largest crowd ever to see a match of tennis in this country, almost 13,000, jammed into the horseshoe. Some stood, many watched from any spot where the players could be seen. There was a reason for this excitement. It was the end of an era. The team which had won the Davis Cup from Australia, and defended it for nearly a decade, was disintegrating. Johnston was finished. Richards had turned professional. Norris Williams was through. France had just recaptured the Cup, and not until 1937 was Donald Budge able to recover it at Wimbledon. The United States took ten years to produce another Tilden.

Bill Tilden, not always a favorite with our galleries, was that afternoon. For almost the first time he was the underdog; the hunted, not the hunter. The long lane had not ended; the end was in sight. That previous week in Philadelphia he had been beaten in the Davis Cup matches by Lacoste. He had carried the whole defense himself, and on the last day was a weary man. Against Lacoste in the finals at Forest Hills he was fresher and keener.

A fresh Tilden was dangerous. Lacoste knew this; so did the huge crowd.

But most of the gallery missed the contest within the contest. Tennis is an individual game, a contest of wills. One man conquers by force of character.



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TILDEN VS. LACOSTE *by Fletcher Martin*

(1927 U. S. Championship Matches at West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills, Long Island, New York)

by imposing his will until his adversary's bends, yields, cracks. Then, and then only, will his game crack. Here were two players, each with all the strokes in lawn tennis, each with an iron will. Who would crack first?

The men were a contrast; two nationalities, two temperaments, two personalities. Lacoste, the swarthy Frenchman, was impassive and severe beneath the white cap he wore, Tilden almost Gallic in his reactions to the crowd, to a netcord shot, to his forehand that just missed the chalk, to a questionable decision on the baseline. There they were, the foreigner, young, twenty-three, silent, stubborn; the American, thirty-four, a veteran of the tennis wars, reaching the end, seeing it ahead, yet refusing to admit to himself or the gallery that he must bow as every champion must to the power and force of youth. Great is a big word. Surely this match deserved that description.

They were even, five-all in the first set. Tilden used everything he had, deep shots and short ones, mingled speed with guile, mixed up twist and spin as only he could mix them. But Lacoste's tennis brain was always in evidence. That cannonball service was taken on the rise and blocked back at Tilden's feet as he followed it in. His own service, lifted and glancing, drew the American far out of court, the point usually finishing by a beautiful sweeping drive along the opposite sideline. All the while, Tilden's backhand, perhaps the finest in tennis history, was finding its master in a better one. It was dropping in a triangle of ten inches in the American's left corner. When a player does this once or twice it's a good shot. Lacoste did it several times in every game and occasionally in a single point.

Nevertheless Tilden hung on. At 7-6 he had a lead of 40-0 on his own service. He netted two volleys, then overdrove the baseline; the score was deuce. The game was soon gone and the set. In the second set, Tilden's attack lost some of its resilience; the secret of its power had been discovered and an adequate counter provided. Notice how Lacoste maneuvers Tilden about the turf under that scorching September sun. The American has to reach for the ball, with no time to get set for his shot: he is always scrambling to return it. This is done with stroking of such ease and fluency that the crowd is deceived.

So the second set was quickly over at 6-3. Still Tilden was not beaten. Calling on his last reserves, stimulated by the appeals of the gallery, he kept forcing, trying to bore in, to press the attack. But on Lacoste's beautifully placed returns, the ball spinning close to the ground, he found it difficult to generate the pace necessary for attack. Nevertheless he was 4-1, 5-2 and 5-4 on his own service, needing only a point for the set. There was a rest period to follow and after that—who could tell?

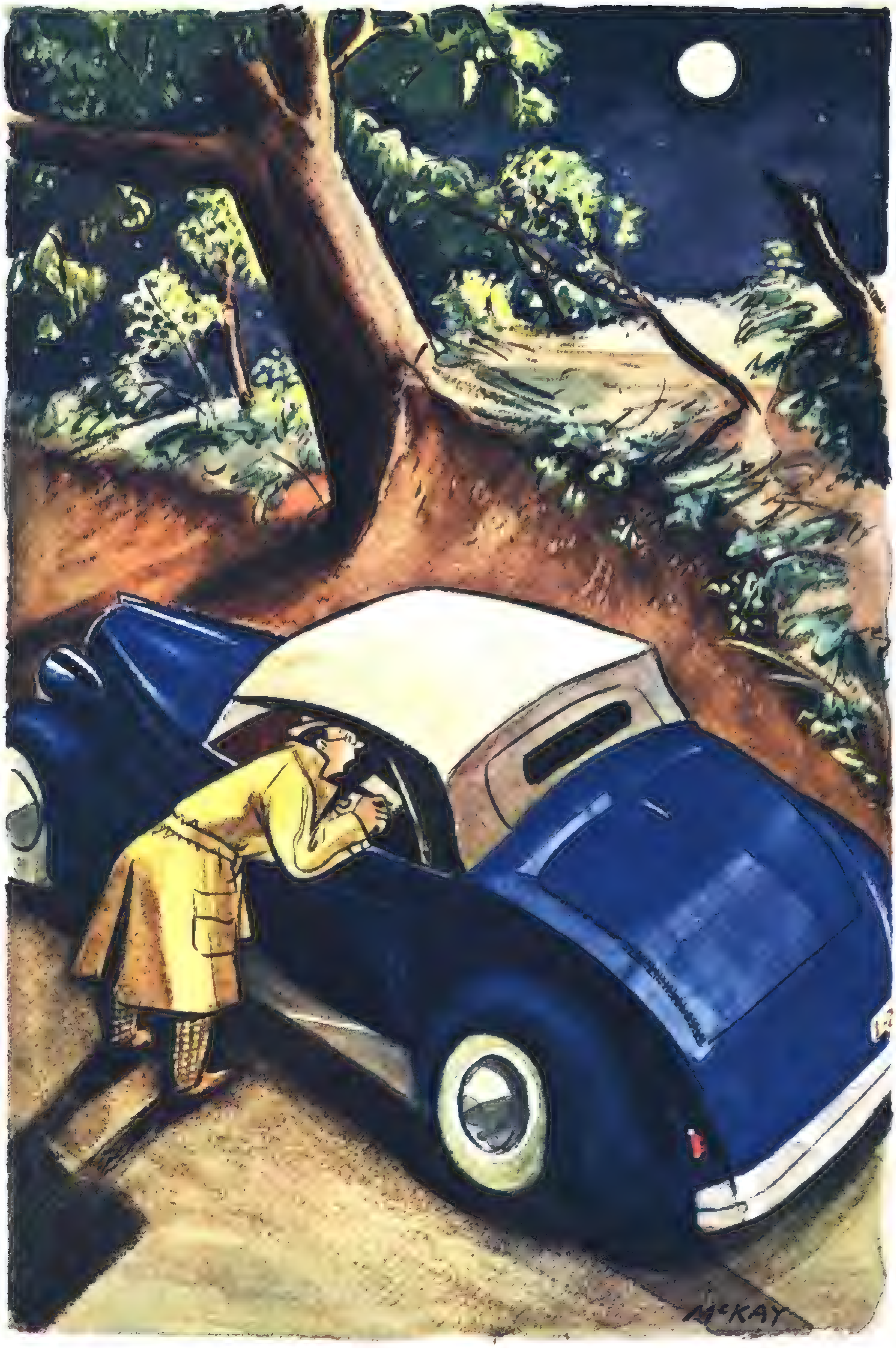
The gallery, realizing this, got out of hand. The umpire held up his arm for silence. Tilden stood nervously pawing the line. He served. A fault. He served again. The whole stadium groaned as the ball hit the net and fell back. They groaned once more on the following point—even before the linesman called the drive over the sidelines. In the critical rally that ensued, the two men fencing furiously from the baseline, hitting into the deep corners with speed and marvelous control, the whole stadium came unconsciously to its feet, stirred by the drama unfolding below. It was tennis genius against a tennis machine, and the machine age was triumphing.

Five-all, six-all, and Lacoste reached match point. Tilden saved himself with a passing shot, and the great crowd roared. Here Lacoste's stoical coolness came to his help. Forgetting the lost opportunity, he kept hammering away, running his adversary from side to side, up and down, with ever a watchful eye to a weak spot deep on Tilden's backhand. Slowly that well-oiled machine rolled on, a point, another point, a game. Tilden fought to the end: seven-all, eight-all, nine-all. Every bit of his skill, all his science and his vast knowledge of the game had been thrown into the conflict. The finest tennis brain on earth was meeting its master. An hour and fifty-two minutes under that sun plus eleven years handicap was taking its toll. The will that never weakened was faltering, the legs that never tired were weary, the heart that never despaired was grim.

The last, ultimate, final ball went over the net. A new champion of the United States was made.

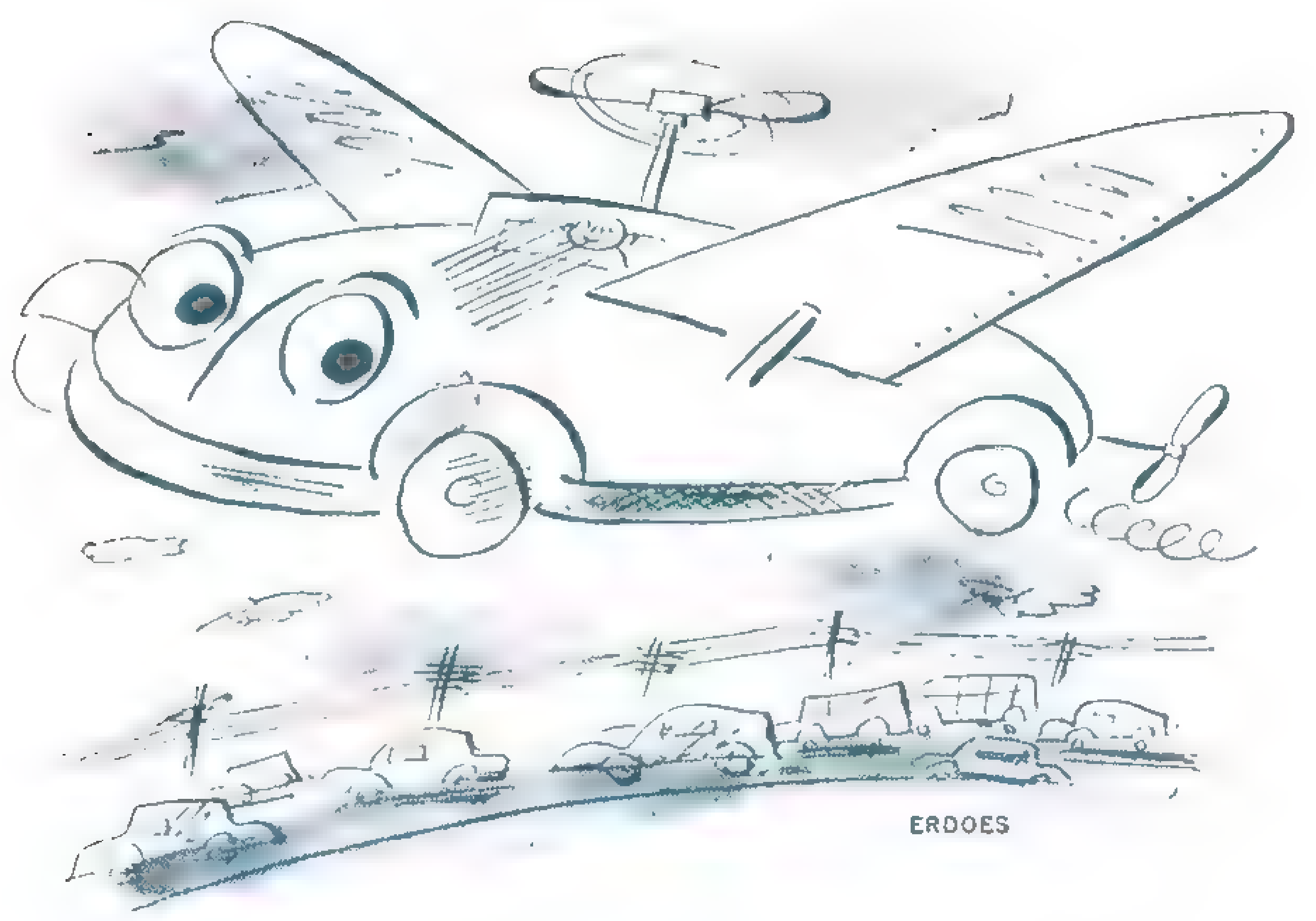
Lacoste for the first time that afternoon became a human being. He threw aside his reserve and his racquet with it. The bat flew end over end, high in the air, and fell to the green turf behind him as he came toward Tilden at the net, his cap in one hand, the other extended.

The championship of the United States was following the Davis cup across an ocean. It was the end of a reign. ⌗



"I'm from Radio Research Bureau—what program are you listening to, please?"

Report from Detroit--1945



Stout and Wallace have exciting potentials in the roadable plane and the "Sea Mule"

by **ROBERT W. MARKS**

When Jules Verne stirred uneasily in his bed of nights, little did he imagine that a city called Detroit would one day make his wildest prose dreams read like a buckram-bound collection of old wives' tales.

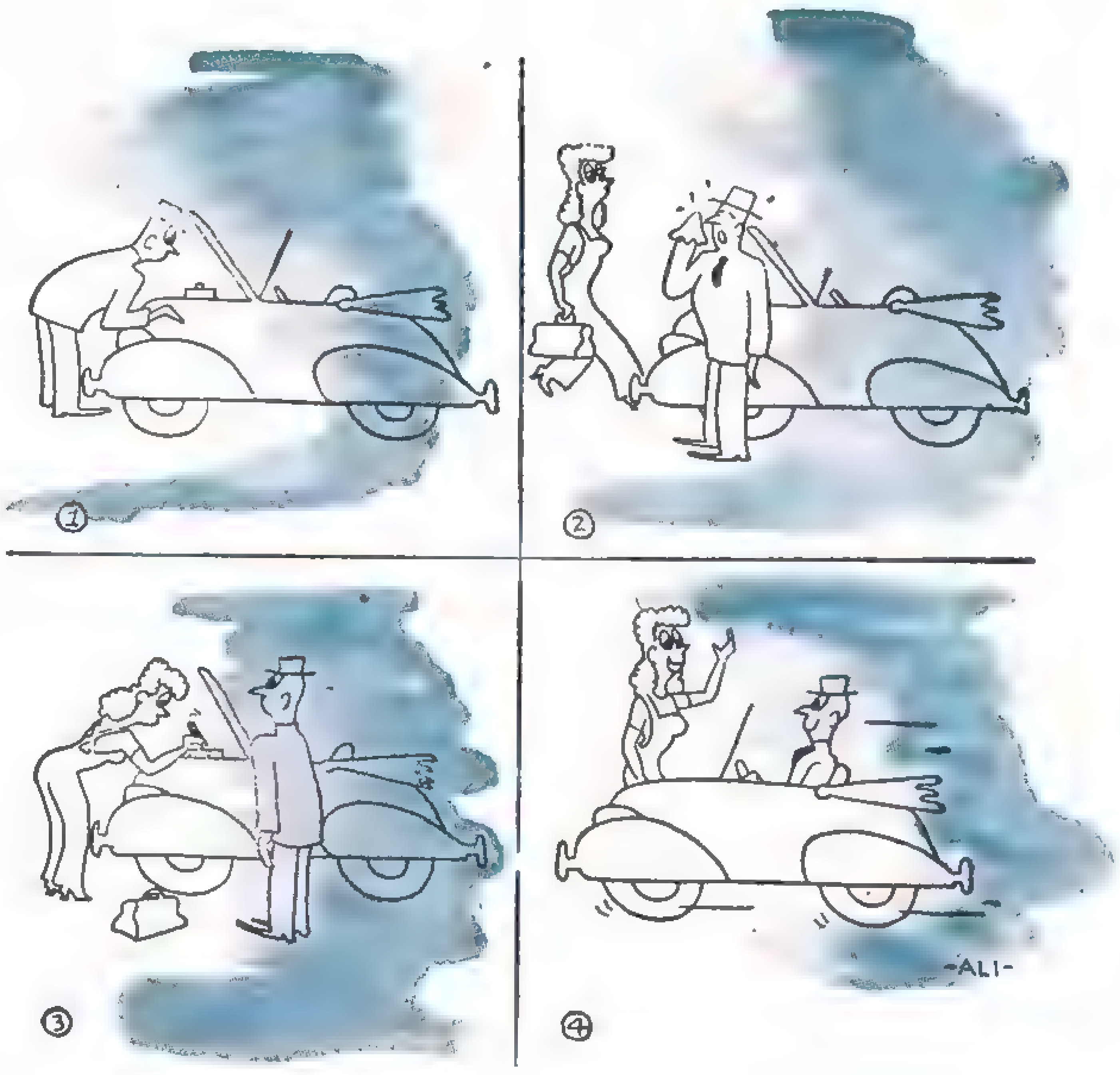
I thought of this, casually, as I put a foot in Bill Stout's latest slice of compressed Parnassus, a roadable airplane. Readers of this gazette will recall that, in prewar years, the pages between the gatefolds were on occasion interlarded with prose pastels of the motor wonders lying on the Michigan drawing boards. Distinctive among these was Stout's Skycar, a four-wheeled airplane, spin-proof, capable of flying at some 120 miles an hour, landing like a car, and performing other useful chores. Made of stainless steel, this family plane was planned to retail around 800 dollars.

Well, this Skycar dream, suitably and progressively modified, has come of age. Now in the research department of Consolidated Vultee, it is the latest flying production of the Stout Laboratories, an airborne wing which will double on the road as a deluxe sedan.

The roadable plane incorporates another break with convention, a break connived by George Spratt, an engineer with the Stout research division of Consolidated-Vultee. This is a "steerable-wing." Ailerons, elevators and rudders have been eliminated. The roadable plane is put through its three dimensional paces by a single automobile-style control wheel which tilts, pivots and banks the wing.

In an ordinary plane, if you want to go up, you pull back on the stick. The elevators then pull up on the tail, the nose of the plane rears like the nose of a broncho . . . you start to go through the back of your seat . . . and all the loose change falls out of your pocket. In the Stout-Spratt-Steerable-Winged Victory, only the wing tilts: the body of the fuselage at all times remains parallel with the ground.

When you trade in your old dust for finely-filtered star dust, and free yourself and your nerves from the hazards and dyspepsia of traffic jams in this aerial wonder, you will find a swift answer to old problems. You will no longer need to grow wistful and bitter over the overcrowding of this planet with mass-produced road-cloggers. You will no longer need to swear as Sunday traffic crawls apace, reducing your week end to an extra-mural quickie. When traffic bores you, all you will have to do is pull back on the wheel. Wham, like a dream à la Freud, like a Buck Rogers episode, like a crystallization of all childhood wishes, you will soar high over the heads of your earth-bound competitors, and roar into the future.



The roadable plane, or, if you will, the soarable car, while still in the engineers' minds, will probably be available to you sometime in 1946—for about 2,000 dollars. The propeller is in the rear, fenced off. The engine is a flat air-cooled job, also in the rear. A dual transmission system connects the engine either to the propeller shaft or to the rear axle. When the car is on the road, the wing is rotated so that it lies lengthwise on top of the car, like skis or a canoe. If the car is to be used on the road for any considerable length of time, the wings can be folded over to save space.

But the Stout laboratories are not the only place where striking innovations are shaping up in Detroit. Chrysler also has some surprises in store for the postwar world. Outstanding among these is Dave Wallace's development of the "Sea Mule," an aquatic wonder which threatens to antiquate tugboats and make the docking of liners and the portation of barges as simple as tuning out Sinatra.

Back in 1941, the Navy was looking for some satisfactory power device to propel landing and lightering equipment. The Chrysler Corporation Engineering Division was consulted, and presented with some preliminary plans which called for weighty, complicated and costly equipment.

For a while Dave Wallace, president of the Chrysler Corporation, pondered the matter, juggling tons against costs. Suddenly the perfect solution flashed through his mind. "If you could build a barge from an assembly of pontoons," he argued, "why couldn't you put a motor in a pontoon . . . and make this unit fully self-contained and mobile? The motorized pontoon could be clamped to anything from a log to a lighter. And if your load of barges needed more power, you could hook on another motorized pontoon—or as many as necessary."

In short order this marine power unit was born, powered by a standard Chrysler 8-cylinder marine engine and a 40-inch, slow-speed propeller. A universal joint on the propeller shaft coupled with a Tom Swift retracting device allowed the rudder and propeller to lift above the bottom of the pontoon when hitting shallow water, or crossing dead Nazis or Japs.

But what startled Wallace, as well as government and shipping officials, were the hundreds of uses to which this water flivver lent itself. It powered thousands of barges and landing ramps in the Channel crossing, and was one of the most all-round useful pieces of equipment in the invasion.

The "Sea Mules" have probably saved thousands of lives in the Pacific by getting heavy landing ramps in place a few minutes after the initial contact with enemy land. Powering huge sections of interlocked pontoons, they have set up full-sized piers in little more time than it takes to batter out this paragraph.

Other "Sea Mules" have been put to use bringing rubber and lumber down the Amazon. One model with a hull draft of thirty inches can winnow its way through water that is only first cousin to marsh. Hundreds were used in the Rhine crossing, being transported to place on tank transporters. Others are pulling ordinary barges across the Great Lakes. A "Sea Mule" placed at each end of a string of barges makes the whole train as maneuverable as an eel.

Fired by the success of lightweight gasoline-powered engines in this field, Dave Wallace's imagination took another flier. "Why not," he asked, "mount an auxiliary gasoline engine in the bow of every liner or tanker . . . and make it altogether independent of tugboats?"

A big ship is master of its own destiny, pushing forward. But when called on to inch sideways, as in docking, it is as helpless as an alligator in wine. Forthwith Wallace mounted a propeller in a tunnel at the bow of a ship, the shaft of the propeller being at right angles to the keel. This was geared to a Chrysler marine engine. The same operation was repeated at the stern. Result: for an additional construction cost of a couple of thousand dollars, every ship can have its own twelve acres and independence. It can inch to left, ootz to the right, or plunge full steam ahead.

Carried to its logical conclusion, this gasoline-powered auxiliary setup will put the tugboat industry on a par with the breeding of dray horses.

Unfortunately, many of the war's other innovations do not face such a roseate future. Take the case of the "Duck." Every small boy has enjoyed his private fantasies of life on an amphibian. Think of the pleasure of riding through town on a hot day, then turning off on a country road, hitting a cool, rippling bay... driving your car straight into the fresh briny . . . and spending the rest of the day lolling on the rolling deck.

The only sour note in this symphony of delights is the matter of price. A "Duck" costs around 16,000 dollars and eats gas like a tank. If you have enough to afford the initial cost and upkeep of a "Duck," you could also buy yourself a couple of Cadillacs or Lincoln Zephyrs, and support a small flotilla on the side.

The same argument applies to the "jeep." Half the country visualizes this rugged and mobile juggling board as a wonder-performing postwar car-of-all-work. The jeep is a candidate for everybody's backyard, a device to haul wood, plows, and portable houses. The jeep is expected to be handy to haul you across country, up mountains, and through streams.

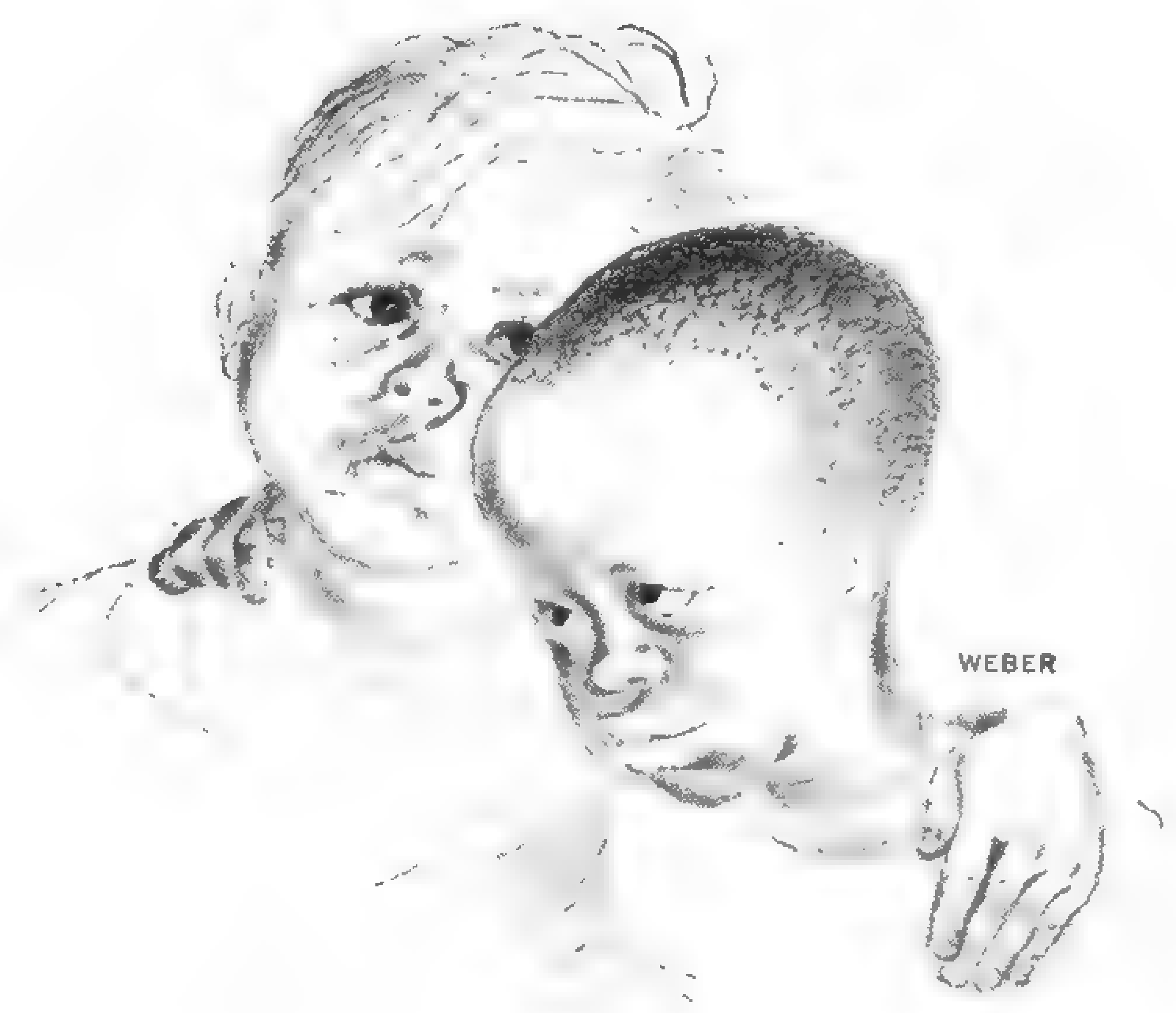
But what nobody seems to realize is that the jeep, as developed by Willys, according to Army specifications, has the strength and power and determination that it has because some 1,800 dollars worth of material goes in it.

If the jeep were marketed, after the war, at 1,800 dollars it would find no takers. That, at least, is the Detroit point of view. For the money you and I would rather have a brand-new Ford, Chevrolet, or Plymouth convertible *plus* a tractor or a station wagon.

As a child of the mass-production age, you naturally ask, "Can't the price be scaled down?"

The answer is "yes"—but then you won't have the steel guts that make a jeep a jeep. It would be easy to cut the costs and material down to a 600 to 800 dollar level. But out would go the power which takes this contraption up vertical cliffs. You could no longer say, as one jeep driver did, after pulling through the jungles of Burma and then being told "Impossible, there are no roads there." . . . . . . "Sh . . . my jeep doesn't know that yet."

Without the ruggedness . . . without the (*Continued on page 184*)



This poignant story about the friendship of two little boys, one White, one Negro, will be a chapter in a forthcoming novel

The Shiny Red Top

by HEATH THOMAS

MARK first saw them through the kitchen window, framed in the sunlight of an October morning.

"Who are they, Mamma?" he asked Susan.

"Oh, Lucy and Abe," she answered. "She's the new washwoman. He's her grandson, I believe."

The woman was a tremendous black creature who stood by the Howard washpot, pausing now to toss in a slice of soap, again to stir the clothes with the wooden paddle. At the edge of the yard was the grandson, clad in a ragged assortment of raiment. He was no larger than Mark himself and was black as the pot in which the clothes were boiled. At the moment, he was dragging a stick of wood from the slab pile, his coat, the discarded apparel of some white man of the town, dangling at his heels, threatening to trip him.

Mark, who was but five years old, decided the little Negro was about his own age. He opened the door and walked out into the yard where the colored boy wrestled with the slab.

"Abe, I'm Mark," he said with the complete assurance of the Southern white meeting the black.

Abe, with due regard for the conventions, nodded his head and dropped the slab. He took a step forward, gathered the immense coat about him. He fumbled for the hemp string and looped it about his middle in an unavailing effort to reduce his clothes to the size of his thin body.

"I got a spinner," said Abe, flashing Mark an ivory grin. He thrust a hand into one of the deep pockets of his coat and brought out the evidence to prove his statement.

Mark saw at a glance that this was no ordinary top. It was made from a discarded thread spool that had a peg driven through its center and had been whittled to cone-shape. By a twist of the thumb and index finger Abe spun it on the slab.

"I got one, too," said Mark, and ran to fetch it.

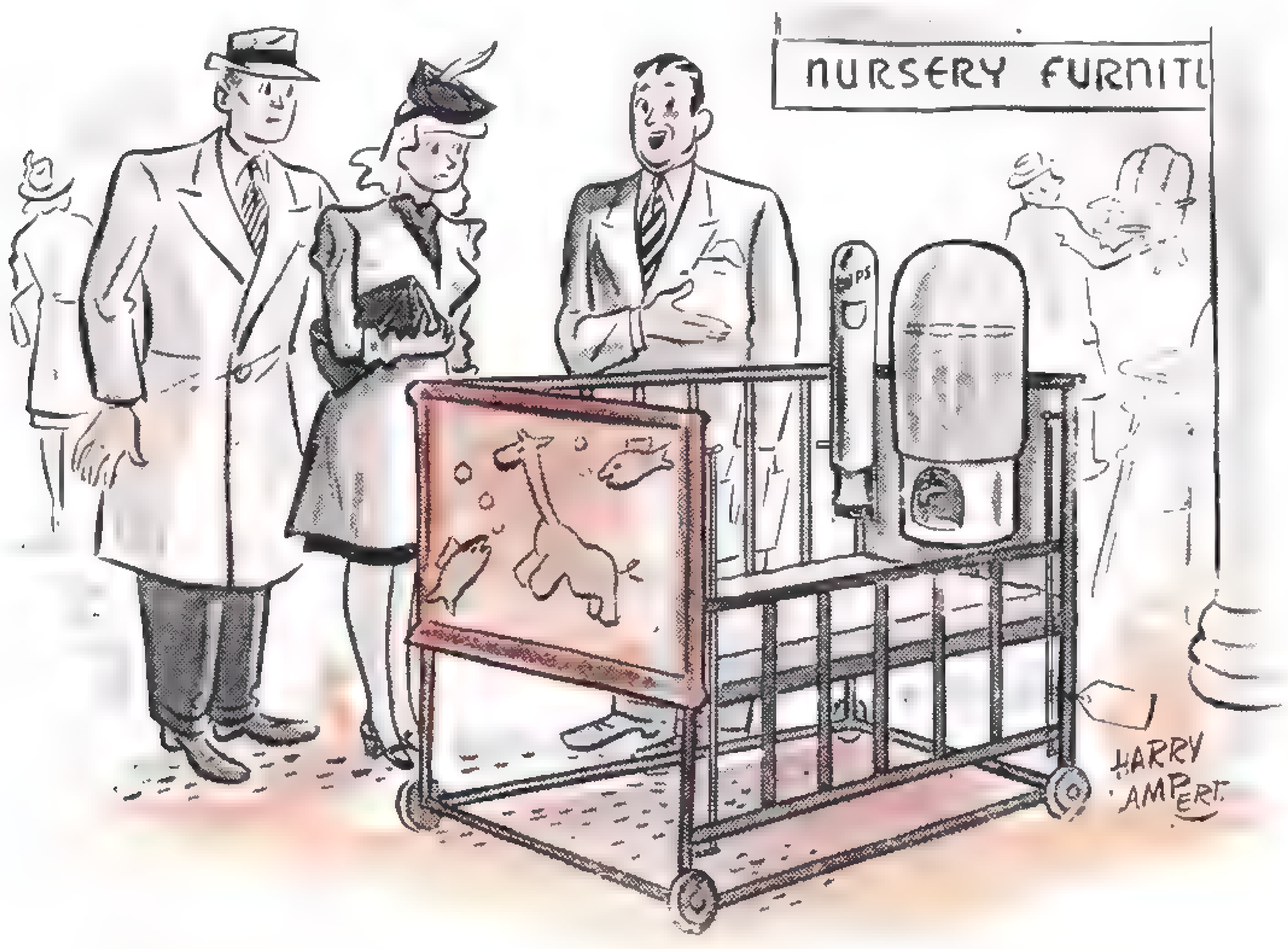
Abe's eyes bulged at the red mechanical top that Mark wound and set spinning. "Bet that cost a heap of money," he said.

"My daddy got it for me," said Mark.

"He's rich. He run the big store, near the dee-po." Abe spoke as if repeating a platitude so familiar that it explained the top, its origin and magnificence. "You reckon, maybe," he continued, "he'd get me one if I worked it out? I'm pretty big," he added hopefully as he stretched his thin frame to its full height. "Bet if you'd ask him he might let me sweep out the store for a few weeks."

Mark agreed that he would talk to John Howard with reference to Abe's employment and the procurement of the top.

On the Mondays of the weeks following when Mark would get out of bed he would look through



". . . and when baby wants a drink of water, baby takes a drink of water!"

the window to find that the Negress and her grandson were already in the Howard backyard, she stirring the pot, and Abe, clad in his fantastic coat, dragging manfully at the slabs to feed the fire.

Abe's greetings were eager but unchanging. "You talk anymo' to Mr. Howard 'bout the top?"

Mark's reports were discouraging. He had, indeed, canvassed his father on the exchange of Abe's services for a top.

"We'll see about it someday," John Howard would say absently, in a tone that dismissed the subject.

"My! My! Such a boy!" Susan would exclaim, as if she were a little bewildered at her son's interest in his black playmate.

When Abe worked in the backyard Mark sought to appease his hunger for the toy by letting him play with the object of his desire. But in Abe's eyes stayed a naked, desperate yearning.

Finally on a November morning Abe assumed the air of a man of business. "I think, Mark, I'd swap you my 'things' for that top." His tone indicated that he might be willing to give Mark the best of the bargain.

"I'd have to ask Mamma," said Mark hesitantly.

Abe heaved a sigh as if he had feared this contingency. His knotty, black hands fumbled in the pockets of the great, sagging coat. He produced his mediums of exchange, the thread-spool top, a chipped marble, a brass clock key and an empty tobacco sack.

"It's all I got, Mark," he said.

Mark accepted them doubtfully and went to ask Susan's advice.

"No," said she, "you can't get rid of the top. It's your birthday present from your father."

When Mark returned Abe's 'things' he accepted them with dignity.

Mark offered a suggestion. "Maybe Lucy would get you a top."

"Naw," said Abe as he wrestled with a slab of the wood, "she say her money got to go for meat and bread."

The next Monday Abe reopened his attack. "Ain't long to Christmas now," he told Mark.

"Abe," said Mark in sudden excitement, "I'll bet Santa Claus will bring you a top."

"Naw, Mark, by time old Santa get round to all the white peoples there ain't nothing left for the cullud chillen. Lots of white folks though, give their cullud help a present at Christmas time."

Later in the day Mark put the proposition up to Susan. "Well, now," she said, "that is a good spirit. I'll ask your father."

That night Susan spoke to her husband about it. "John," she said, "won't you tell this boy he can buy a top for that nigger?"

John Howard looked up from his paper. "Maybe you can, Son," he said. "We'll think about it."

The next Monday Mark hurried to the backyard to tell Abe that progress had been made. This morning a sharp wind blew out of the north and for some reason Abe's face looked thinner, more pinched than usual. He dragged a wood slab across the yard, toward the pot, the mammoth coat flapping about his spindly legs.

Mark was breathless. "Abe," he said, "I believe Daddy will let me get the top."

As Abe started to answer a paroxysm of coughing shook his thin body and he finished by just nodding his head several times.

"Come on, Abe," urged Mark, "we'll go in the house and play with my top."

"Cain't now." Abe's voice came in a hoarse whisper. "I'se 'bout sick. Gramma say we got to hurry with the washing so she can get home and doctor me." Another spasm of coughing seized him.

Susan heard Abe and came to the yard. "I'll declare, Lucy," she said, "that boy must have whooping cough."

"It jes' a touch of croup, Miz Sue," said Lucy. "I going to hurry him home and doctor him."

"It jes' a little croup," parroted Abe in an effort that cost him another seizure.

Susan made a clucking noise. "Lucy, take that child home."

"Awright, Miz Susan," she said in a voice that sounded unwilling, "but I hate to lose this washing, and Christmas coming on."

GENE HAZELTON
WALTZ
CHILD SONGS
Kiddie Classics

"As soon as she leaves I'll break out my Benny Goodman collection and we'll start the place jumping"

"Sakes alive!" Susan was digging into her apron pocket. "Money isn't everything. Here's your pay. I'll get someone to finish it."

Lucy thanked Susan and turned to go. "Come on, Abe," she said, "we gonna go home and grease yo' chest."

Abe, still coughing, nodded and turned to follow her. Then he did something he had not done before during all the weeks of his and Mark's friendship. He stopped and looked back at Mark. "Goodbye, Mark," he whispered.

"Goodbye, Abe," said Mark. "Hurry and get well."

Mark watched them out the gate. Abe clung to Lucy's skirt, reeling a little as he went. Up the street a block, they stopped and Mark heard again, the black boy's phlegmy coughs. He saw the big Negress standing there in the December day, her arm supporting the thin body of the boy whose coat flapped in the wind. Finally he saw Lucy shake her great head, slowly, negatively. Then she picked Abe up in her big arms and carried him like a baby, up the street and through the town.

Mark walked back to the house. He sat down in a chair by the kitchen window and looked out at the washpot where the fire still burned and where Abe had been. He heard Susan at the telephone. After a minute she came into the kitchen.

"Mark, I've talked to your father," Susan's tone was cheerful, "and I bet you can't guess the nice thing he's going to do for you. He's going to buy a big, shiny, red top for you to give to Abe."

Mark thanked her.

"Are you happy about the top, Son?" Susan asked.

"Yes, Mamma," he said, and continued to look out the window.

That night John Howard brought home the top and presented it to Mark at the supper table. It was wrapped in a fine, silver-colored box that had holly leaves on it.

"Thank you," said Mark properly. "Abe is sick, Daddy."

"Don't worry about Abe, Son," said Howard cheerfully. "A nigger won't die unless he's hit on the heel."

In the days following, Mark continually asked about Abe.

"Oh, he'll be all right, I think," said Susan on Wednesday. "Your father has told Ike, that nigger that works at the store, to keep in touch with Lucy."

On Thursday: "Mark, you'll worry your mother to death yet. Why you'd think that colored boy was one of the family. I hear he is some worse, but with pneumonia they get worse sometimes just before they get better."

They heard nothing on Friday, since Ike didn't report for work. Susan was busier than usual on Saturday, but Mark asked her twice for a report on Abe.

"I haven't called your father yet, Mark," she said each time.

"Call him, Mamma," said Mark, "I want to know how he is."

"I'll declare you'll drive me crazy yet! Run on and play!"

When Mark returned he found Susan in the living room. She took him on her lap. "Abe is all right now, Son," she said, "but he's gone away." Susan smoothed his hair and explained that God had found need for Abe in paradise.

"But, Mamma," said Mark, "won't he come back and help Lucy with the washing?"

When Susan shook her head the tears streamed down Mark's face as he thought that he would not see Abe again. "Mamma," he said, "could we put his top on the train and send it to him?"

Susan explained that no trains ran where Abe had gone. Only those went there who were carried by flight of an angel.

"Can't Lucy be with him?" Mark asked.

"Oh my goodness! What a child!"

Susan hugged Mark and told him that everything Up There would be so fine for Abe that he would scarcely have a thought for Lucy.

"He needed a new coat," said Mark.

"Goodness, child! Abe will have better clothes than you!"

Mark smiled and wiped his eyes. He wished he could see Abe in

Sunday clothes. He wondered how he'd look without the old coat.

"But, Mamma," he asked after a moment, "who will Abe eat with, if Lucy's not there? She and him had to eat on our back porch. Will the angels make him eat out in the cold?"

"My goodness! Such questions!"

Would God, asked Susan, send a swift angel to earth for a boy who must eat on back porches? No indeed!

"Will He give Abe a top?" asked Mark.

"Of course, He will, if Abe wants one."

There were such greater splendors than toys in heaven that Susan doubted if Abe would pick up a top.

Mark found this statement a little hard to harmonize with the Abe he had known, but there was something else that puzzled him more. "Mamma, did they see the angel when he took Abe away?"

Susan explained as lucidly as possible the invisible ways of angels and their swift flights from heaven to earth and back again. Even Abe's body had not gone Up There. He had left the sorry temple of flesh that he had inhabited. His body had been carried, by Lucy, over into the next county where it was decently buried.

This troubled Mark. "But, Mamma, won't he be cold, if they just dug a hole and put him in it?"

Again Susan 'goodness-graciousèd.' Now she attempted to explain the journey that man has always feared and the mystery of which has troubled him since the beginning.

Suddenly Susan's tone became cheerful and she hurried to another subject. "Mark, you better think up what you want Santa Claus to bring you, and have your father write him a letter."

Mark sat in the chair by the kitchen window, and looked out at the washpot and the slab pile where Abe had been. He saw snowbirds in the yard, pecking at the seed of the frost-bleached grass . . . Birds on the grass . . . The grass on the ground . . . Abe's body in the earth and the winds of winter crying over the world.

Mark went to the closet beneath the stairway and got the silver-colored box that contained Abe's top. He lifted the lid and caressed the red splendor of it. Abe had gone to heaven in the arms of a swift angel, but his body was in the ground.

Mark slipped out the back door and found the garden hoe. He dug a hole in the grassy part of the yard, near the slab pile. At the bottom of the pit he placed the top, in its fine, silver-colored box.

Susan appeared, making a soft clucking noise. "Well, Son," she said cheerfully, "don't tell me you are going to bury that top?"

When Mark nodded his head Susan tiptoed away.

And two tears, as genuine as man has shed since he began his adventure here, rolled down Mark's cheeks as he filled the grave. ##

They're Just Wilder 'Bout Billy

Billy Wilder, fabulous as his own screen characters, has begun his greatest task

by DEAN JENNINGS

Six of our sovereign states, it says right here in the Postal Guide, have towns named Wilder. Nobody knows why.

California is not one of these states, but in the purple wonderland of Hollywood there is a Wilder nevertheless, an unincorporated subdivision of Paramount Pictures which goes by the name of Billy. Also in Hollywood there are Thornton Wilder (when he can't get out of it), Willy Wilder, William Wyler (how'd he get in here?), and at least two other Wilders who toil unsung among the ledgers at Warner Bros. You can distinguish all these characters from Billy Wilder because they don't read medical dictionaries, and are not followed around by little chartreuse men wearing dusty white coats.

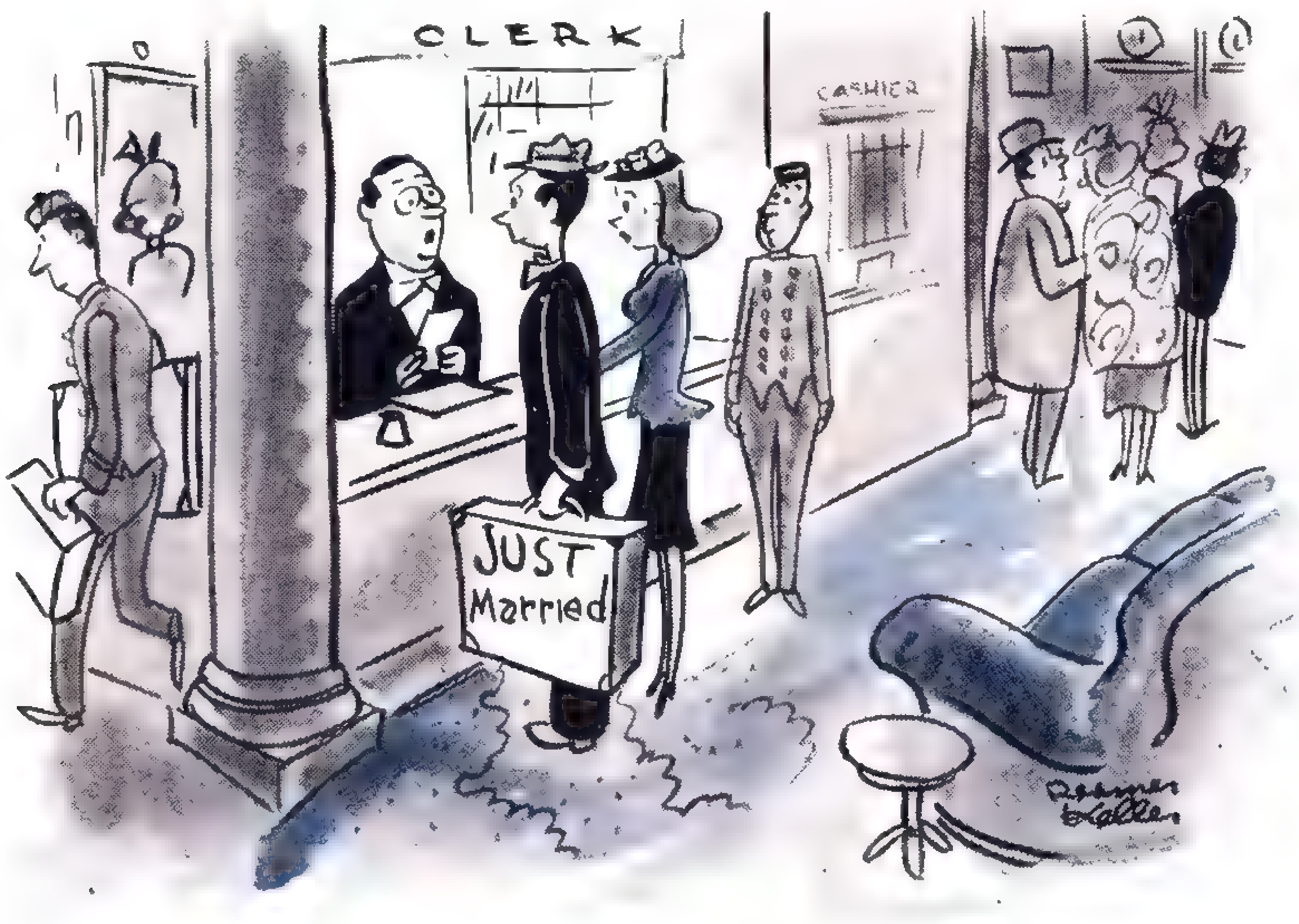
You might say there is no reason at all for immortalizing Billy Wilder, the ex-Austrian dancer.

On the other hand, he belongs to the "I Never Met Hedy Lamarr" Club, and once lived undisturbed in the ladies' room of a Hollywood apartment hotel. Also he now earns 130,000 dollars a year, less tax, creating such things as *Double Indemnity*, *Ninotchka*, *The Major and the Minor*, *Lost Weekend*, and other celluloid items that rattle the cash register and enable Paramount to keep Hope and Crosby on the payroll. In other words, Billy is a screen writer. And that makes it a miracle because Billy can't use a typewriter, writes invisibly by waving his arms through the air and learned the English language by listening to radio commercials.

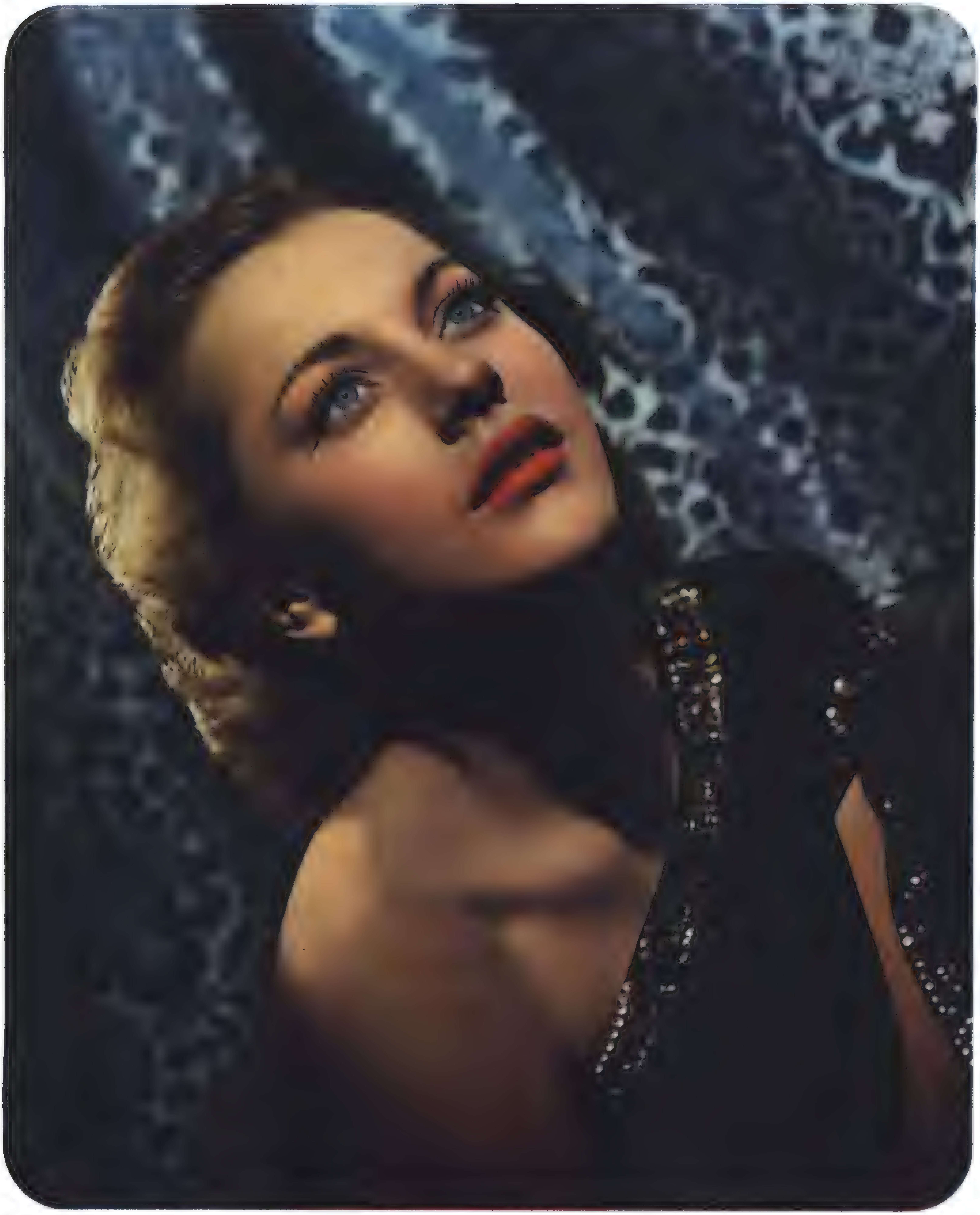
But in the world of the cinema, a rough business conducted under the Marquis of Razzbury rules, Billy Wilder is a name to be whispered in the same breath with the Mint. Indeed, Billy's mastery of scene construction and quotable dialogue is so exquisite that rival writers get the shakes just watching him shuffle a deck in the local gin rummy league. If he is not the most consistently successful writer-director in the trade, we have been misled by the publicity department.

At this moment, however, to the consternation of Paramount and the delight of his Uncle Samuel, Billy has put away his screwballs and has started a new job on which he will have neither screen credit nor 2500 dollars a week. His studio will probably be some abandoned pile of rubble, and his actors will include certain friends of A. Hitler who ejected Billy from Germany ten years ago.

Just the other day, when the Office of War Information was planning psychological warfare operations in Europe, Elmer Davis wanted a man who could take over motion pictures, theatres and radio in occupied Germany. He reached into Germany and laid the proposition in Billy's lap. An hour later, quicker than you could say three Martinis, Billy asked Para- *(Continued on page 164)*



"Are you particular about the view?"

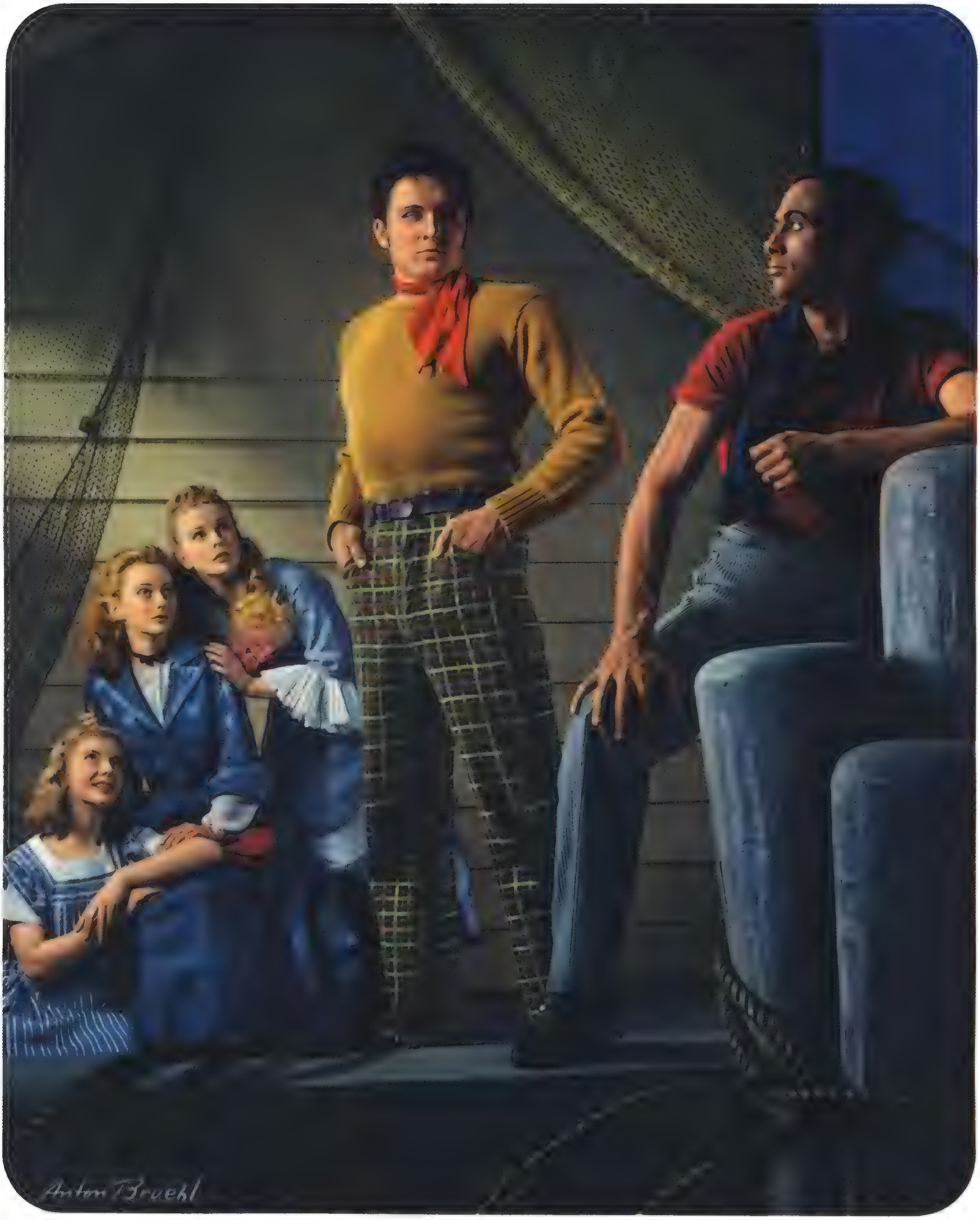


AMERICAN BEAUTY

Lassie Newland

Photograph by Hurrell

No lily of the field, Lassie worked nine months as a repair inspector on the assembly line at Hendricks Field in Florida before she became a model. During her off-duty hours the Army pilots taught her to fly and she now holds a private license. She got into modeling on a dare. She sat outside Harry Conover's office for four days —and never did get in to see him. But she bumped into him in the hall and *he* asked *her* why she wasn't in pictures. Lassie was born in Finland, near the Russian border, but grew up in her father's hometown of Fitchburg, Massachusetts. Movie offers slide off her back, for she disavows any serious interest in a career. "That life is too hectic," smiles Lassie. Vital statistics. *Height:* 5′ 7″; *Weight:* 120; *Bust:* 34; *Waist:* 24; *Hips:* 34.



CAROUSEL

Photograph by Anton Bruehl

The Theatre Guild has brought in another winner with the musical play *Carousel*—which is good old *Liliom* under new colors. Transferred to a New England setting with full Americana trimmings, *Carousel* is happy entertainment despite its tragic moments, and is particularly blessed with tuneful songs. The scene above shows, left to right; Bambi Linn (Louise), Jan Clayton (Julie Jordan), Jean Darling (Carrie Pipperidge), John Raitt (Billy Bigelow) and Murvyn Vye (Jigger). Every new musical must bear the cross of being compared to the now classic *Oklahoma!* As for *Carousel* and *Oklahoma!*, the Guild says in a somewhat waspish tone, "There's no basis for comparison. They're entirely different. Each is successful in its own right."

Brave old Army team finds carrying out orders pays off on the gridiron as in other assignments of a soldier

Mr. Ducrot, Right Half

by RALPH CANNON

Great grey banks of walls with blunt, businesslike Gothic towers crouch recumbent upon the solid mountain side. Within a quadrangle of the barracks a lonesome Cadet is slowly pacing in "the area." Then suddenly there begins the hollow rhythm of drums, a bugle, and before you are aware, the startling jarring of a cannon. The drums grow rapidly more insistent, and added now is a cheerful fife; and out of the great grim walls of stone files

The long grey line that stretches
Through the years of a century told

—so thin, they seem, and inadequate—yet sturdy and alert . . . military devotees. The fife grows gayer, and the drums roll on; reveille sounds on the bugles; sharp orders pass; and then almost as quickly as they arrived, inspection done, they vanish whence they came, dissolving away before your eyes, leaving only the distant panting of a train across the Hudson. Another day has started on the ancient ledger, another step begun toward what far distant triumph or disaster.

The long grey line is thin but tough. That is the over-all thought you carry away from watching the West Point Cadets carry on a day of their rigorous, ascetic, punctual regimen from reveille at 5:50 until the fluorescent lights go out in the barracks at 10:30. You see them with their chests puffed out, strutting like fan-tail pigeons along the ranks as the Yearlings "police" the Plebes before they go into mess. In the great mess hall with the mammoth battle mural, Major Tom Loftin Johnson's "History of Arms," at one end and the portraits of the Superintendents on the walls—MacArthur there the largest of all, and Lee as a young man in the Blue of the U. S. Army—for an entire year these Plebes must "brace" on about four inches of the edge of their seats, never raising their eyes above the opposite side of the table. In these times when the Plebes can play on the varsity teams, those who make the grade are permitted to sit at the training table, just a row of the tables along one aisle, and are granted immunity from this "bracing." You understand the tension, like spun rubber bands, which is released on the athletic field. You understand it when you stand before the golden statue of the L'École Polytechnique de France, "The Gold Tooth," where they wildly fling their French books after their final lessons. You understand it in the great ovation they give the "last man" in the class, in their joyous commendation because he has "just made it."

Colonel Earl Blaik, Class of '20, recalls how after the other war, when General MacArthur was Superintendent, he would come out to baseball practice every evening possible. "He got his relaxation that way," Colonel Blaik believes. So that is one of the functions of sports at the Academy, unwinding momentarily the tight-spun bands. It was at that time that MacArthur put in his program of "every Cadet an athlete" because in his own words "the great value of athletics to the Army had been recently emphasized to me on the battlefields of France."

Today, football and other athletics are used at West Point not only as "escape," not only to release the tension of the military grind, but also to build initiative in the men, and the ability to meet sudden situations and make decisions on their own. The success of last year's Army team created a sense of pride in the vast "synthetic alumni" group in the forces, and won the attention of oncoming boys in the Academy. The football team focused public attention on West Point, and for the Cadets themselves it was a central rallying point in terms they best could understand and admire.

"Would either of you gentlemen care to buy a nice stamp collection?"

We talked with Lieutenant Colonel Francis M. Greene, class of '22, Master of the Sword, who played center on the eleven in his cadet days, about certain schools that consider sports too inconsequential to be bothered with. "We can teach a man to *think* with sports," replied the Master of the Sword, whose office dates from 1816 and who has charge of all but the varsity teams. "It is established in education," he continued, "that anything that appeals to a man's mind is capable of drawing out and training that mind. In many practical things, you can do the job better with sports than with textbooks and classroom work. For example, every soldier, everyone who succeeds, must have drive, daring and combativeness. That is essential to leadership.

"You can develop those qualities better in sports than in any other way we know. We try to build the body-contact sports, and wherever facilities permit, team sports. During the year we have 336 teams. We couldn't do the job here without sports. Physical condition of itself is a tool of the soldiers' profession just as truly as is the slide rule or the weapon."

Both Blaik and Greene won the Athletic Trophy for being "the best all-around athlete" in their class—the honor that went to Dale Hall of Parsons, Kansas, this spring. Hall won seven varsity letters in football, basketball and tennis. He was captain, high scorer and All-American forward on the Cadet quintet that won 29 out of 30 games over the past two seasons, and starred at halfback on the undefeated national Collegiate champion eleven last fall.

Every Cadet receives expert instruction in 21 sports. These give him not only condition and combativeness, but also the equipment to go out and supervise these sports in the Army when he becomes an officer. Five hundred of the 2,552 Cadets play football every fall—not just the minority of stars on the team that the public sees. And because the others know the game, they form the most appreciative and the most critical audience in the world.

The intramural, or "inter-murder," system is like the motor in a car—what makes it *go*, practical, essential; the varsity sports are like the shining body, what you *see*—esthetic, captivating.

I talked with Colonel Blaik about the difference between coaching at West Point and at Dartmouth. He pointed out advantages and disadvantages. As at Dartmouth the high scholastic standards are more a worry to the coach than the games. But unlike the students of most colleges, the Cadets are marked daily in every class and are removed from the squad when deficient in a single subject. Also the long steady daily grind tires the men. Army teams have often sagged late in the season. Herman Hickman, Tennessee's All-American guard in 1931, who coaches the line, recalls that once when he was new at West Point, he remarked when his players seemed a little slow catching on that day: "What's the matter with you men, out at the corner drugstore last night?" Herman says: "They didn't think it was funny."

On the asset side, the Cadets are smart: they are in condition, and most important of all, ever since the days of "beast barracks" (which "separates the *men* from the *boys*" as they put it) they have been ingrained in carrying out orders. That, I think, was a basic factor in last year's national champion team, at an average age of 20 years, the youngest national champions in history. Colonel Blaik put in the T style because as he said he thought "it fitted conditions here better." The boys are smart, and for them it is better than the reiterated drilling to get the timing of the power plays. As Lieutenant Colonel Andy Gustafson, who has been with Blaik for years, said: "It's easier to teach the single blocks to men who will do them, than the double blocks to two men."

To me, in addition to that squad's speed and reserves that enabled them to keep pouring on sustained pressure, the outstanding thing about Army's team last year was its consistency in going all the way after breaking its men away. This was possible because these Cadets carried out what they were told. Most T teams break men away repeatedly, only to have them stopped after a gain, leaving it all to be done over again. Time after time Army's backs went the distance—because both the runners and the blockers carried out the second phase of their assignments. This was probably the greatest cut-back team ever put together. Their backs couldn't be crowded into the sidelines. They would cut back, check for the fast blockers to pick them up, and so get touchdowns instead of merely long gains. The same thing happened at the receiving end of passes. Ordinarily receivers take the pass and head straight for the goal, only to be run out-of-bounds or tackled. Army receivers kept their feet and their heads. They *did things* down there, stopped, dodged, all the *right* things that they were told to do. Other teams are told these things, too; but they don't carry out orders like the Cadets.

At West Point they have a slogan: "Do a thing, do it right, and be quick about it." The classic demonstration of this was that of Major Andrew S. Rowan, Class of '81, who carried the message to Garcia. The Cadets carried that slogan onto the gridiron; they did the little *right* things they were taught to do—the little nifty, *big-league* things; and men like "Doc" Blanchard and Glenn Davis, natural-born athletes in every corpuscle, were plenty *quick* about it, too!

Other advantages as pointed out by Colonel "Biff" Jones, graduate manager of athletics, who says that *(Continued on page 150)*

Clamorous Janes

Your bothered reporter presents his scientific appraisal of some ladies conspicuous at certain sports events

by HERB GRAFFIS

Dizziest of all queer characters in sports are the rabid female fans. Fanettes, they are called by some. And by others, by the feminine diminutive, fannies. Most gentlemen prefer fannies as the label for the boisterous bags.

The majority of fannies have a large and substantial stern like a mine layer. However, there also are quite a few of sharper lines. Some authorities say the angular ones are shriller and generally more of a nuisance. They jump around in moments of violent excitement and may land in the lap of a gentleman three seats away.

Heftier fannie specimens do not exhibit their hysteria in the same vigorous manner. In moments of intense enthusiasm, they snort and grunt in the manner of a whale emerging to blow. After they give vent to their vituperation they sink back temporarily exhausted on their own seats, of which there is an abundance to safely distribute the load per square inch.

Many gentlemen have wondered why fannies at sports events often wear hats they move around to blot critical action from the vision of occupants of seats behind them. It may be that they do not want to share with other spectators the sport they passionately love.

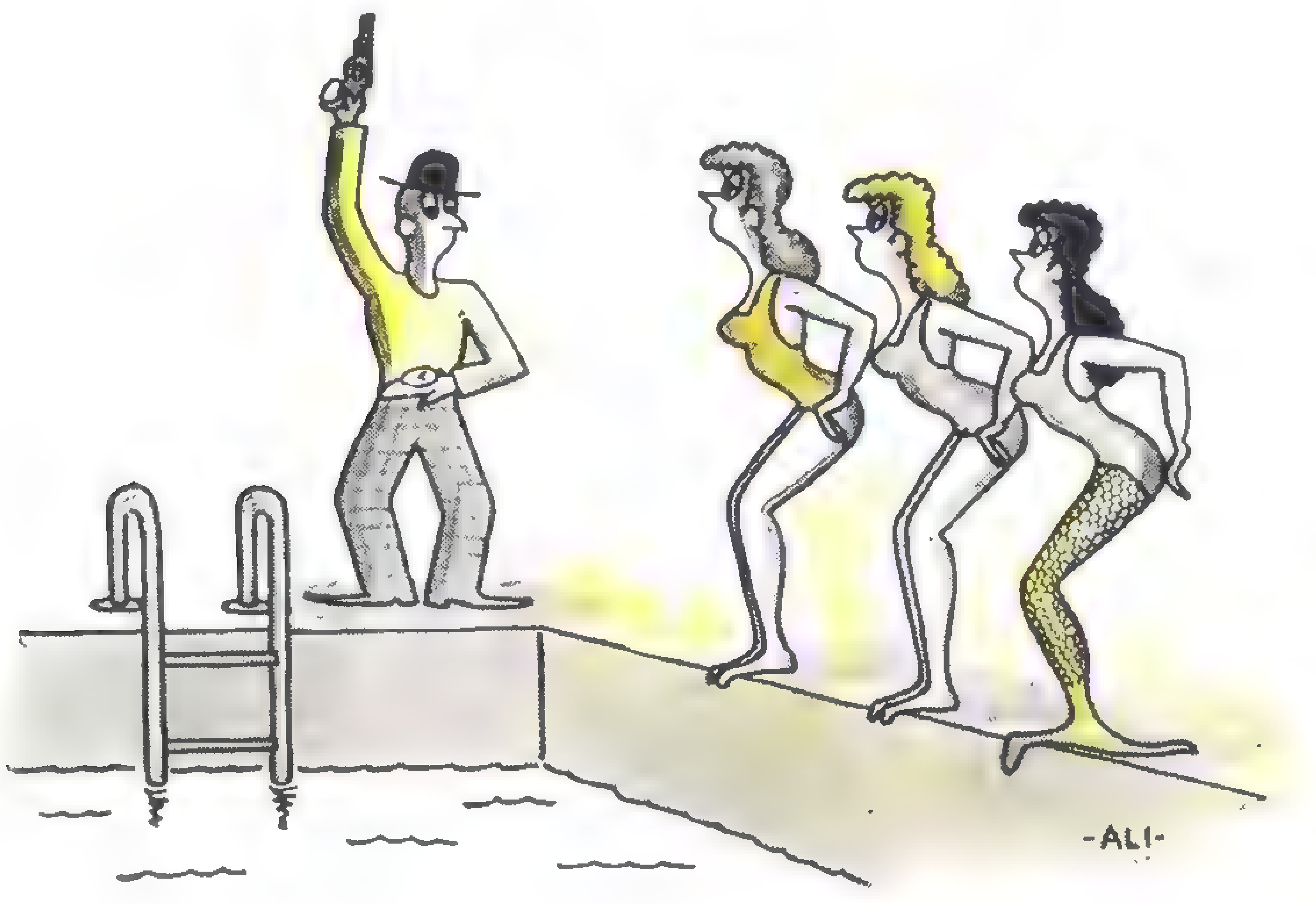
One gentleman sat behind a fannie the morning of May 30, 1927. The fannie had on a hat about the size of a life raft. He heard the crack of a bat and great noise, but was unable to peer around the hat to see what had happened. That was how he missed seeing the unassisted triple play made by the Cub's Jim Cooney. He never has been quite himself since.

For some time there has been a dispute among gentlemen as to whether the baseball or boxing fannie is the greater pest. There is much to be said against both sides of the controversy.

The baseball fannie often is considered to be the more genteel of the two. Affairs advertised as "ladies days" and various other lures have invited the gentle sex to sit, without charge, in the sun of the ball park and watch the heroes perform in what baseball calls the national game. The lady whose charms are such that some guy will buy her a ticket knows what really is the national game.

But watching a ball game is an innocent way of the fannie spending her afternoon while the kids are playing tag with trucks or having other wholesome frolic in the streets. The fannie, unless the game goes many extra innings, can get home in time to scalp a tin can and serve a meal to her industrious spouse.

There are numerous estimable ladies who do hie themselves to the ball parks, not that they know much of what it's all about, but it beats staying home and gossiping with the neighbors or being bedeviled by their brats. These are not the fannie



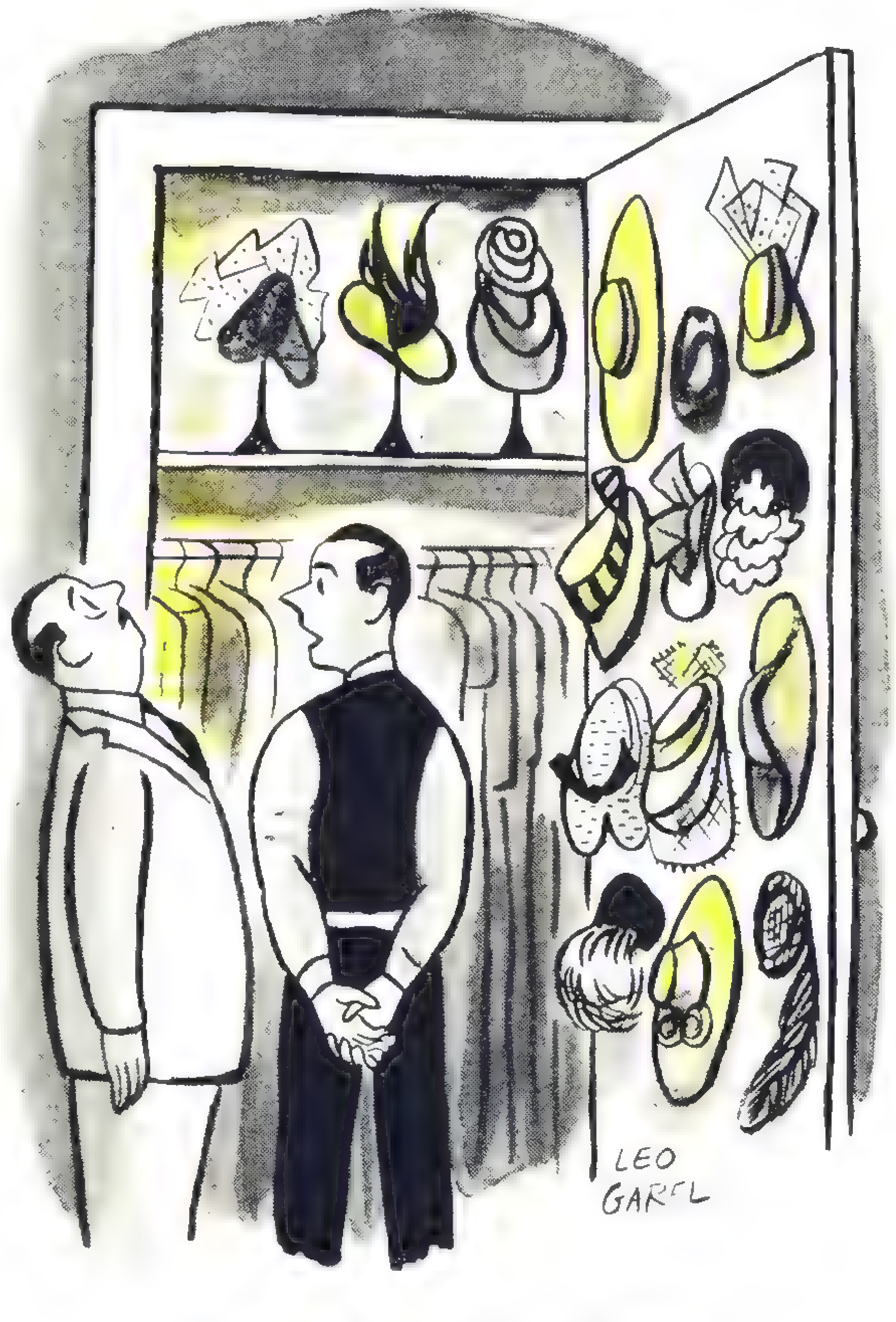
type. The fannie is a screwy, shrieking show-off who exerts herself to be more conspicuous than the male morons whose exhibitionism at ball games distinguishes them in a dubious way.

The baseball fannie, with very few exceptions, is a raging partisan of the home club. The loud and lurid male fan at times will acknowledge the feats of the visitors, but rarely does the fannie approve anything the aliens do.

The well-behaved and knowing fannie is a rare hen. There probably are no more than 150 of her kind in the major-league cities, according to veteran baseball reporters. The estimate is pure conjecture. Baseball writers, of course, are not fannie authorities.

No cases of especially tumultuous female patrons of women's softball games have been reported by fannie scouts. This might be interpreted as an indication that the antics of the gamboling male athlete incites the rowdy noisiness of the baseball fannie. However, the grating bellow of the fannie in full-tongued cry for an umpire, if a mating call, is unlike any other sound of that excitement known to nature students.

It could be that the absence of loud and disorderly fannies at women's softball games is accounted for by the fact that the softball ladies often are not the sort to put up with critical nonsense. Quite a few of them are muscularly and temperamentally qualified to pounce into the stands and bat the hell out of the Fourth Armored Division. You never have heard a girl softball player charged with enlisting a policeman as an assistant in slugging a spectator. She is no lippy bully. And she will take no lip from anyone. Hence, probably, the vigorous but discreet rooting at girls' softball games.



"No, she has only one head"

Many authorities maintain that the boxing fannie is the most obnoxious of all female sports spectators. It will be conceded that boxing draws its most vocal enthusiasts from among those who by disposition and physique are not competent to punch a hole in a soap bubble. Nevertheless, they greedily enjoy seeing a creature physically superior to them getting beaten. This is particularly true of the mob molls who constitute the elite of the fight fannies.

No matter what any psychiatrist may say about the peculiar women who take great delight in having their skulls, slats and sterns kicked into pulp by their lovers, a change of love-making routine is appreciated by the concubines of the gorillas.

And what is a sweeter sight of love in bloom than the proud hoodlum displaying his current pet broad to a fight crowd? Besides, while the moll is there by his side, the gorilla knows she is true to him. It gives him confidence in her, and confidence is the food of true love.

The fight fannie is a spirited child of nature. She adores adorning herself as she thinks a duchess should be attired for presentation at court. And, being a person of elemental emotions, she feels an inner urge to arise at a dramatic moment when the code duello is being violated by one of the competing sportsmen. Then she will implore her aggrieved gladiator to "kick the bum in the cup, Clarence!"

No Whistler's Mother she, the boxing fannie, but a good substantial moll to hide out with when a gentleman happens to be involved in a contretemps with the constabulary. When the heat is off, what could be a more gracious and chivalrous gesture than taking one's moll to a mitt opera? If she's been laying low with her mate and casing the street from back of the edge of a curtain she's due to have a night to howl, display herself and have an outlet for certain of her normal impulses.

At a fight she can see what is being worn by the darlings of the underworld. A fight is a fashion show for a class of women whose social spheres are limited. And never let it be said that the fight fannie who is the chatelaine of one of The Boys, or the plaything of one of the cigar-gnawing open-collared patrons of fistiana isn't going to get the best of what the swankiest modistes have to unload. Now and then you may see a quietly dressed woman in a fight crowd. You can be pretty sure that she is a sightseer whose curiosity won the decision over her judgment and instincts.

A scientific appraisal of the fight fannies is something for one who specializes in study of the primates. It is not a subject to be bandied about by observers who have considered the fight fannies as a curious fringe of the sordid business of brain scrambling. So we will say farewell to the fascinating fight fannies and journey to the horse tracks where we will find the widest variety of sports fannies.

Horse racing shares with collegiate football the highest favor of fervent fannies. There are very few lively women who do not like to go to the tracks. Gambling is one of women's keener instincts. Possibly because if women were not gamblers men and women would be living together in sin to an alarming extent, rather than in holy wedlock.

Some women have sideline hopeful horse track gambles they calculate will make them socially acceptable by association with high quality horses. In this manner they design to become stablemates of folk who are representatives of humanity's breed improvement. Other track fannies who lead the somewhat dull existences of eminently respectable matrons enjoy the thrill of having two bucks on the nostrils of something uncertain. Others need money. That is reason enough. As the sage Bob Harlow says, the horse track is the poor man's stock market. It also must be said that a favorite which pays $5.40 is a great improvement over the tedious process of waiting for interest in a bank.

There is a certain amount of traditional glamor about the horse tracks that is pleasing to women who are not disposed to examine glamor backstage. Race track glamor is not obnoxious if the horse track fannie doesn't try to absorb the glamor and exude it in a Blue Grass accent as emetic as the bourbon put into Old-Fashioned cocktails sold in the hostelries and taverns of Louisville around Kentucky Derby day. The horsy fannie who gets to smelling like a livery stable also is a lady of questionable glamor.

The Kentucky Derby is by several lengths the most glamorous of the horse racing events. But watch the horse track fannie as the event reaches its romantic crest in the playing of *My Old Kentucky Home*, a song written by a Pittsburgher who was true to the horse player tradition in one respect. He died broke. Male horse players will listen to the anthem as solemn and as respectful as burial at sea. But the fannies are hearing nothing but the pounding echo of some tout's tip.

The horse fannie is a trusting creature whose library consists of the racing form, tout sheets and newspaper horse picker works of fiction. She takes her fiscal licking in a pinch like a man; that is, by neglecting her creditors. She exhibits all audible symptoms of a nervous breakdown as the steeds are coming down the stretch.

But a gentleman never should form hasty conclusions about a horse fannie. She may be the head of the women's organization of her church and have the best Red Cross bandage production record in the state. Or she may be the most notorious tramp in town. You won't have any better luck guessing the horsy fannies than you do the horses.

Undoubtedly the elect of the sports fannies are the collegiate football female enthusiasts. They are violently partisan, but seem to be subconsciously mindful of the fact that kids are playing the game. Consequently in their most irate and abandoned moments their adverse criticism of the opposition is no more fiery than would be a loving mother's rebukes of some neighborhood hellion who picked on her Junior. That is a trait of the football fannie the actual or synthetic male alumnus could emulate with considerable benefit to himself and the public.

What often restrains the football fannie from becoming a clamorous annoyance is the necessity of standing guard over her husband. He frequently finds the crisp autumn air giving him a thirst that can be alleviated only by sucking too hard on his flask of spirits. Then, too, the lady may be held down by the thought of the mob that has been invited to cocktails at her home after the game.

The football fannie is rarely learned in the

(*Continued on page 154*)

I've never even carried a blackjack and I never will, and I never yet have had to hit a guy that didn't have it coming

The Killing

by NORMAN KATKOV

I came up from the gym in the basement of headquarters about 8 o'clock, mad at myself for not using ear plugs when I was under the shower and thinking how it would be if that welterweight I'd been working with, that Hennessy, the redhead, would take the Golden Gloves at Chicago. He was a cocky punk from the Levee that I'd gotten from Hayes, the truant officer.

I stopped at the candy machine in the hall, got myself a piece of chocolate and was taking the wrapping off it when I bumped into Jacobs coming out of the detective room. He turned, yelled into the room, "Hurry up. Give me a hand and maybe we'll get someplace," wiped his face with his shirt sleeve, and kept on going.

The Chief and Lenning, who didn't have a jacket on either, were sitting at the long table, talking, the afternoon papers in front of them, and when they saw me the place became as quiet as the reading room of a library. I got a nod from Lenning, the Chief's other strong boy, and a grunt from the little guy. Coming from them, that made us buddies.

I pointed at the *Journal*. "They're really giving it to you on the Allied Fur kick-ins, Chief."

You'd have thought I'd hit him with brass knuckles. He didn't say anything, but Lenning put his finger on the headline. "Maybe them reporters'll have a real story to write tomorrow, eh, Chief?" The Chief looked at him in a way that made a tombstone seem friendly. The papers had been pouring it to him for three weeks. Right on the front page every day. He couldn't take it much longer. He needed a pinch, a fall guy, and he needed one bad.

"Chief?" I might as well ask him now. "I've got a hunch on that caper." He didn't even look at me. "Chief, I figure that kick-in was an out-of-town play, and that foreign hoods have pulled it. If they've moved in they'll go in all the way. Let me take a car. I want to plant on that liquor warehouse down on the river."

"Ain't you off tonight?" Lenning asked.

I looked at the Chief. "It's my time, let me do what I want with it. All I'm asking for is a cruiser."

"I'm running this department, Masters."

"I know it, Chief," I said. That was always the right answer.

"You don't know it. You're too busy solving crimes on your own time. You're too busy with that boxing." He jerked a thumb at the door. "Take a car and beat it. You'll be out of my sight anyway."

I beat it. I drove out and parked alongside the warehouse, and by midnight I had three cigar butts and about fifty encores of a college song from the kids canoeing on the river to show for my hunch.

Sitting there waiting for what would probably be nothing, I thought about some coffee, and I was biting the end off my last cigar when Peterson, the dispatcher, put out the radio call for all cruisers and squads to meet the Chief at Portland and Twenty-First West, up on the Bluff. By the time Peterson was repeating, I had the siren going and my red lights on and I was moving along. In all my eleven years of being copper and dick I'd never heard that one before and I got out there fast. When I got out of the cruiser, it looked like the whole department was there on that corner and in the middle right under the arc light, there was the Chief. Only he didn't look as pretty as he usually does. His white shirt was dirty, and there wasn't a carnation in his coat. He must have been reading some more papers.

Hal Olson and Fat Krill from larceny moved over to my car as I got out. "What's up, Bert?" Fat asked me.

"Search me. I was down at the liquor warehouse on a plant. When did you guys get here?"

"Few minutes. The Chief ain't said boo yet," Olson said.

"Let's see who the party's for," Krill suggested. We walked over to the intersection. The Chief had his hat pushed back on his head, and was mopping his face with a handkerchief. It was hot. I'd left my jacket in the car.

Olson put his elbow on my shoulder. "How's the gunless wonder, Bert?"

"Hal, come on down to the gym and watch that welterweight I got." I liked Olson, a good, level-headed dick. He liked to rib me about not carrying a gun; let him rib me. He liked me.

"A good boy?"

"My baby. I'm going to take him to Chicago."

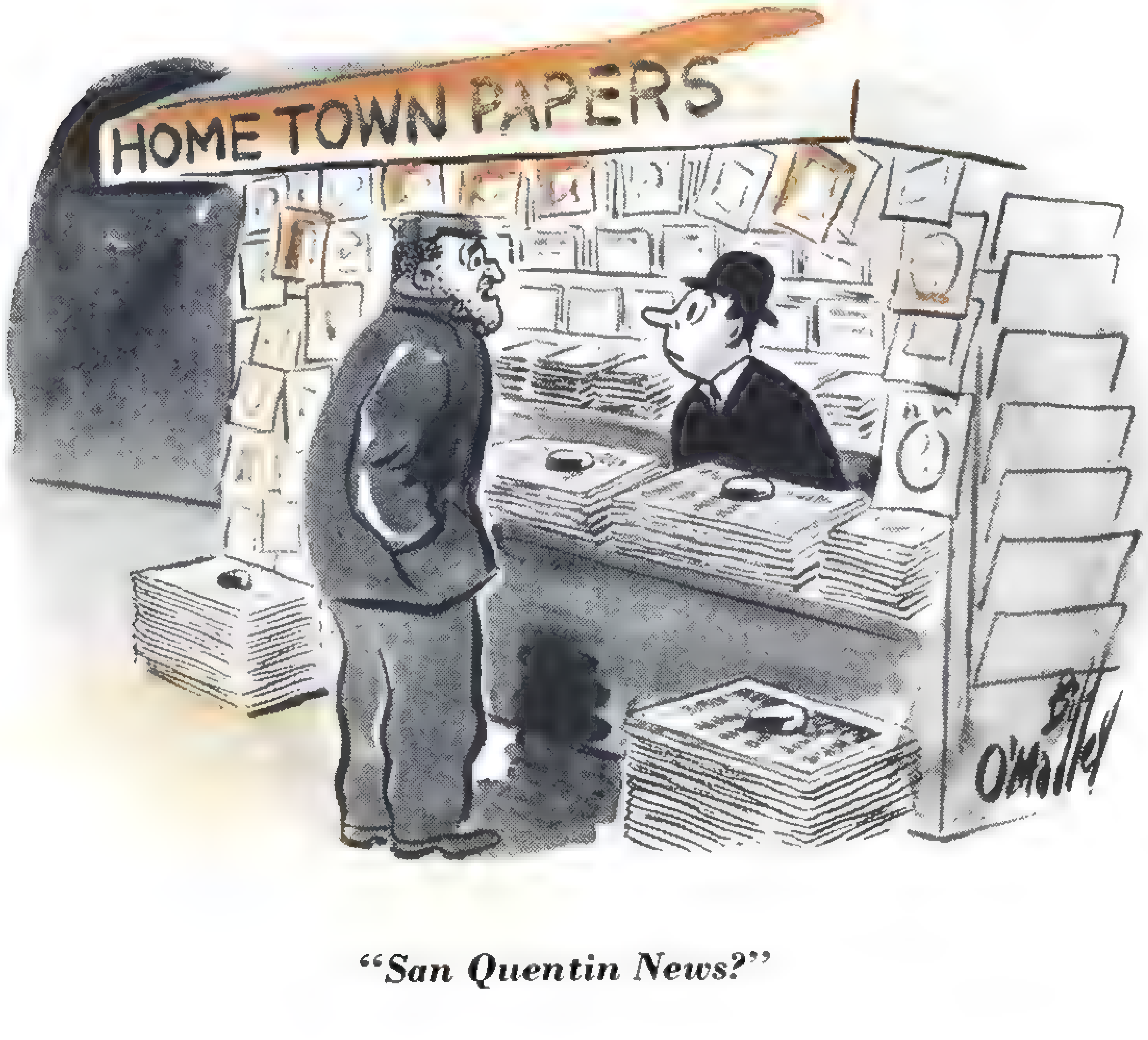
"That's a tough town, Fearless. Better take a gun."

The Chief motioned us in before I had a chance to answer. "Boys," he started, "there's a prisoner loose. We know he's the man that pulled off the Allied Fur burglary. He confessed to me in headquarters two hours ago. Now he's out. He lives on Portland between Twenty-Third and Twenty-Fourth and we're going over and get him. He can't get out of the city, and that's where he went. Let's get him."

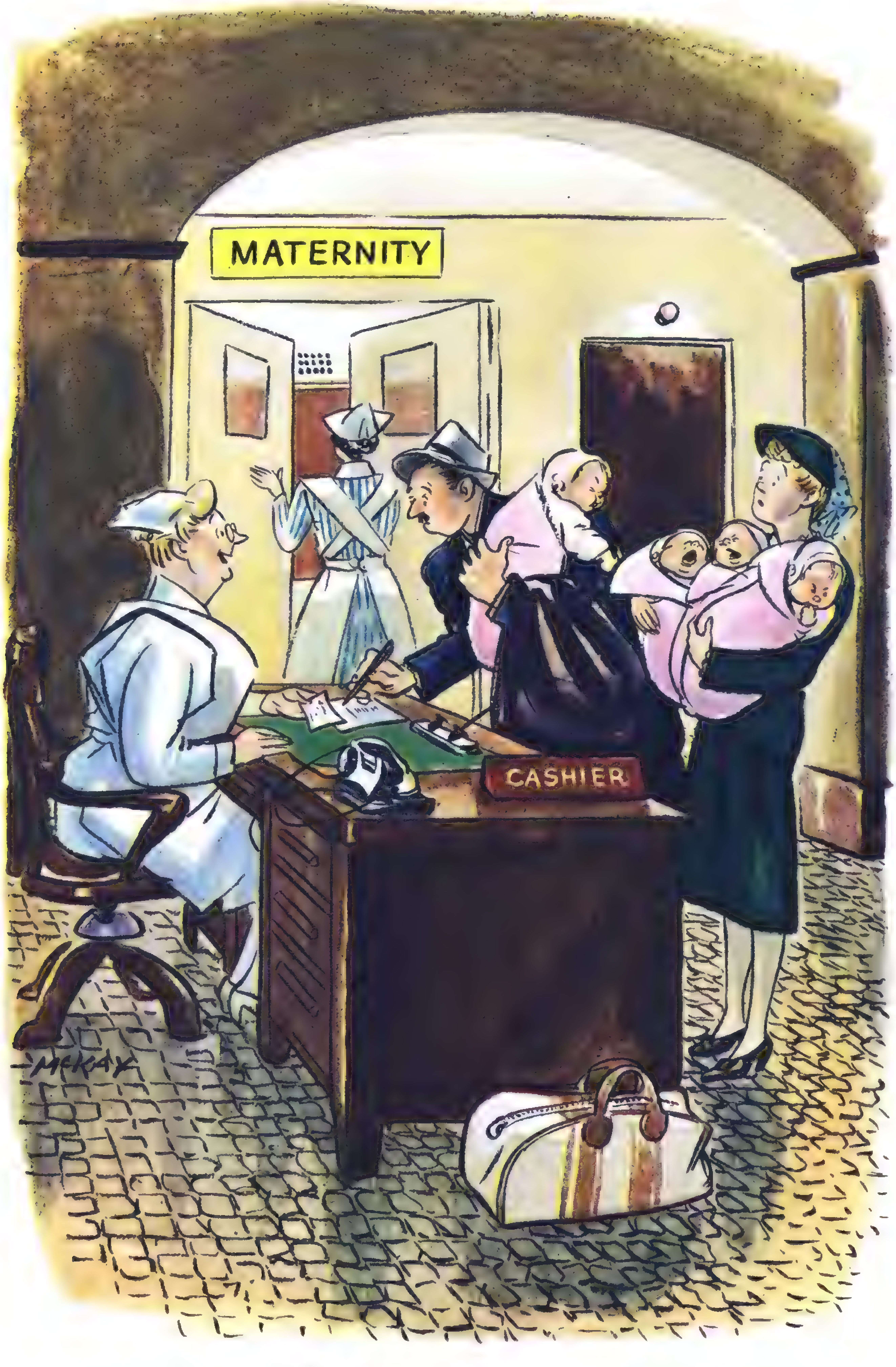
"Like we were going into the Rose Bowl," Olson said.

The Chief split us up. He took most of the coppers with him so he could give orders and have them running around. I left my car and got in with Olson and Krill. Anderson from auto theft got in the back with me. In this town the cruisers carry a sawed off shotgun just above the emergency brake, and against the light switch next to the door there's a tear gas gun, and there's a Thompson in a case behind the rear seat. Olson was driving and Krill asked me for the Thompson. I've never carried a gun, not even when I was walking beat. I've never even carried a blackjack. And I never will.

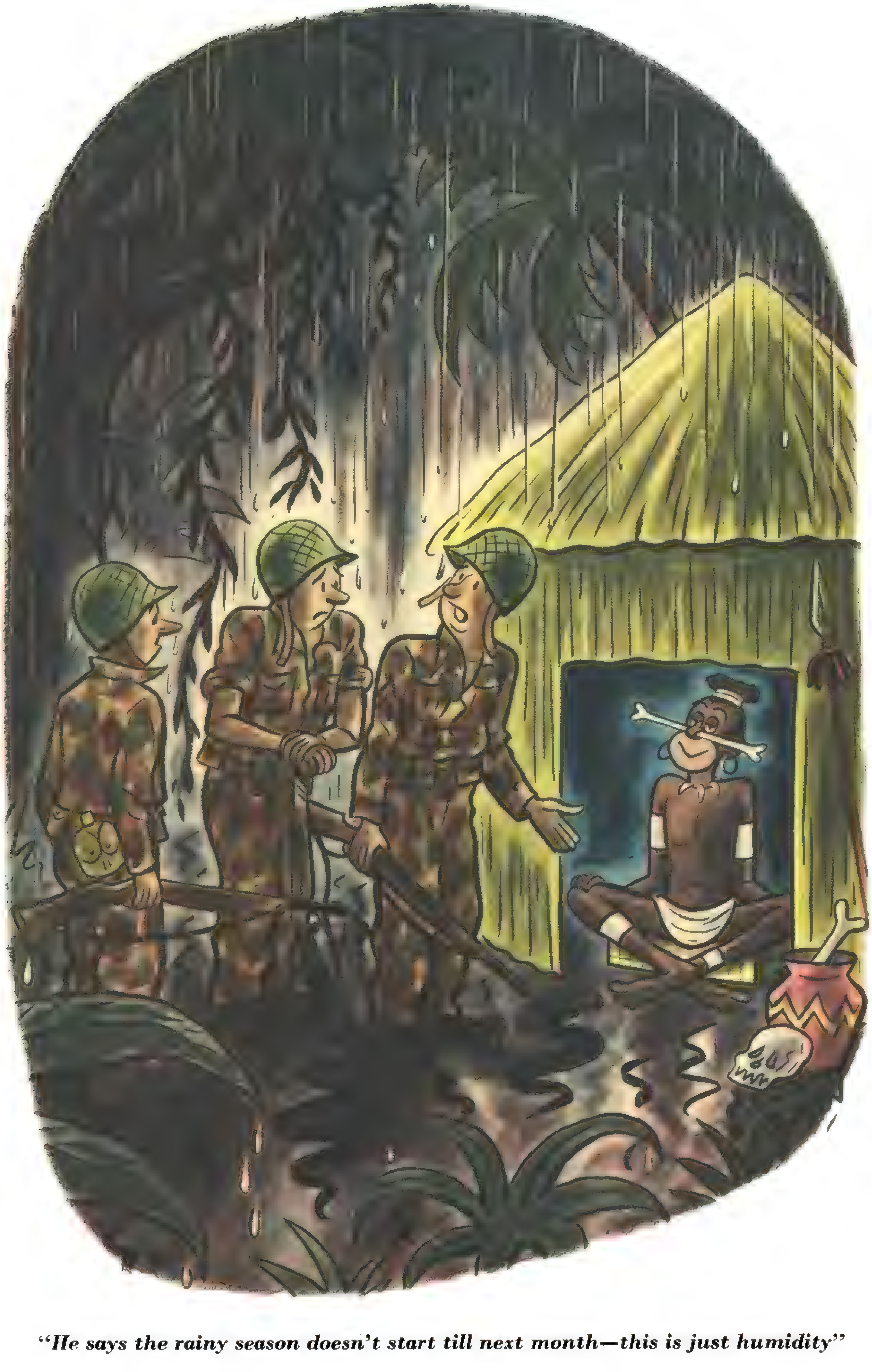
Remember, I got on the force when prohibition was done. The cabbage days were over, and we'd had the town almost cleaned up a year afterward. I never yet had to hit a *(Continued on page 201)*



"San Quentin News?"


MATERNITY
CASHIER
McKAY

"Was everything satisfactory?"



"He says the rainy season doesn't start till next month—this is just humidity"

OIL BY JAMES CHAPIN

Let's gear America for world trade with a modern table of weights and measures

A Brief for the Metric System

by T. NORMAN PALMER

We got our antique system of weights and measures from England. When we broke away from England we did not take over their complex, clumsy money system. We set up our own money on a sensible decimal basis of dollars and cents. But we slavishly kept our necks in the yoke of their weights and measures. We have been stuck with the British system ever since.

It is strange that the two boasted progressive nations of the world, Great Britain and the United States, still cling to their tallow-candle, wooden-plow measures. The rest of the world is keen and efficient with the streamlined, quick and accurate metric system.

Our inherited, dark-ages system is so confused and complicated that probably there are not ten Americans who can define half the units employed. The Bureau of Standards issues its book of drams, minims, gills, grains, scruples, pennyweights, links, chains, rods, perches, three kinds of tons, hundreds of kinds of bushels, and is not sure that it covers all in the Babel of 500 pages.

In our system a pound is not necessarily a pound. Take the quiz program trick question: which is heavier, a pound of feathers or a pound of gold? The same! No. Gold is Troy weight, 5,760 grains to the pound. Feathers are Avoirdupois, 7,000 grains to the pound.

Confusing? Stupid would be the better word. It lacks even the elementary logic of the Chinese when they had an "uphill mile" and a "downhill mile." The British wine gallon was larger than their ale gallon because wine was more costly.

The British have corrected at least that inconsistency, but today American shippers have different sized "barrels" for blueberries and cranberries. Our "heaped" bushel is 27.8 per cent greater than our "struck" bushel. A ton may vary several hundred pounds.

While the rest of the world uses the single standard metric system we blindly fumble through a maze of measurements which at this moment are hampering war production. The Army Air Force uses calibres for the bore of machine guns. The Navy measures its big guns in inches and the Artillery in millimeters. Shotgun bores are measured in gauges.

Most of our young industries adopted the metric system at birth and many older industries have followed. Many manufacturers have found that the savings in time and labor far exceed the cost of new measuring devices. The billion-dollar-a-year vitamin industry operates by the metric system. Radio wave lengths are tuned by the metric system. Some track events are measured by meters. Hospitals weigh newborn babies by the metric system, but they announce the weight to us in pounds and ounces to avoid confusion. We give blood to the Red Cross by the metric system, but we still use the phrase, "a pint of blood." However the metric system still is a long way from general use in America.

We have sanctioned its use in the Philippines and in Puerto Rico, but continue to plague our school children at home with inches, feet and yards while the same problems are solved by Brazilian, Chinese, Swedish and Egyptian children with a simple decimal. To convert 863½ yards to inches takes time and pencil and paper, but to change 18,739 millimeters to meters involves nothing more than moving the decimal point to make it read 18.739.

It is unforgivable that we cling to the antique British "system" derived from such fantastic "standards" as the length of a forearm. The foot was originally the length of the foot of a king; an inch a thumb joint; an acre the ground a plowman could turn over in a day. A yard was the distan from nose tip to thumb tip; a grain was the weig of a single dried grain of wheat.

The entire world suffered these absurdities until the French appointed a committee of scientists to bring order. They decided to build on a single unit—the meter. Length of the meter was set as one-ten-millionth of the quadrant running from the Equator through Paris to the North Pole. They used the decimal system and a sensible series of prefixes to the word "meter" to give each decimal stop a name.

Millimeter	.001
Centimeter	.01
Decimeter	.1
Meter	1.
Dekameter	10.
Hectometer	100.
Kilometer	1,000.

The meter also governed weights and capacities. The gram—the weight unit—is the weight of one cubic centimeter of water. The liter—the capacity unit—is the volume of a kilogram of water. Only three basic units, all using the same prefixes for their multiples and subdivisions.

What difficulties would a change to the metric system entail? Certainly not the scrapping of all machinery, as some uninformed persons fear. Our scales would have to be changed and so would our rulers, school books and road signs. The Act of Congress could specify five or ten years for the necessary changes to be made before the system becomes mandatory.

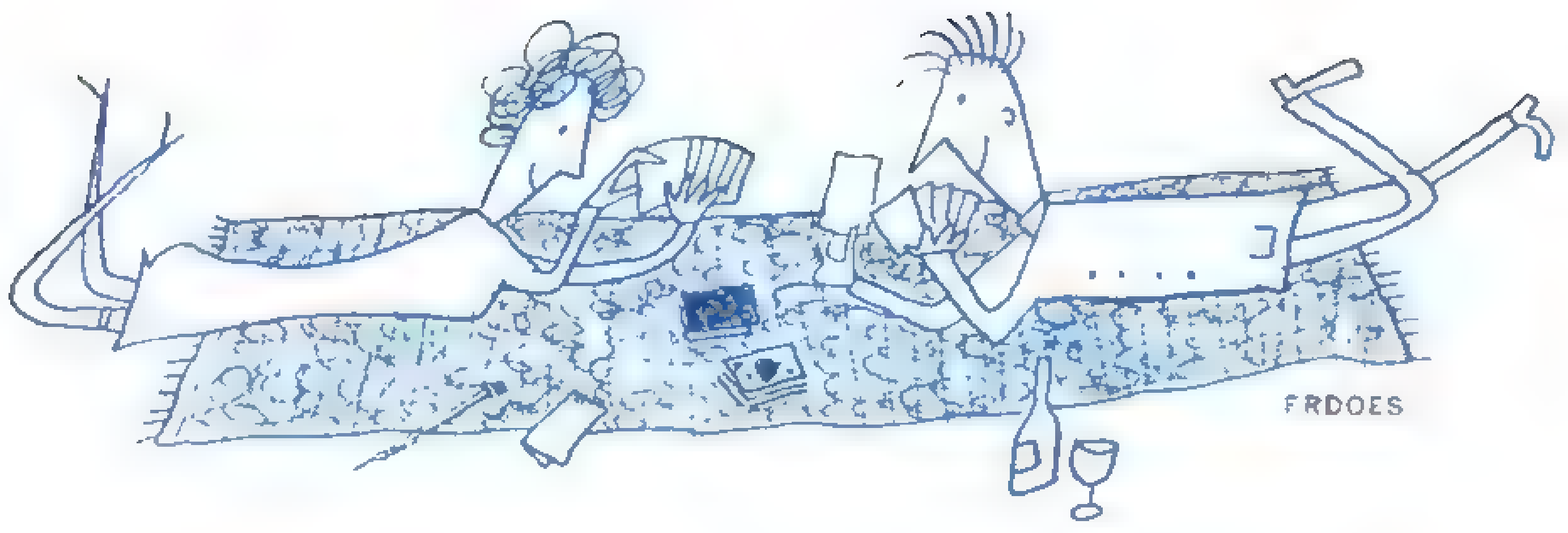
It would not take the average American a day to learn the metric system. The work of school children would be reduced as much as 20 per cent.

Among scientists, engineers, manufacturers, exporters and educators sentiment in favor of the change to the metric system is overwhelming. International trade calls for it. Axis countries exploited their use of the metric system in South America. It will be done again by other nations unless we get in step.

If we make the move, Great Britain must follow. If she makes the move first, we must follow her. It is inevitable that we make the change. Eventually—why not now? ##

Doubling Gin-Rummy

A sure-fire new feature in Gin-Rummy to build up the drama of the game, increase the scoring, and make the playing faster



by RICHARD L. FREY

If you've ever listened to the conversational byplay attendant on a game of gin-rummy you've heard one of the reasons for its American popularity. The invitation to play almost invariably is a challenge.

"I understand," says the challenger, "that you are a second-rate gin-rummy player. So probably I shouldn't pick on you, but as there's no one else around, how about a game?"

"I admit," replies the challenged, "that I'm only a second-rater. But that should be plenty good enough to take you."

So they play, and the conversation continues right through the game.

"I don't know how I'll ever get out of this mess," says one player, picking up his opponent's discard, "so I'd better go down for three."

"You are terrific," says the opponent. "That is safe as houses . . . unless you happen to be holding eights." (Knowing darned well he is.) "Oh, you are. Well, in that case I'll lay off this eight and . . . let me see . . . why, I believe that leaves me clean. Too bad."

On the next deal, however, the first player goes down on the second pick, catching him for 60 points, and returns the rib by saying, in an off-hand sort of way, "Only sixty points? Oh well, anyway it's a box."

There was an earlier era in which gin-rummy was a grim-lipped battle between two memory experts concentrating on remembering the discards. Today it's a battle between teams of as many as six on a side, with such constant banter and coffee housing that everybody has fun except the player who can't take it. Gone is the strain of remembering; most players permit looking back through the discards. Gone too is the deadly strain of playing for low scores, where every point counts. The "blitz" (or "schneider") which doubles the game bonus if your opponent doesn't score; the Hollywood method of playing three games at once; the partnership factor, which gives you a partner to pull you out of the hole (or to blame if you lose)—each new feature tacked on to the game has increased its speed and its popularity.

And now, along comes another feature to build up the drama, increase the scoring and make the game faster. Anything that can do that for gin-rummy is a sure-fire success.

The new feature is "doubling," and it creates what amounts to a new game—"doubling gin." Perhaps it shouldn't be called a new idea, for it was the same principle that brought backgammon back from innocuous desuetude to a wild surge of faddist popularity a couple of decades ago. All the same, it is now becoming a part—and probably an inseparable part—of gin-rummy.

You may double whenever it is your turn to draw. All you have to do at that time is say "I double." This means that you want to play that particular deal for twice the number of points it would ordinarily count.

Now either of two things may happen: Your opponent may accept the double; or your opponent may resign.

1. *Your Opponent Accepts.* Now you go on playing exactly as you would have if there had been no double. But when the deal is over, the score will be multiplied by two. That's all there is to it. It doesn't affect the score of preceding deals; it has nothing to do with the deals to come. It just affects that one deal.

2. *Your Opponent Resigns.* In this case, the deal is over then and there. You are considered to have knocked, and you table your hand—whether or not it is down to 10 unmatched points. Your opponent tables his hand, melding and laying off on your melds whatever he can (you cannot lay off on his melds of course, for you are the one who knocked). Your opponent pays you a 10-point penalty for the privilege of resigning, plus the difference in counts if you beat him. But even if he has a lower count than you, you still cannot lose, for he has resigned. You will win at least the 10-point penalty.

Observe that you may be put in the position of knocking when your count is 40, or 50, or even more. This is the only case in which it is legal to knock with more than 10—when you double and your opponent resigns.

That means, of course, that you can bluff. It takes a shrewd opponent to guess that the two cards you've picked up from the discard pile, just to get him in the proper frame of mind, haven't actually helped your hand at all. So he resigns and you win 10 points. Next time you try it, however, he's wise. He takes your double. Only this time you've actually filled a good hand early and he pays off a substantial game at double the points you'd have otherwise won. Yes, sir, something new has been added!

If your double is accepted, that doesn't necessarily end the doubling. Your opponent may re-

To London for Tea

A fleet of these giant Consolidated Vultees has been ordered by Pan American Airways, and they'll be in the air sooner than you think. This scale model scene, showing the loading of cargo and 204 passengers, previews the air transport of tomorrow. Twelve times the size of the standard twin-engined commercial aircraft in general use before the war, the Consolidated plane will have two decks of luxurious accommodations, with ingenious arrangements utilizing odd corners to give the greatest effect of spaciousness and privacy for travelers. The cruising speed of better than 300 m.p.h. will cut trans-Atlantic flight time from the usual "breakfast in New York, dinner in London" to a nine-hour "breakfast to teatime" trek. Length of the plane is 182 feet, wing span is 230 feet—or equal to the height of a 21-story building.

double at any later turn. No one is permitted to double twice in a row, but each player may redouble his opponent's last double. And every redouble doubles the score once again. Thus, the score of a redoubled game (if the redouble is accepted) is multiplied by 4 — or 8 or 16 or 32, depending on how many different redoubles there were. (Usually there aren't more than two doubles in any deal, but it's just as well to set a limit of two doubles by each player, just in case there's a wild man in the game.)

The rules governing redoubles are the same as the rules for the first double: A player may redouble only when it is his next turn to draw. His opponent may accept, in which case play proceeds; or his opponent may resign, ending the game and paying the penalty plus any points he may lose. But remember, all points for that deal are affected by previous doubles. If a game has been doubled once, it is a double game; now when it is redoubled and resigned, the penalty for resigning is 20 points. And if there have been two doubles accepted before the last redouble is refused, it is already a four-time game and the resigner pays a 40-point penalty, plus four times the difference in scores if he has the high count.

The doubles affect gin-rummy drastically enough to require a few changes in the usual rules:

If you double and your opponent resigns, you may not score the gin bonus (which would be 20 points, redoubled). Even if all ten of your cards are matched, you get only the 10-point penalty plus the difference in scores. But if he accepts the double and you go gin, the bonus (doubled, of course) is scored.

The game is not over until one player reaches 200 points, instead of the usual 100. (Even so, the doubling game is faster.)

Doubles, even on the last deal of the game, do *not* affect the bonuses scored after the game ends. The 20-point box bonus, 100-point bonus for winning the game, and additional 100-point bonus for a "blitz," or shut-out, remain unchanged.

On the first play, the non-dealer may double only if he intends to take the first up-card; otherwise he must say, "I don't want it." Now the dealer may double if he wants it.

HURRELL

A Satin Version of the Merengue

Accompanied by a tambora drum and a gourd, along with the shrill notes of a modern trumpet, Monica Boyar sings and dances the story of cock fights, cane-cutters, flirtations, love and death—which she brings from her native Dominican Republic. She dances in her bare feet and her long black hair falls around her smooth shoulders. Miss Boyar was recently featured at New York's smart nightspot, Le Ruban Bleu. Her facile English—which is one hundred per cent U.S.A.—comes as something of a shock from the lips of this ripe Latin-American beauty. As a matter of fact, her family moved here when she was eight, and Monica was graduated from an eastern college. Besides making New Yorkers Merengue-conscious, she broadcasts in Spanish and Portuguese, beamed to South America by shortwave. Sort of a Good Neighbor double feature.

If a player doubles on his last turn, and his opponent accepts, he must knock immediately—and must be able to knock legally, by having a count of 10 or less. A player's last turn comes when there are four or fewer cards left in the deck, because under the regular gin-rummy rules the last two cards may not be drawn, and the game would end in a tie if no one knocked.

When you should double

The human element, which is so largely responsible for the popularity of poker and bridge, enters into the strategy of doubling gin. In doubling gin, with its wide scope for bluffing and psychology, you must size up your opponent before you decide to double—or to accept his double.

The progress of the deal will also influence your doubles. Early doubles (like early knocks) may be made whenever your hand seems to offer a better-than-even chance of winning. Later in the deal, when your opponent has had a greater opportunity to develop his hand, you will seldom double unless your hand is pretty well matched up, with a low count—say, 3 or 4.

Finally, the score must be considered. If you are ahead by some such score as 150 to 75, you will not be afraid to double; a doubled score may put you out, whereas it can hardly put your opponent out. But if your opponent has a score in the 150's, the double might cause you to lose the game on that deal and you will be more cautious.

The conservative player's criterion for an early double is two matched sets. A typical hand would be:

J-J-J ♦ 9-8-7 ♥ 6-5 ♣ 10 ♦ 3

Here, in addition to the two matched sets, there is a two-way possibility of filling the heart sequence (with ♥ 7 or ♥ 4).

During the first three or four draws, however, it usually pays to double with one matched set, two or three good possibilities outside, *and a generally low count including two or three low cards.* This hand is a good double:

7-7-7 ♦ 6 ♠ 6-5 ♥ 5-4 ♣ 8 ♠ 2

Here all the unmatched cards together count only 36. You'll probably have a good sized win if your opponent, with a bad hand, resigns. You don't stand to suffer a big loss even if your opponent accepts the double and beats you. This hand is more dangerous:

7-7-7 ♠ K ♠ J-10 ♥ 10-9 ♣ 8 ♣ 6

With a count of 63, you may suffer a major tragedy if you lose a doubled game. If your opponent resigns you won't win much, because he won't have a much higher count than you have and all you will get will be the 10-point penalty.

Having the two or three low cards is essential. Without them you won't be able to knock even if you get one of your possible combinations, and by the time you can fill two more combinations your opponent may be in a position to win and even to redouble.

When to postpone doubling

A hand good enough to knock on is good enough to double on. But this rarely happens, because you may double only *before* you draw, and your opportunity to knock will most often come after you draw. For example, you hold:

9-9-9 ♠ K-J-10 ♦ 8 ♣ 4-2 ♦ A

Not wanting your opponent's last discard, you draw from the pile—and get the queen of spades. Now you can discard the ♦ 8 and knock with a respectable count of 7. And thus you face the big question: Should you knock now, or should you simply discard, wait, and double before your next turn?

Generally speaking, you should take a *sure* win, if such a thing exists. By knocking immediately, you prevent your opponent from getting another draw in which he might improve his hand enough to beat you. But if you believe your opponent hasn't built up a very good hand, you should wait until the next round and double.

The situation is usually different when it is the opponent's discard that will put you out. Then, if the double is accepted, you can pick up the discard and knock immediately. But there are exceptions, including the hand shown above:

9-9-9 ♠ K-J-10 ♦ 8 ♣ 4-2 ♦ A

Your opponent has just discarded the queen of spades. If you simply pick up the queen and knock, your count of 7 will be likely to win a respectable score for you. If you double and your opponent resigns, you can't pick up the queen (that is the rule that most people are using). You must table your hand with a count of 45 and chances are you will get no more than the 10-point penalty.

It isn't often wise to postpone going gin. By knocking you have a sure win. If you wait, there is at least some chance of losing; and besides, if your double is refused the gin bonus is lost.

When your opponent was the last doubler, you shouldn't usually redouble unless you are prepared to knock at once. Even though opposed to a chronic bluffer, some of his doubles will be honest.

When to take a double

Mathematically, it should pay to accept your opponent's double if you have any reasonable chance to win. From a more practical standpoint, it will often pay you to resign on fairly good hands.

The principal reason for resigning is to limit your loss. Suppose, about midway of the deal, you have a count of 15. Your opponent doubles. You won't lose more than about 20 points if you resign, but if he can go gin, and you accept, your loss will be 70 points. If you can spare 20 points, but not 70, you resign.

The resignation becomes obligatory when the opponent has around 140 points already, so that the only way you could lose the game on that deal would be to accept the double. Of course, a shrewd opponent will know the position you are in, and will take advantage of it; but you can afford to let him get away with it. As in poker, you mustn't be too proud. The man who "keeps the game honest" is a loser.

The usual scale for accepting doubles is: when your own count is under 20 in the early stages, or under 10 in the later stages. In these cases you would lose about as much by resigning, unless your opponent can go gin—a risk you must take.

Out-and-out bluffs are infrequent among good players, at all times. Both players usually start by being conservative. Therefore, both will have a tendency to resign in the knowledge that the opposing double probably has a solid foundation. Each player then begins to lower his standard for doubles. To counter this, both begin to accept doubles on lighter values, and gradually the doubles will become conservative again.

Picking up discards

When an opponent picks up from the discard pile, or when he discards a low card, it is a warning in any gin-rummy game that he has a pretty good hand. In regular gin-rummy you may expect him to knock shortly; in doubling gin you may expect him to double.

Therefore you may occasionally counter by picking up a discard or two yourself—just to discourage a double. But this is a losing practice unless the card you pick up gives you a possible play.

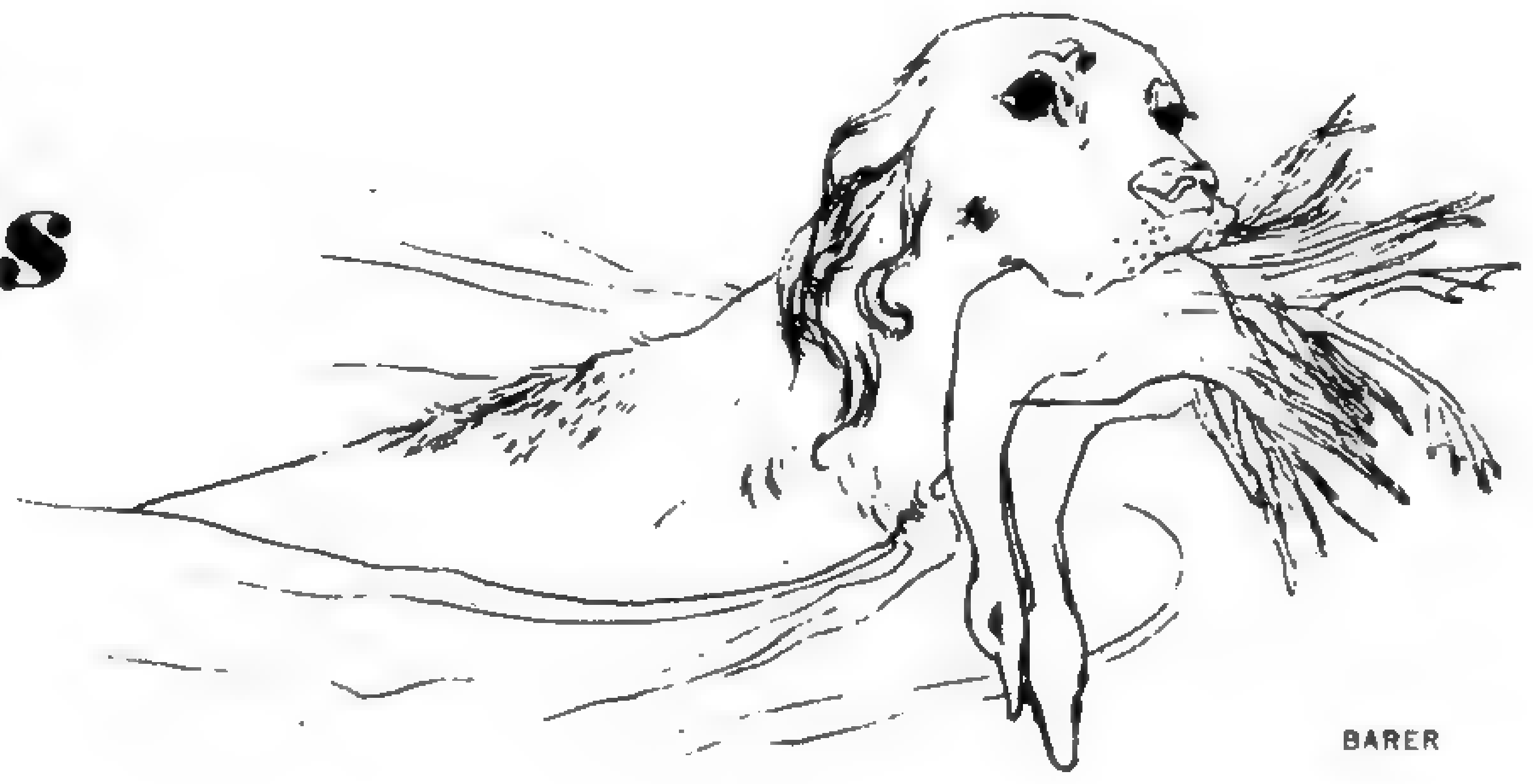
For example, your opponent has picked up a discard, and now he throws a low card. Your hand is:

♣ Q-10 ♠ 10-9 ♥ 8 ♦ 8-7 ♥ J ♠ 6 ♥ 3

If your opponent's low discard was the ♦ 4, don't pick it up; if the discard was the ♥ 4, take it. With your ♥ 3 it gives you a possibility as well as making the opponent think twice about doubling.

Holding ♠ K-J ♥ J ♠ 8 ♥ 7 ♦ 6-4 ♣ Q ♥ 3, if the discard is the ♥ 8 you wouldn't pick it up in regular gin, but it's good practice to take it in doubling gin, for the psychological effect. You have a bad hand and want to make a show of strength if you can do so without actually weakening your hand. #

Smart Dogs and Scientists



Stories of an airedale, a collie and some retrievers proving a power above instinct

by RAY P. HOLLAND

When a man owns a smart dog, he is very likely to believe he owns the smartest dog in the world. At the risk of boring his friends he will make you listen to the many smart things this dog has done, and he will generally end up by insisting that his dog can reason. Most scientists claim that no dog can reason.

Once I was arguing this with a very learned friend of mine named Oliver, and he came back at me like this: "Man is the only animal capable of reasoning. He alone has the power of comprehending and inferring. The great gulf between man and brute is best marked by the power to reason in the one and the lack of that power in the other. No animal except man has the ability to trace out the implications of a combination of facts or suppositions. Some otherwise intelligent men hold the erroneous opinion that the canine brain has the power to seek an end through a means. Piffle! It's ridiculous. No dog can reason."

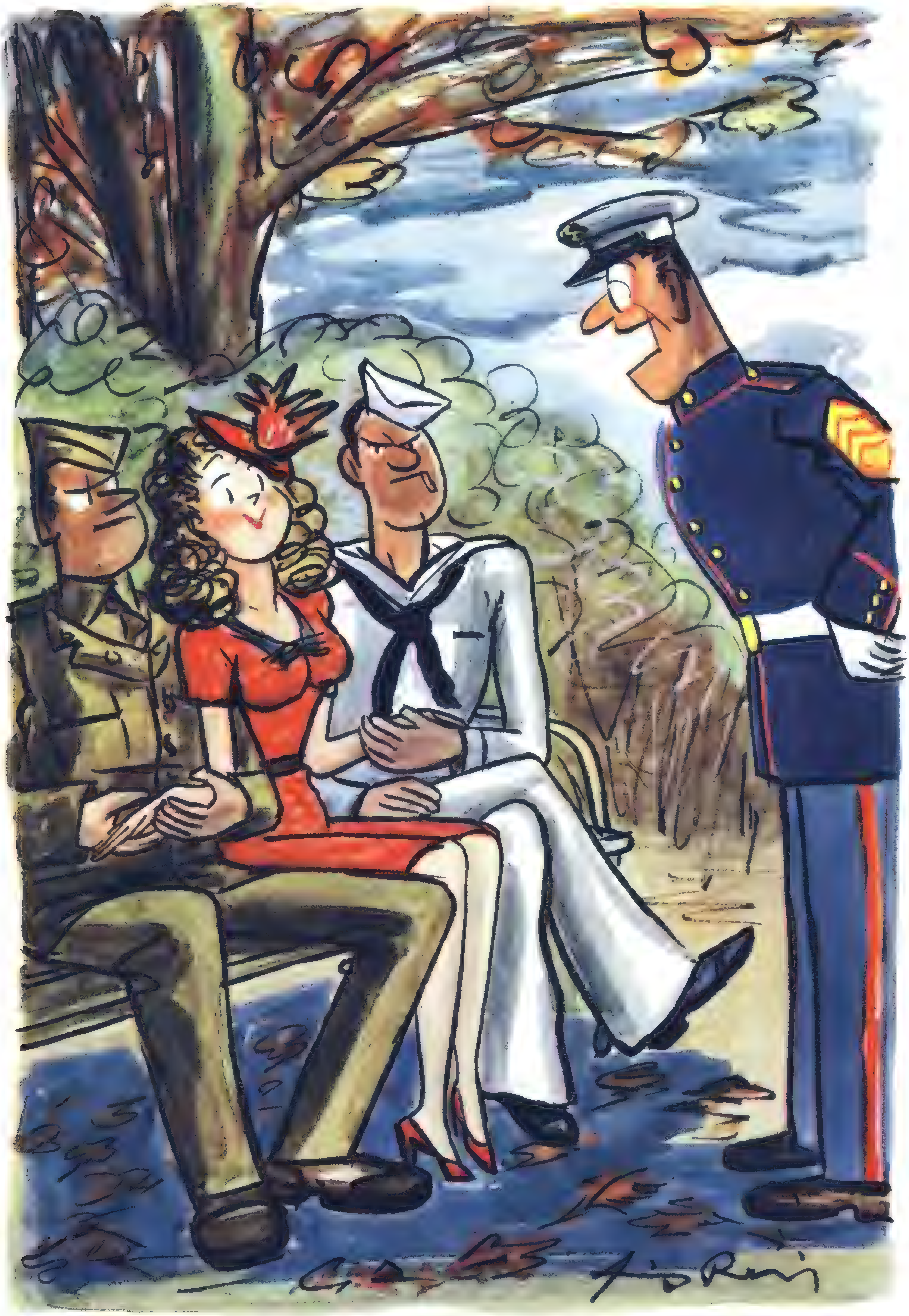
I passed. I didn't even produce one of my pet stories to prove I had seen dogs reason things out. It was easier to talk about the weather. I believe that dogs are smarter than any of the other domestic animals. I have had a good deal of experience with horses. The smartest horse I ever saw fell way short of some of the dogs I have known. In the main scheme of things both have to be taught by man, but the smart dog will occasionally figure things out for himself and do something that man didn't or couldn't teach him. Whether this display of intelligence constitutes reason from a scientific standpoint I will leave to the trained scientist. I know what I think about it.

One of my friends, who owns a good bird dog, always tells that Sport barks at all the delivery boys except the butcher boy. I don't think this shows any great degree of intelligence. Even the neighborhood cats will gather if you clean a fish in your back yard. All dogs will learn the habits of the household and act accordingly and the many stories based on some act of the master can be discounted.

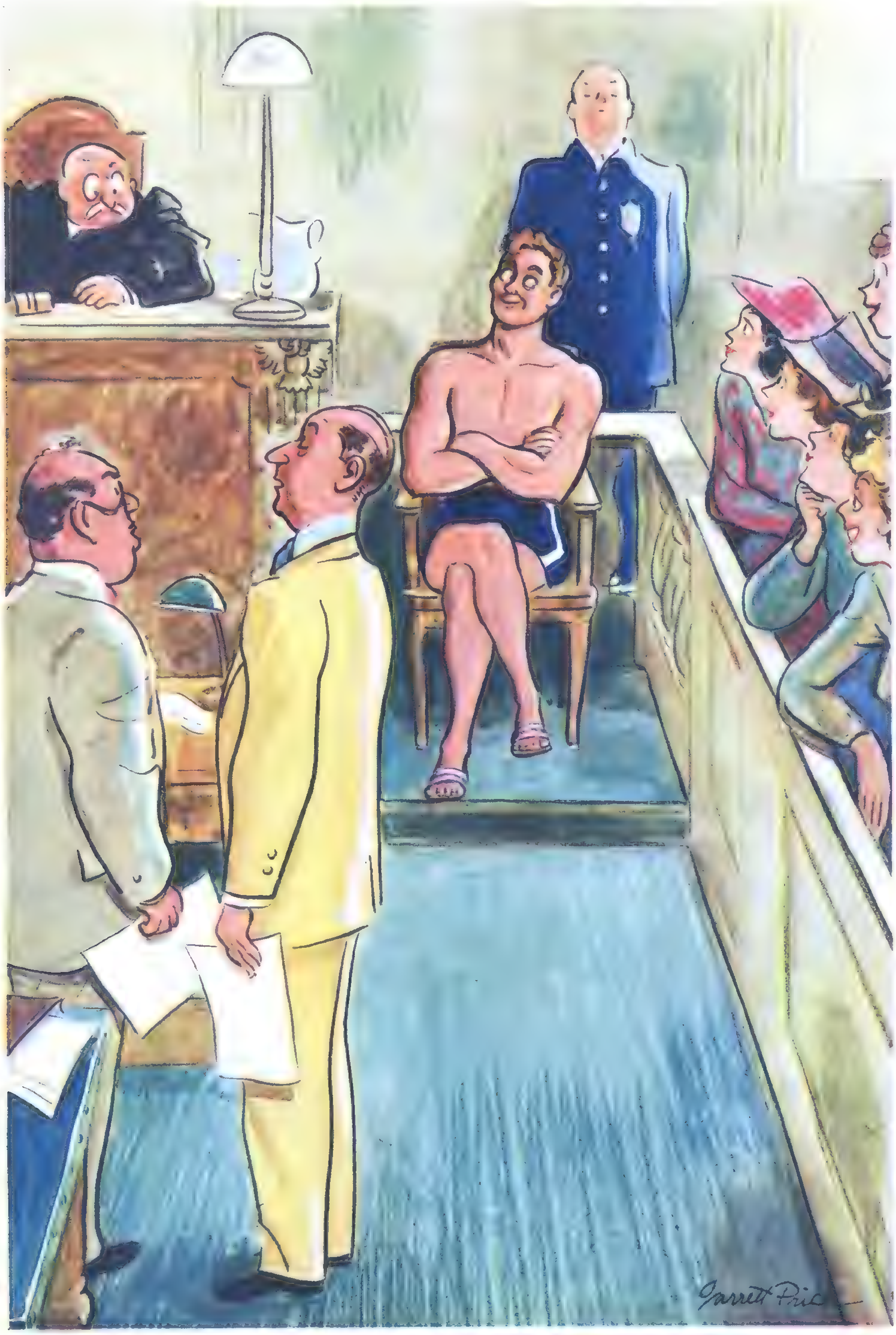
My next door neighbor insists that whenever they talk about spending the day in the country their almost-cocker spaniel goes right out to the garage and stands by the car until someone opens the door and lets him in. The owners of this dog like to believe he understands everything they say. That's fine. I believe he saw them getting ready for that trip to the country. He had seen them get ready a good many times and he knew what was coming and that he was going to go along.

Through the years I have owned and known many dogs; a few have been smart ones. The majority depended upon training, instinct and laws of self-preservation. But *(Continued on page 194)*

"Don't get so excited, dear—after all, it's just a fish"



"If you pick a marine, baby, you get a soldier and sailor all in one handy package"


Garrett Price

"What makes you think I'm trying to influence the jury?"

12
9
3
6
GRAND SWELL TASTY
SOAP
BARER

Radio's stout defender argues point for squawk against Paul Gallico's critique

The Case for the Commercial

by GILBERT SELDES

In the May issue of Esquire, Paul Gallico attacked American broadcasters for the way they allowed news broadcasts to carry commercial messages. It was eloquent, almost violent; and, to my mind, inaccurate. As I work for a broadcasting system, I did not feel justified in using my pages here for a reply; but the Editor of Esquire overruled my doubts.

The *facts* that follow were gathered by the research department of the Columbia Broadcasting System; the *general* position in regard to commercial messages is the one held by CBS (and I have no quarrel with its basic philosophy, having put on record my feelings about commercials five years before I ever worked in radio); finally, the *personal opinions* expressed are my own.

I. What did Gallico hear and where did he hear it?

He complains that the news, at the time of our supreme effort in Europe, was used as a hook, to catch the listener's attention which was then focussed on the commercial message; that the message was tricked out to sound like the news; that offensive or trivial commodities were tied into reports of the gravest and most tragic events of our time.

He heard these things "on the air." He condemns broadcasting for permitting these things. He does not quote time and place and station call-letters. It is like denouncing the publishing business because you read something "in a book." Radio is familiar with this kind of indiscriminate and unidentified attack; its executives know that when people say "radio" they think first of the 919 commercial broadcasting stations in the United States which are thrown in the face of radio as a whole.

I can't, therefore, know where Gallico heard what he reports; he mentions "radio chains and individual stations"; but I do know where he could *not* have heard it.

II. The record of a network.

Ten years ago, the Columbia Broadcasting System barred from its programs all advertising of laxatives, depilatories, deodorants, and other such products. It did not challenge the worthiness of these commodities, it questioned only whether advertising them in a medium which went directly into the home was appropriate. If the answer had been favorable, CBS might have earned some 2,000,000 dollars a year in additional revenue. Other networks and some independent stations followed the lead of CBS. There are still commercials for laxatives and deodorants on the air; but at least there is one place where you never hear them.

At about the same time, CBS cut down the amount of time permitted to the commercial. Exact standards were set up and the advertising time of every sponsored program is entered in a log. You may think that some programs are overboard on their commercials; one program may put all its commercials together, another may divide the time. But there is an overall limit—which is scrupulously observed. For a half hour program in the evening, the allotted time is exactly three minutes (less for news programs).

Shortly after Pearl Harbor, CBS issued some further regulations, directly affecting news. The total commercial time was cut to twenty per cent below that permissible on programs other than news; the length of the opening commercial was limited to forty seconds, the middle commercial was hedged about with other conditions, and finally it was stated:

"No commercial shall be in the form of a jingle or any other device manifesting undue gaiety, humor or excitement, and no commercial shall be so read or so placed in a program as to be mistaken for 'news'."

Out of twenty-five sponsored newscasts a week, only three use a middle commercial; it comes in after six minutes of news (or after all headline events have been reported) and *is specifically separated from the news.*

As for the commodities advertised, they are the products of the following manufacturers:

Admiral Corporation (radios, etc.)
American Oil Company
Curtiss Candy Company
General Electric Company
B. F. Goodrich Company
Hudson Coal Company
Johns-Manville Corporation
Johnson & Johnson (first aid-products)
Parker Pen Company
J. B. Williams Company

And these sponsors, already cut twenty per cent in their commercial time, have of their own accord used less than their allotment by ten per cent.

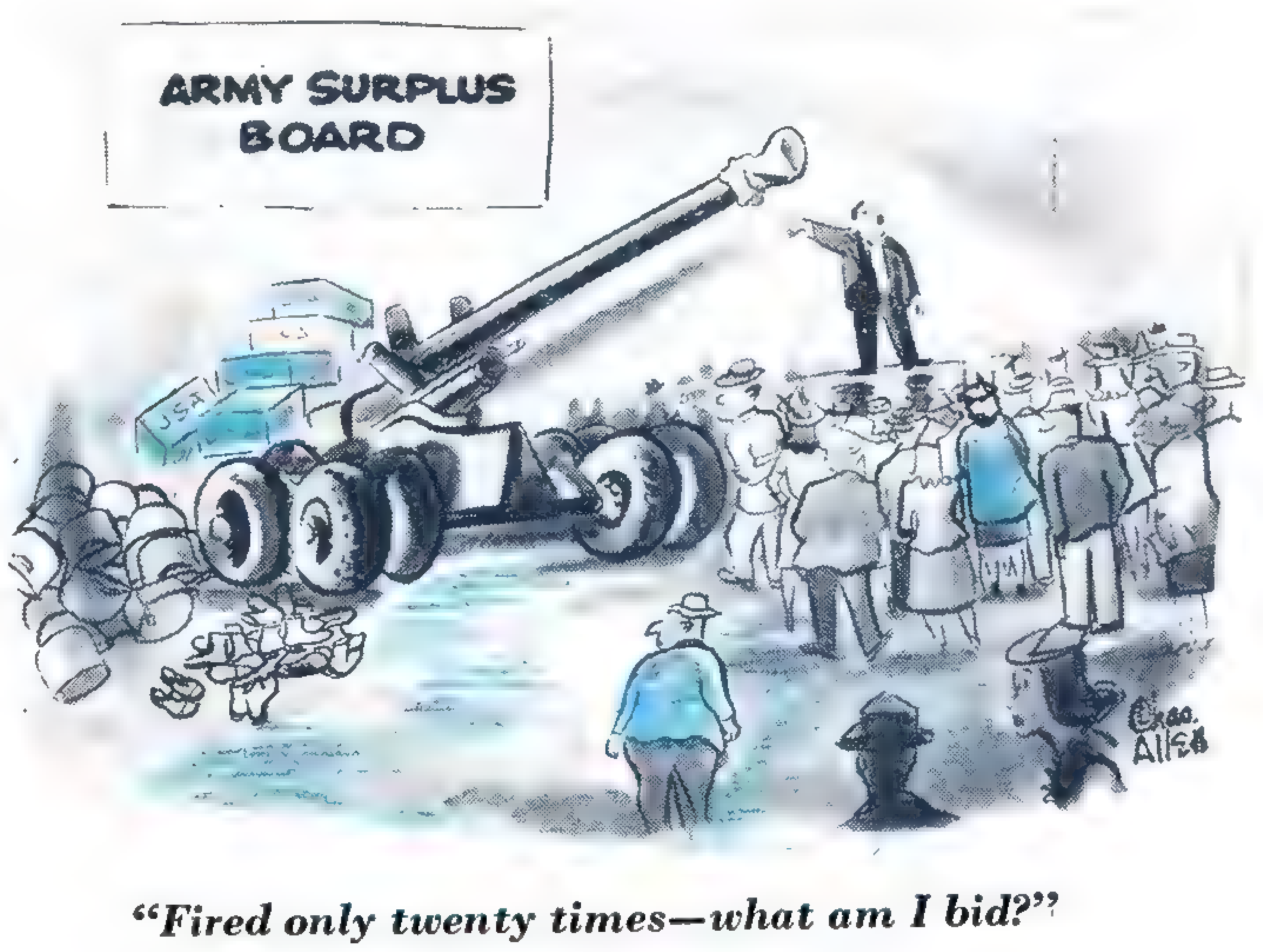
The total news time on CBS on April 8, 1945 (a day chosen because it carried more news than any other day that week, and because it preceded the publication of Gallico's attack) was one hour and twenty minutes. Of that time exactly nine and one-half minutes were taken by commercial messages, or less than one-eighth of the time.

III. "But I heard it."

Neither CBS nor any other network is, or aspires to be, a dictatorship. Each network (except Mutual, as the name implies) owns a few stations; the rest are affiliated, owned and managed independently, usually by citizens of the local community. The network can set a standard and prove that it works; it cannot impose morals or manners on independent enterprises. That can only be done by the people directly affected.

IV. The commercial is an ever-changing organism, adapted to changing circumstances.

There is, in fact, no such thing as "*the* commercial." There are a hundred different types. You have heard singing and dramatized commercials; there are some that extol the product beyond all



"Fired only twenty times—what am I bid?"

credulity and some that gently kid the product. There is "institutional" advertising, like this which, in a few verbal variations, is heard five times a week, on CBS:

"ANNOUNCER: It is now 6:45 Eastern Wartime by the self-starting General Electric Clock.

"This is the General Electric news program—the World Today, news radioed direct to you by the men who see it happen and presented by General Electric, leader in radio, television and electronics.

"Now here's John Daly, your General Electric news editor. Mr. Daly."

Here are the two commercials on a five-minute news spot:

"ANNOUNCER: 8:55 Eastern War Time. And 'Ned Calmer and the News'—brought to you by the Parker Pen Company, world's foremost maker of fine pens and new, pen-protecting Parker Quink. Quink alone of all inks contains solv-x. It cleans pens as it writes—protects metal and rubber—guards against failures.

"MR. CALMER: (NEWS).

"CLOSE.

"ANNOUNCER: And now, some timely advice on keeping your pen out of the repair shop. You see, Parker Quink proves most pen failures can be avoided. For Quink is the only ink containing solv-x. It prevents metal and rubber breakdowns caused by high-acid inks ... cleans pens as it writes. Brilliant, smooth-flowing Quink costs no more than ordinary inks. Get Parker Quink ... Q-U-I-N-K ... today! 'Ned Calmer and the News' is brought to you by the Parker Pen Company every Saturday and Sunday night at 8:55 Eastern War Time."

Commercials in the daytime have special characteristics; they are spoken to women who may be doing housework at the time, so they take a little longer and the closing may repeat the opening; commercials intended to influence immediate purchases (soap, foods, cosmetics) are different from those planned to establish and keep alive a name (GE, Chrysler, U. S. Rubber, etc.). Commercials on the Durante program differ in tone from those on the Philharmonic series. And so on.

The thing to be sure of is that the commercial changes, from year to year, almost from day to day. As I have said, its duration and, in part, its subject matter, were changed by CBS; advertising agencies have invented new approaches; the physical setup and the economics of broadcasting have created opportunities (for instance, a thirty-second break between two successive network programs is needed to give engineers time to join or leave the network—and this time is locally controlled and may be sold—so a type of succinct message develops, saying (*Continued on page 159*)

The Boxers of M. Voltaire

Louis Bromfield unwittingly proves you can't serve literature and café society

by SINCLAIR LEWIS

Pleasant Valley by Louis Bromfield, Harpers, $3.00
Plainville, U. S. A. by James West, Columbia University Press, $2.75

PLEASANT VALLEY, which is Mr. Louis Bromfield's report of the charms and the growth of his farm in Ohio, a book that is at once his *Walden* and his *Manual of Etiquette for the Nobility and Gentry*, will have been published for several months before this review comes out, but I hope that it will still be selling, strong and lusty, for it is not only an agreeable summons to the soil but worth studying as a literary tragedy.

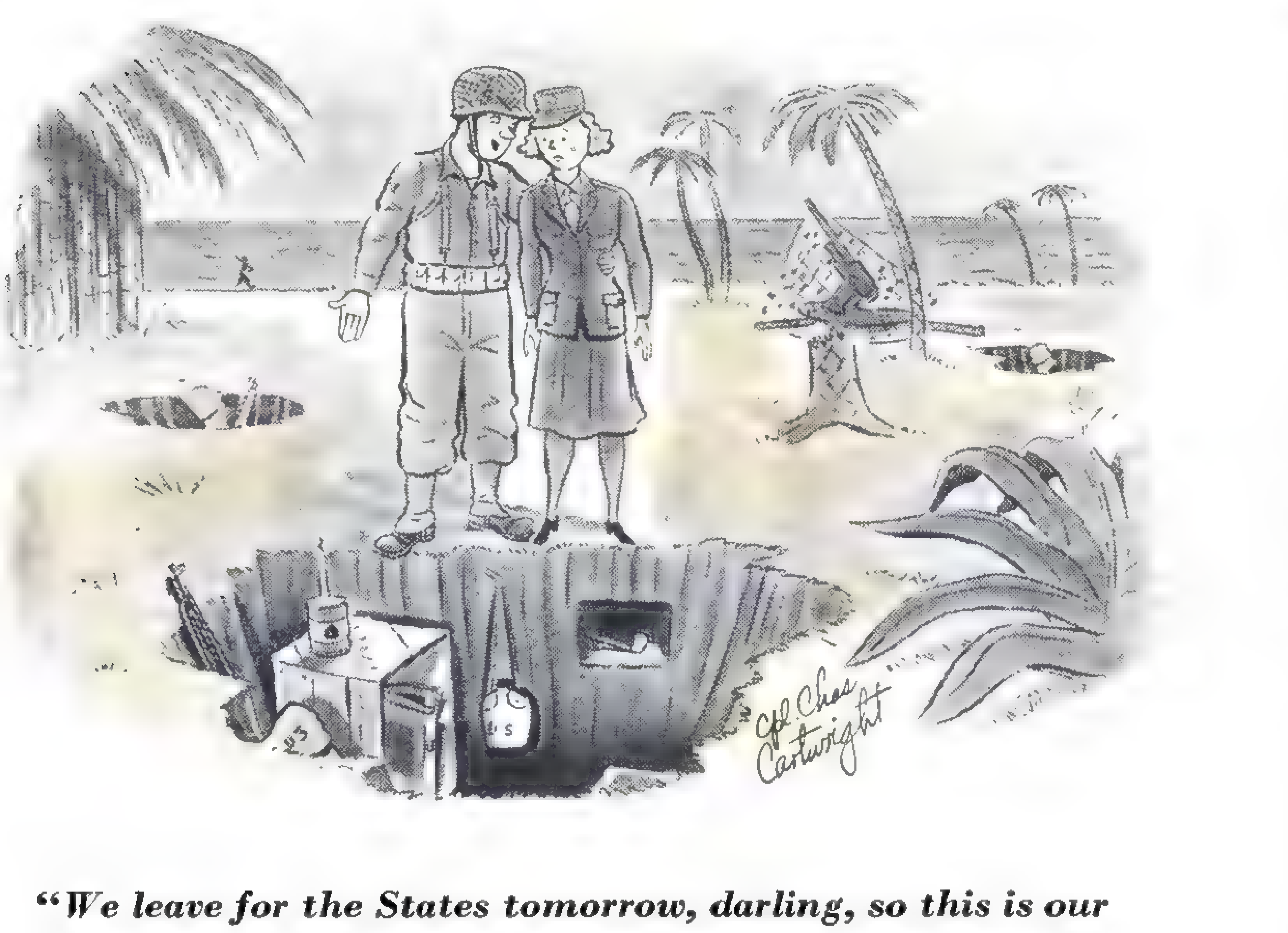
Apparently Mr. Bromfield has wanted three things in life. He has singularly achieved one of them and done well at the second and the two together have mauled the third to death.

First, he has wanted to be, however synthetically, a Great Country Gentleman, right out of Washington Irving, with merely a trace of Michael Arlen. Over the Ohio claret, merry rabbit-hunting ditties must rise round the guaranteed antique festal board. The vehicles of all the neighboring patroons must be noticed at his door, and to the peasantry he murmurs democratically, "Though it is obviously absurd, *I* think you're just as good as I am. I shall show you Ohio farmers how to farm and how to appreciate Ohio, just as I showed the French gardeners and politicians how to hedge. But you need not go on calling me 'Your Grace.'"

In this enterprise he has evidently been successful. He bravely discarded all the dull conventions of architectural integrity, by cleverly making his new house look a hundred years older than it was, and he took the curse off having to be an American merely living in America instead of decently living in France by making the principal apartments "vague nostalgic copies of similar rooms in the house in France."

At Malabar—the name of his place reminds us that though Mr. Bromfield is now the farmingest of all American farmers, he has also lived in India and been elegant with rajahs—at Malabar, he explains, "There had to be rooms for business agents, for political and literary people, for actors and actresses, for visiting foreigners, for foresters and farmers and professors and just plain friends." He has, it seems, always streamlined his Gracious Living. When he lived in France, "There were always people staying with us. ... Sometimes, on Sundays, as many as fifty people came to lunch. They came from all parts of the world, every sort of person, of every race, creed and color." And, on Sundays, "Rolls-Royces and automobiles labeled *Corps Diplomatique* stood before my door."

No, no, he didn't keep a restaurant. All this was because he was a writer and "made lots of money



"We leave for the States tomorrow, darling, so this is our last look at the place where we spent our honeymoon"

and my books were translated into every language in Europe and even into Chinese and Bengali."

Even in America, he explains, he once had five hundred and four people for lunch. Unfortunately his book came out too early to chronicle also the wedding of Humphrey Bogart and Lauren Bacall, which to date has been the loftiest social event at Malabar, the Cliveden of Central Ohio.

Now all this is pleasant and enviable, and with it has run Mr. Bromfield's second ambition—to be a good farmer, and to leave the earth richer. Here, for chapters at a time, he forgets to be money-making and famous and Lorenzan and a buddy of Elsa Maxwell; he forgets to remind you how much he knows about Spain, artichokes, Pétain, the monetary system, French artillery, and conditions in Sweden and Syria.

He loves the land, the streams, the shadowed hills, the fresh springs, the small creatures of the woods. There is a zealot's joy in his discussions of farming, and even an incorrigible city man can enjoy his essays on mulching, fertilizing, contour plowing, and the soil-robbery of the pioneers. And just there is the tragedy: that, with the enthusiasm and perhaps with the power to make an enduring book, a true *Walden*, he should have cluttered and botched it with all the pert vanities of the money-grabbing, socially-climbing, Paris-Broadway-Hollywood literary gent. He did not listen to the quiet of his own fields and of his own heart. Into the valley he had to drag columnists and business managers and five damn big noisy boxer dogs. He could not forget, for more than a few pages, that Louis Bromfield is a slick Hollywood hack . . . and, as he informs us on page 26 and, to make sure that we notice it, again on page 31, that his great-grandfather visited Voltaire at Ferney. He does not inform us whether great-grandfather was ever invited there, or just parked his Rolls-Royce (labeled *Corps Diplomatique*) at Ferney and butted in, nor what Voltaire thought about the whole business anyway.

"Do you like the way I arranged the bookcase, dear?"

Mr. Bromfield might have made the book moving and solid and memorable, but his third ambition—to be a writer as well as a Country Gent—is in danger of being destroyed by erosion. Once, in novels like *The Green Bay Tree* and *The Strange Case of Miss Annie Spragg*, he promised to rank with Hemingway and Cather and Dos Passos, but he grew tired of being the priggish sort of writer who thinks that it is of some importance to write. He has shown such instability that I warn his fellow-farmers at Malabar not to expect to see him around much after 1946.

But this instability has injured his literary topsoil no more than has his simple egotism. Here are a few of his self-appreciations in the book:

"I contributed (to Malabar) knowledge not only of agriculture, but also of world and market conditions with which my profession and political and economic interests constantly brought me in touch."

"I have acquired a humble stock of experience and wisdom and humility. . . . I have made a great deal of money. (On at least three pages—50, 64 and 89—he reminds us how much money he has 'made,' not necessarily by counterfeiting). . . . I take no credit for being motivated by wisdom. . . . These, I am aware, are tall thoughts . . . whether I die in the big house I built or whether I die in a cottage with only an acre of ground around it, there will, at least, be no bitterness and no envy, so long as I have a couple of dogs and a garden and that huge stock of adventures and memories."

Wouldn't it be plain hell if this great-grandson of a man who visited Voltaire, with all that wisdom and humility, were to die on one acre instead of suitably and enjoyably dying on a thousand acres? But the Republic couldn't ever be that ungrateful.

To a working writer, these probably harmless vanities are less chilling than the picture of the conditions under which Mr. Bromfield writes at Malabar—if he does write there; if he ever writes in any place now except in the Hollywood which, he explains, has financed this entire Eden. He has just one room of his own, he says, and this is bedroom, study, farm office, workroom, sitting room and headquarters for five doggies. Five boxers live there and sleep there with him. They are rather large dogs and "as they come rushing out they are likely to scare people to death," and "wherever I go on Malabar, five or six boxers go with me." And—despite the boxer peril—there are constant human visitors in his room: farm experts, magazine scouts and other inspirational aids to the art of composition.

In this madhouse, Mr. Bromfield tries to turn out enough fiction to keep on building henhouses.

I'm sure that he has become an excellent farmer, but if you hear that a surgeon is now so busy even with such activities as the Navy League or bond-selling that he does not take time for his operations, and several patients have died on the table, then you do not consider him a great patriot—you consider him a scoundrel.

Yet Mr. Bromfield is not a scoundrel. There is in him and his good eyesight and his enthusiasms a potential power. His book is so full of repetition that one suspects he has been too busy with the boxers even to read over the manuscript. As an example, on page 198 he writes, "We did no more than transfer the composting process from the compost heap into the topsoil of our fields," and no farther away than the next page he echoes, "The compost heap, in other words, was transferred from the pit or shed to the topsoil itself." Yet so endearing is his love of the land, so eloquent his hatred of a life divided between factory and tenement, that someday he may forget about his cash and his ambassadorial buddies, write a book in which Malabar and not Mr. Bromfield is the hero, and come nearer to Thomas Hardy than to Alexander Woollcott.

In the new book, I hope that he will tell us what the whole gaudy show has cost him, so that we lesser white-collar workers may know whether we shall ever be able to afford a hundredth of such glory. (Thoreau did it, in dollars and cents. His year in paradise cost him twenty-five dollars and twenty-one and three quarter cents.)

That new book may help to make a wiser nation. It may lure all kinds of men and women from Megalapolis to a quiet that, honestly, can be enjoyed without a guard of five boxers to protect you against the squirrels.

It would help Mr. Bromfield in recalling what unhurried work is like to read a new book called *Plainville, U. S. A.*, by James West, an anthropologist. Mr. "West" spent a year and a half studying, as impartially as though it were a Pacific isle, the people and customs of a village of two hundred seventy-five in the Southern Middlewest. He reports, with a quick and easy style that makes these details as fascinating as village gossip, upon their occupations, finances, sex manners, family squabbles, religious ways, and what the young people do and want to do.

The real name of the place is not Plainville and the author's real name is not James West. He wants to present the facts for themselves, not for the glorification of the author.

James West, we recommend you ardently, even though Voltaire and five hundred and four other equally famous persons, each with five boxers, never came to visit you on a Sunday; even though you are so simple that, in studying America, you can take it straight, without painting it up to make it look French or make it look a hundred years older than it is.

It will be well to remember *Plainville, U. S. A.* and to think about the advantages of studying two hundred seventy-five people for a year and a half, instead of skimming through a hundred and thirty million people in a year, when the Big Boys, the journalists with hair on their chests, who formerly tossed off books on Europe, begin to slide through America and to write, with astonishment, that this country really seems to be quite large.

The Lord loves a man like James West, who is not contemptuous of his work—which means that he is not contemptuous of himself. ###

The threat of race discrimination prompts a consideration of the theatre's future

First Nights & Passing Judgments

by GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

ONE of the alarming aspects of our contemporary theatre is its race prejudice and racial discrimination. To observe the theatre of a democratic nation, whose chief tenet has always been that all men are born free and equal, discriminating against whites in favor of Negroes is a matter for some concern. The discrimination is increasingly unmistakable. It is also in a way understandable. But the prospect remains, if things continue at the present pace, that the day may come when one will have to go down to the Barter Theatre in Virginia to see a white actor on a stage.

The situation, to repeat, is nevertheless intelligible. The Negroes have proved themselves and have fully earned their estate. And the first peculiarly to agree are the very whites who are in danger of being ultimately ousted by them. It was these whites, for example, who on a committee composed of actors, producers and critics of their own race at the end of last season awarded the Derwent prize for the best performance of a supporting player not to a white actor, but to the Negro, Frederick O'Neal. It was ten out of sixteen of these whites among the reviewers who again subsequently singled out from white actors for highest respect in that same category that same Negro actor, and who further in part endorsed Alice Childress, a Negro actress, above such white actresses as Catherine Proctor, Doro Merande and Catherine Willard; and Hilda Simms, the Negro actress, above such whites as Carol Stone, Mary Welch and others.

Paul Robeson in *Othello* drew crowds to theatres both in New York and all over the country for more than a solid year, and Canada Lee in *The Tempest* helped to establish a New York record run for that play. The applause that greeted Bill Robinson in *Memphis Bound* was immensely louder than that which greeted either Victor Moore or William Gaxton in *Hollywood Pinafore*. And were the connoisseurs talking at the time of any of the pretty white girls in the shows around town? Not noticeably. Their enthusiasm in a pictorial direction was reserved for Sheila Guys, who appeared along with Robinson in the aforementioned *Memphis Bound*, and who is the comeliest colored girl seen hereabout since Wini Johnson floored the same connoisseurs a couple of years ago in *South Pacific*.

Lena Horne, another beauty, was prayerfully but vainly sought by half a dozen producers last season and at length has been triumphantly captured by another for a show this season. Oscar Polk, whenever he appeared on the stage, has received notices, even in the minor roles he played, often far superior to those of the white actors in the same companies. The American Negro Theatre, situated up Harlem way, has proved to be the most interesting of all the experimental groups and the whites have had a hard time trying to attract equal notice to their own similar enterprises.

Porgy and Bess and *Carmen Jones* have been hailed with an enthusiasm denied the great majority of white shows; Ethel Waters in *Mamba's Daughters* was originally a sensation, and continues still to fetch in audiences on the Subway circuit; Ammons, Johnson and Catlett, the boogie-woogie pianists and luxe drummer, brought down the house at Billy Rose's *Concert Varieties*, as did Katherine Dunham and her colored dancing troupe, whereas Eddie Mayehoff, Zero Mostel, Imogene Coca and suchlike whites left it cold.

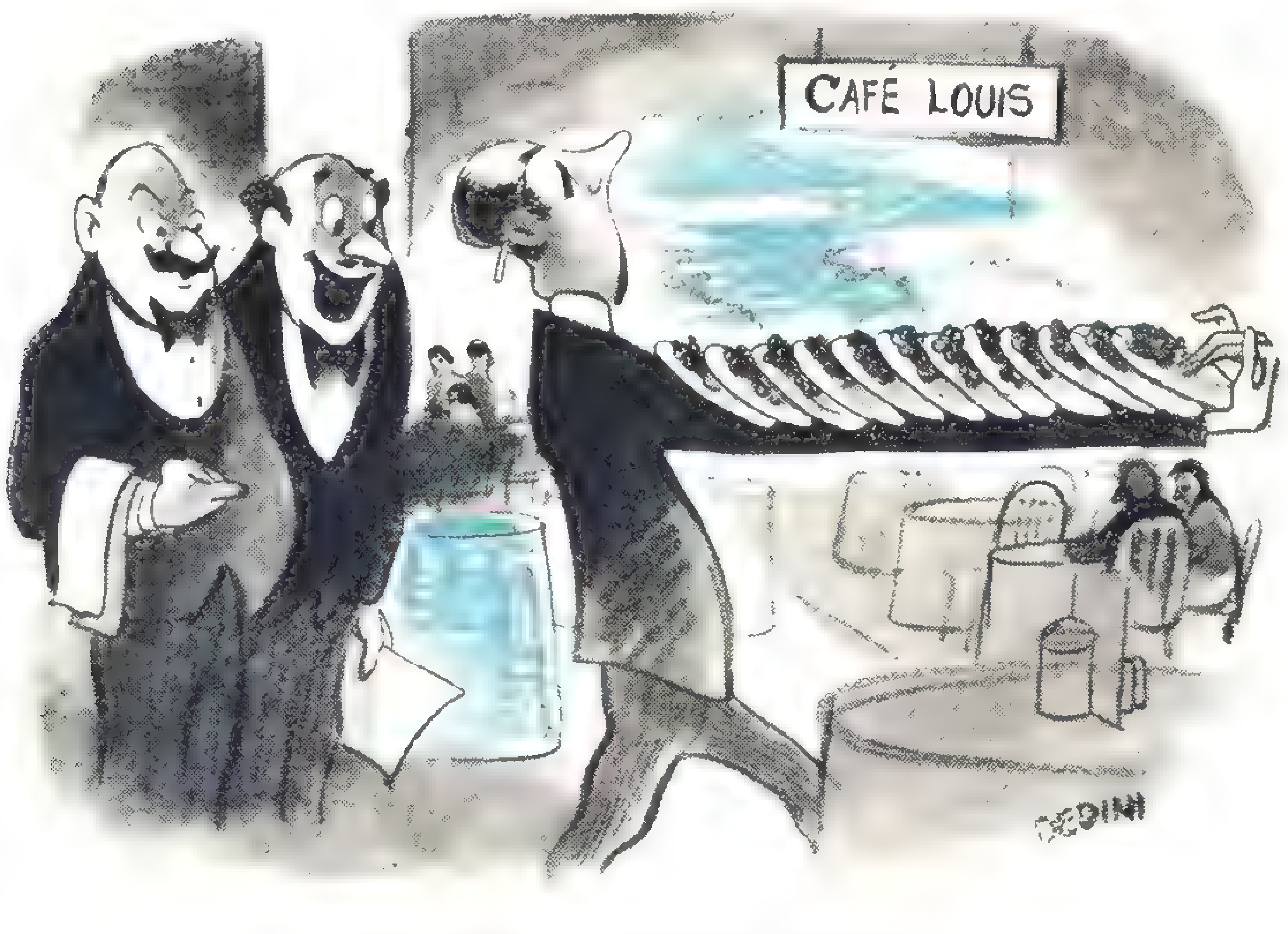
Dance teams like the Berry Brothers and singing teams like the Charioteers and the Inkspots occupy our stages, and to handclapping that can be heard down the block. Colored musicians purvey their swing and jazz to audiences who avidly eat them up. *Anna Lucasta* was one of last season's biggest successes. Fats Waller's music and the colored Jeni Le Gon put over *Early to Bed* the season before. The only characters in plays like *Decision*, *Men to the Sea* and *No Way Out* which Caucasian audiences have found to be in the least sympathetic have been the Negroes in them.

One of the most moving scenes in Sidney Kingsley's prize-winning *The Patriots* was that in which Thomas Jefferson's Negro servant figured. Another was that in *Outrageous Fortune* involving the white heroine's colored maid. And among the most prosperous comedy scenes in plays like *Chicken Every Sunday*, *Dear Ruth*, etc., are those involving colored actresses.

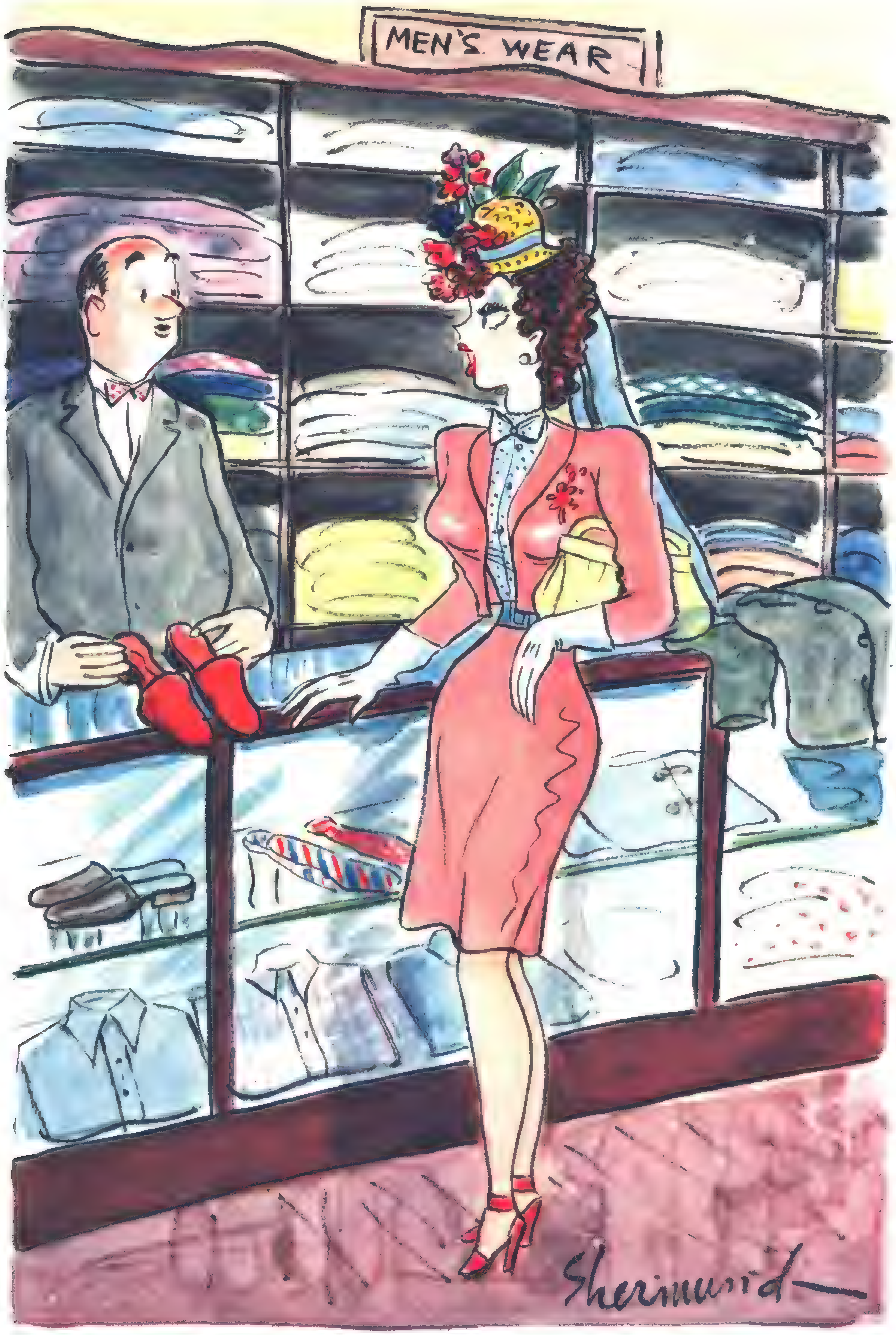
The outstanding item in *Bloomer Girl*, and by common consent the most successful, is the Negro singer Richard Huey. Avon Long, whatever show he appears in, seems to stimulate an audience no end. Ada Brown, Anne Brown, Etta Moten, Edith Wilson and various other such colored warblers regularly prove to be hits. The Delta Rhythm Boys are wows; plays about Negroes, like the Negro Richard Wright's *Native Son*, draw heavy trade; and the customers can't get enough of Josh White.

White plays dealing sympathetically with the Negro like, for example, *Harriet*, are warmly embraced by audiences and score long runs. "The Act—the Fugitive Slave Act—makes fugitives of American decency and honor! Think what it means, Harriet! Think what it does to the rights of the human being; not just to the slave, but to you, and me, and the man down the street! If I permit a freezing Negro to sleep in my barn—if I so much as give him a crust of bread, I am a criminal!" And the house cheers its head off.

Where it will all end is not easy to foretell. Ethel Barrymore, if she wishes to retain favor, will probably have to go back and revive herself in her old colored role in *Scarlet Sister Mary*. Lenore Ulric, after a stretch of failures, may again have to try to find herself in the chips by digging up her old Negress role in *Lulu Belle*. Walter Hampden, to preserve himself, may have to black up and team with Dooley Wilson, who always has good jobs and who goes over big. If they revive *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, Little Eva may perhaps more acceptably be played by Butterfly McQueen, who got such notices when she last appeared on the New York stage as have more usually been bestowed upon Lillian Russell and General (*Continued on page 162*)



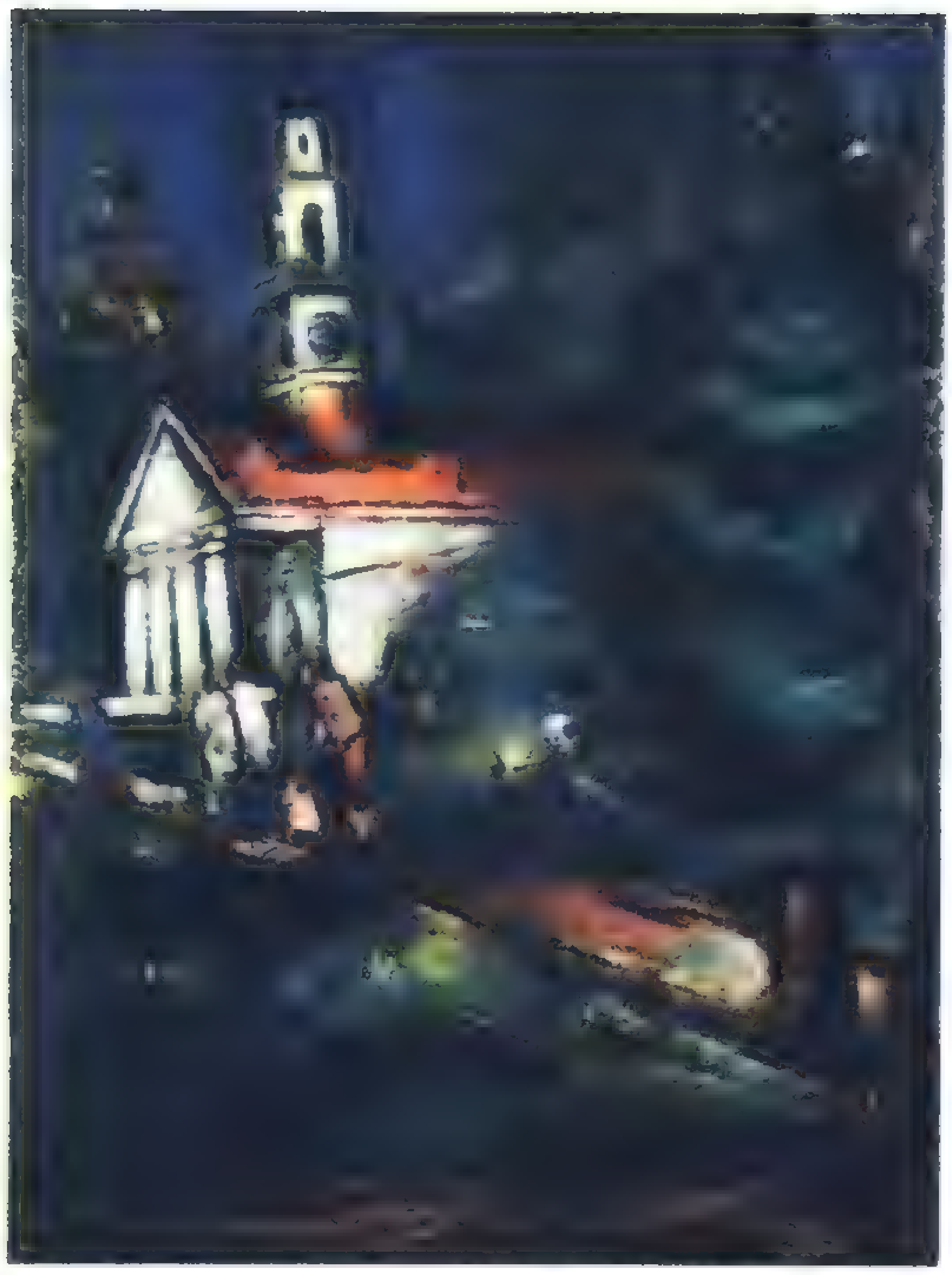
"Simpkins is indeed a find!"


MEN'S WEAR
Sherman

"What makes you think my husband stays home nights?"

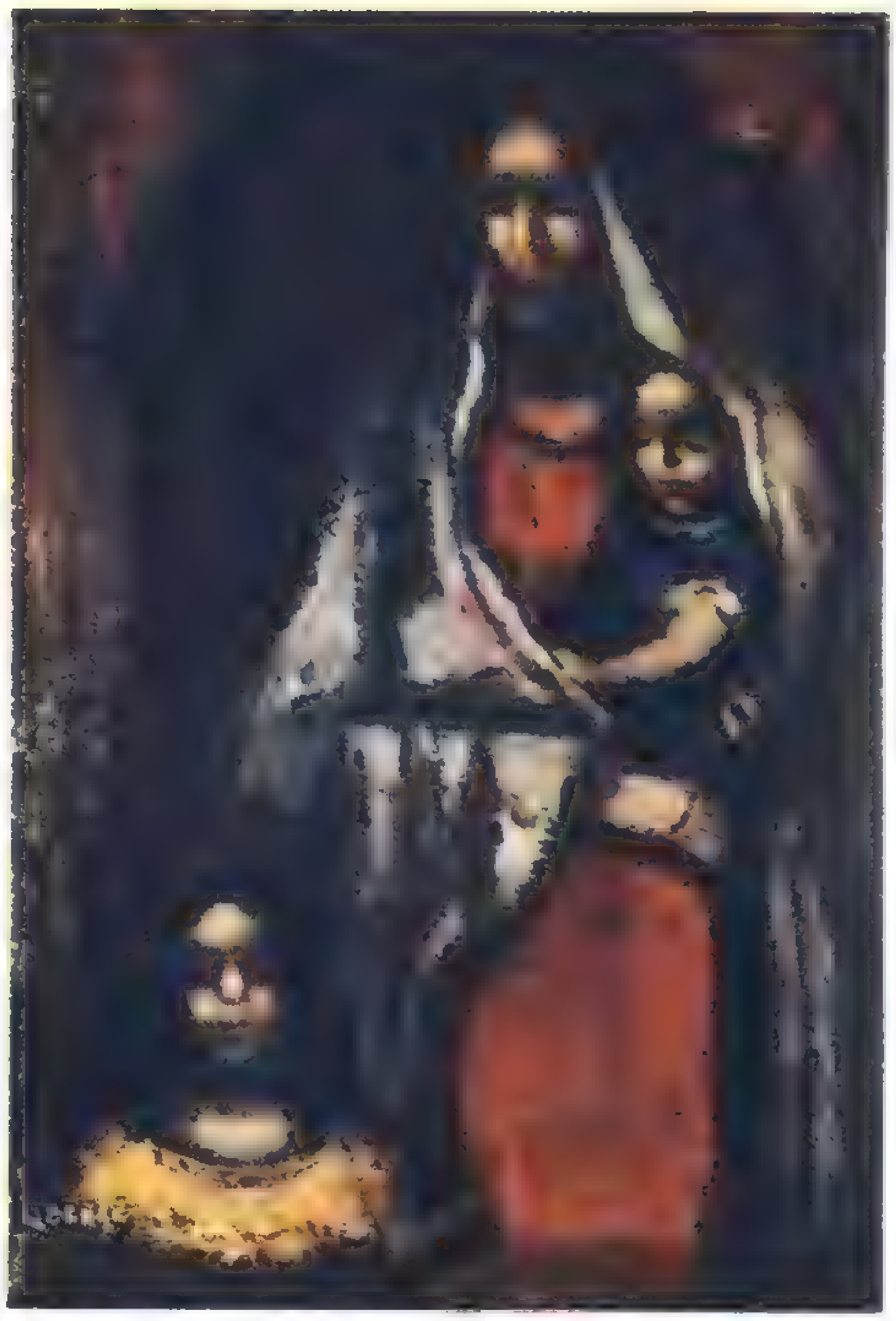
A Group of Paintings

by JEAN LIBERTÉ



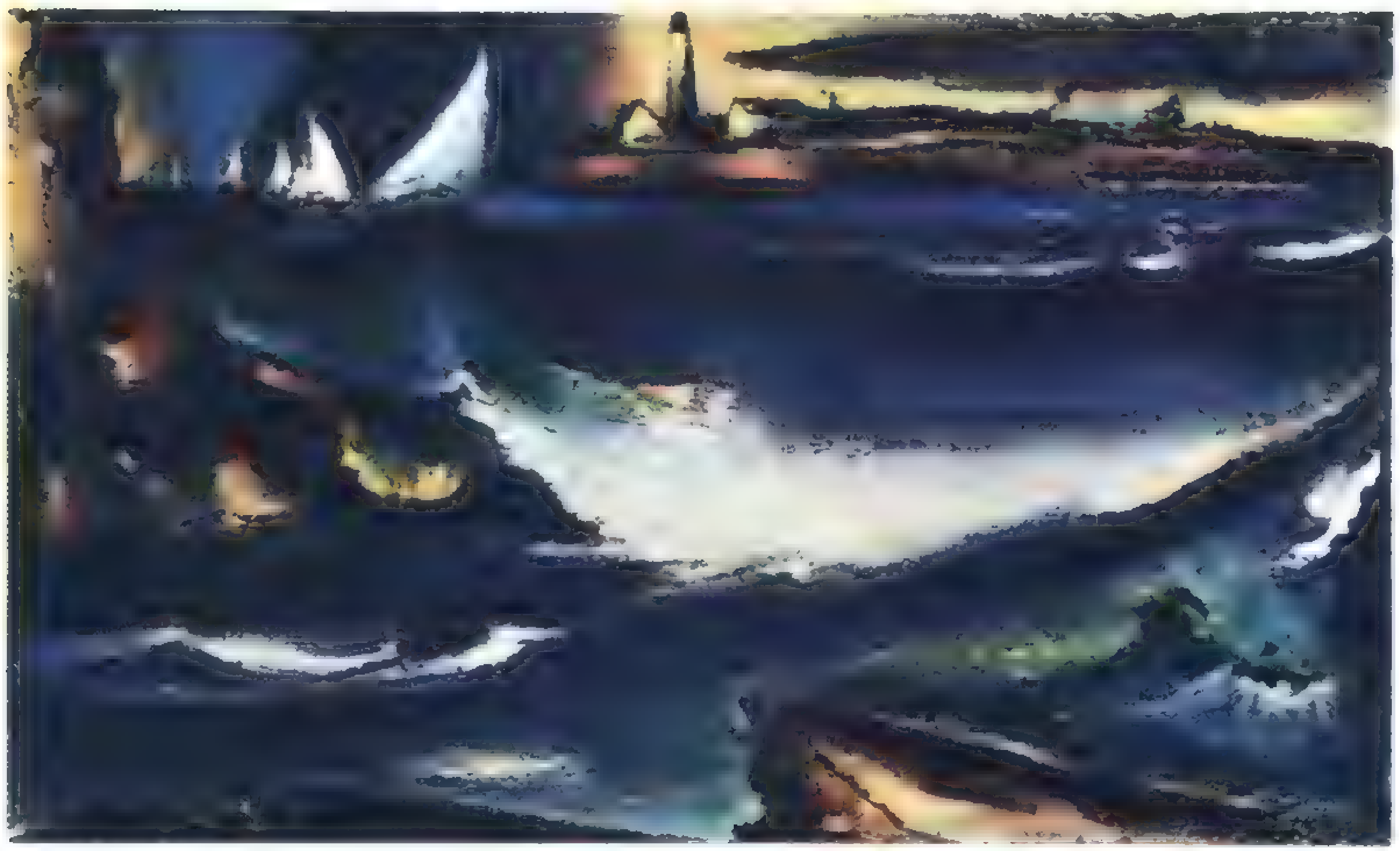
OIL (24" x 32") **NEW ENGLAND CHURCH**

This free translation from rapid sketches of a church in Worcester was done largely from memory. Liberté added the pine tree and figures simply for the sake of linear design.



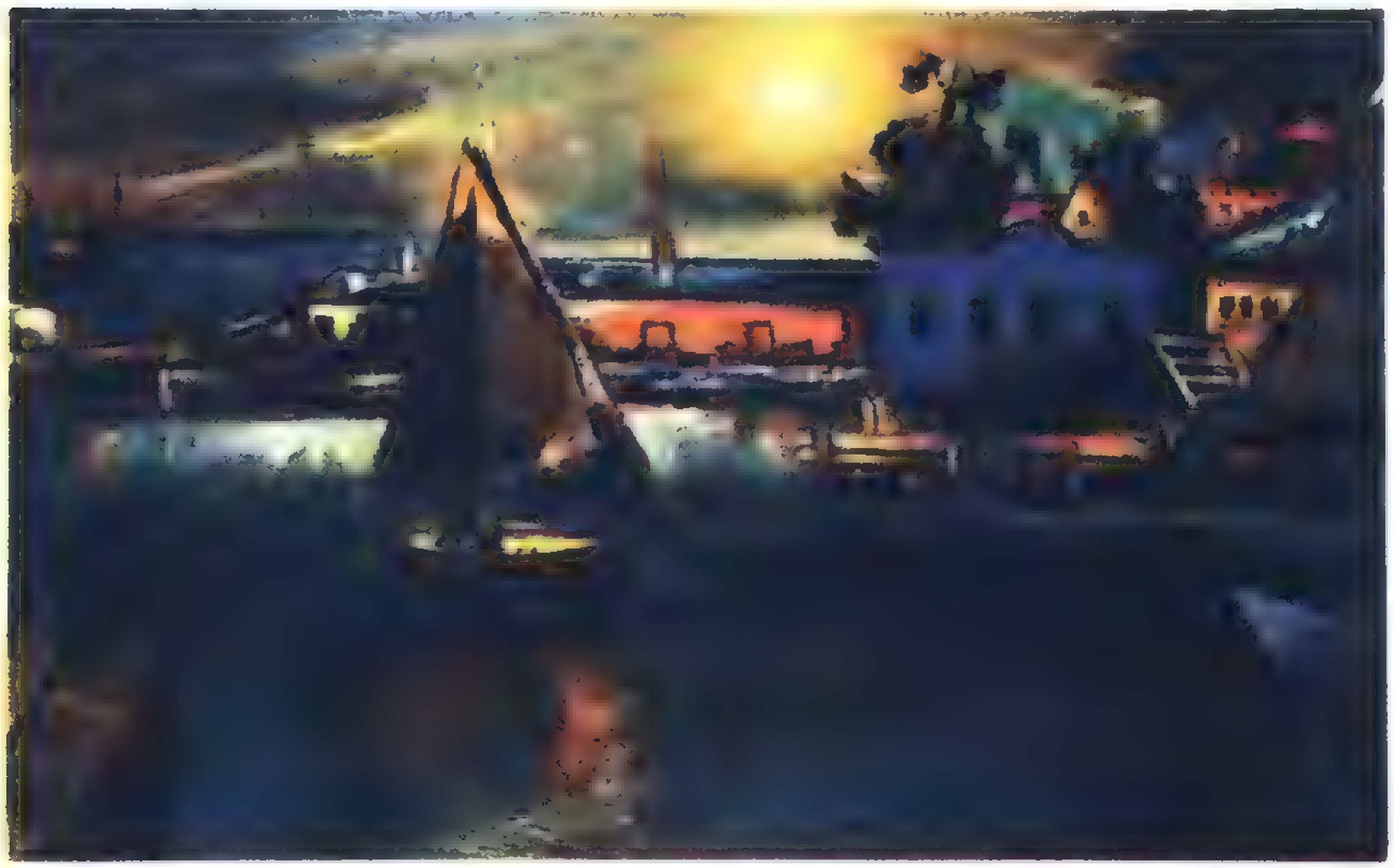
OIL (8" x 12") **MOTHER AND CHILDREN**

Liberté was struck by the beautiful composition of a group sitting on the stoop of an East Side tenement. Later he painted them against an imaginary landscape.



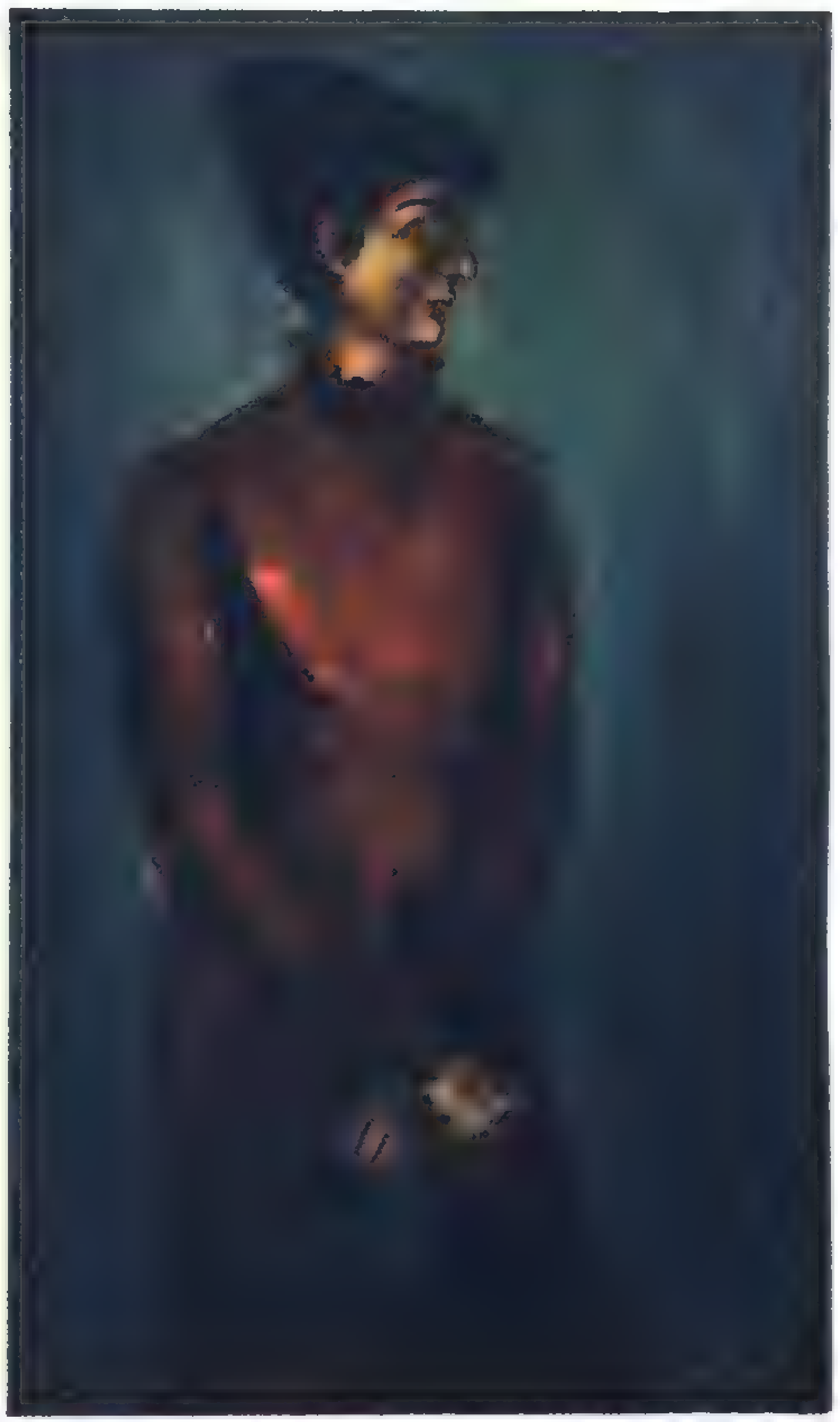
OIL (26" x 16") **ROCKS AND SEA**

This theme—what happens to a wave as it breaks against a rock—is one of Liberté's favorites. In the Pigeon Cove section of Rockport, Mass., he made notes only of the forms of rocks and developed the full-dress theme afterward in his New York studio.



OIL (39" x 25") **SUNSET, GLOUCESTER**

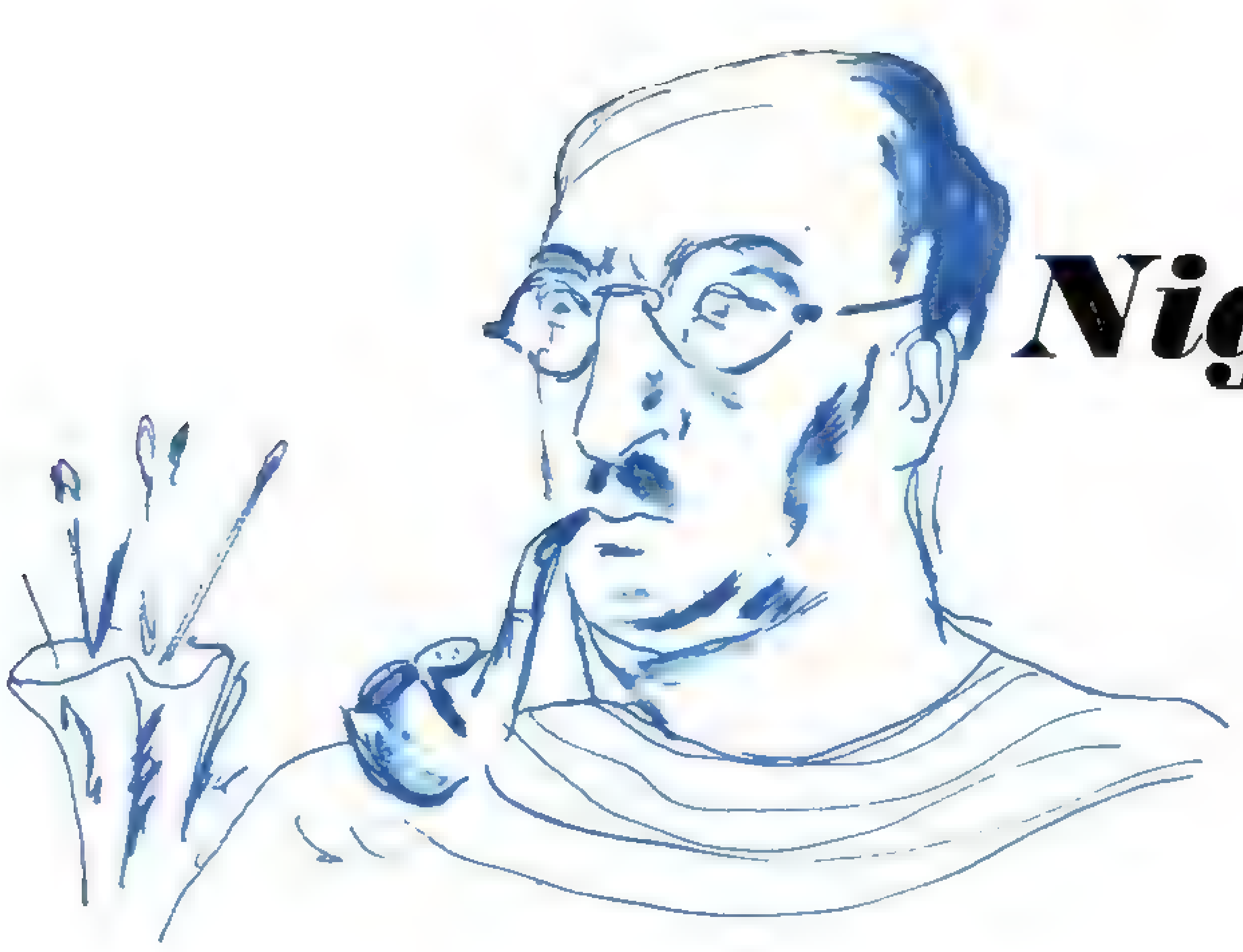
This painting, done in the artist's New York studio, is based on some quick pencil sketches and rough color studies of the Gloucester waterfront. Liberté accented the play of light upon water, the large boat and buildings against the sun, to show the feeling of oncoming night.



OIL (30" x 50") **ARTIST'S WIFE**

The artist and his wife, Ruth, had returned from a costume party, where she wore an old dress of red velvet and a flat velvet hat. He captured her mood of serenity in a sketch, had her pose again for the final canvas.

Reproduced through the courtesy of the Babcock Gallery, New York City



Night Blooming Artist

Nocturnal seascapes are Jean Liberté's favorite subject and his intellectual paintings are slowly, carefully wrought

by HARRY SALPETER

Jean Liberté's paintings are night themes, night thoughts, night meditations. He is poet of the night. We who remember blacked-out cities can recall the mysterious possibilities that seemed to reside in the looming forms of blocks and towers. Light dissipates mystery. Liberté restores and intensifies it in his night paintings, which is the particular kind of romantic he is. Night simplifies and enlarges objects and merges the incidental into the significant. Night adds mystery and invites mysticism. In the perspective of the night, a cluster of simple farm buildings, for example, takes on majestic proportions and a little field acquires the spaciousness of a vast meadow, while at the beach, the thunder of the surf in the night speaks threats absent in daylight. Disney played with this idea, in reverse, in *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs*, when he showed that the gleaming, threatening eyes of forest animals in the night belonged, in the light of day, to playful, friendly creatures.

Liberté plays upon themes of the night because night has played also on his nerves and on his sensibilities. He is a New York night owl. He comes to life at night. When, for example, he paints a sunset the canvas tells us not so much of the light that is vanishing as of the night that is coming. When he paints a portrait it looks as if it had been painted at night because it was painted at night. The center of the reality that can be perceived easily must struggle to hold back the night shadows which threaten to engulf it. For this reason Liberté's paintings do not always reproduce easily. In a double sense, his paintings have the smell of the lamp; in the secondary sense, because they are not immediate, spontaneous productions, but are carefully, slowly and studiously wrought, layer of paint upon layer of paint, until the artist has achieved upon the canvas—as he himself has written—an effect comparable to that of molten lead. That is this artist's accent. The defect of this special intellectual and technical emphasis is that sometimes you are more conscious of the paint which is on the canvas than of the objects into which the paint should have been translated.

A part—not the whole—of Liberté is explained by the masters at whose shrines he has burnt his candle. Albert Ryder's love of the sea and of the night and his joy in the manipulation of paint, thick gobs of it, so that sometimes you have to peer closely into the recesses of the canvas—these qualities also are in Liberté. He has looked also at Georges Rouault and in several of his canvases has paid tribute to the French master and to the shadows in which he partly dwells.

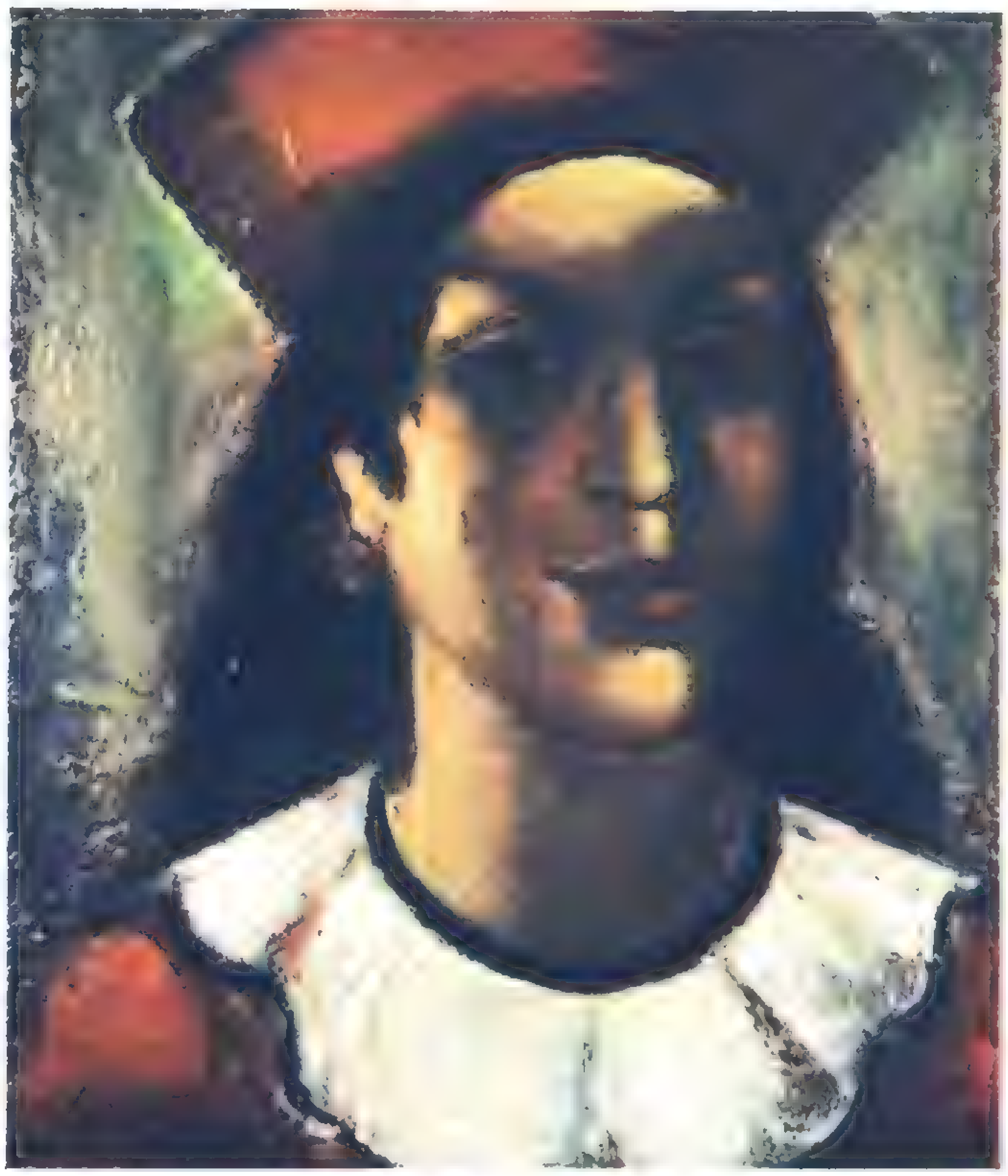
Liberté is a human, impulsive and generous-hearted person and when he admires a master he does so without reservation, completely. The development that comes with time and thought will bring him to that fork in the road from which he will branch off on an independent path. There is something of his best friend among American painters, Joseph De Martini, in Liberté's work and there was a time when one could not be too sure that a canvas was by Liberté, and not by De Martini, but that is no longer true. The fullness of Liberté's devotion is perhaps best illustrated in the anecdote of his confirmation. He was born Lewis Liberté and around the age of twelve, in homage to the great French painter, Millet, one of the heroes of the creative world about whom he had been reading at the East 110th Street Library, he took as his saint's name that artist's first name, Jean, and today he is generally known as Jean Liberté, or as L. Jean Liberté.

As he himself has put it, in general terms: "A study of the works of the old masters gave me a sense of structural design, from others I gained knowledge of chiaroscuro and from some of the modern masters I learned the function of color as plastic form." The qualities he sought were in painters like Rembrandt and El Greco, painters of the spirit, as against, say, the brassy, robust, daylight Rubens. Indeed, Liberté looks upon a daylight scene instructed by knowledge of its night aspect, for the night has taught him what to shut out, it has given him lessons in the distinction between the monumental and the trivial. It is right to see the good in your chosen specialty; but the admiration which we may feel for Liberté's work, and which it justly earns, should not blind us to the fact that his universe is only a partial view of it, and that there are merits of a sort in the sunlit aspects.

He works best from nine in the evening until dawn. If you are a daylight person yourself and have business with Liberté, do not trouble him until later afternoon, at the earliest. His friend De Martini recalls the time when both were guests at Yaddo, where rules required eight o'clock breakfast. Liberté, yawning, would wonder why he was so tired. He had been working until three that morning!

Liberté's conditioning to night life and a night view of the universe started at the age of eleven, in 1906, when he began working for a milkman who made deliveries between midnight and seven. Then the young man went to school, P.S.83 in East Harlem, and after school there was homework to do and there awaited him at the public library that wonderful world of books in which he read chiefly about painters and composers and Greek and Norse mythology. By eight in the evening he was in bed and by midnight he had started the next day's routine. He kept this job for two years and has been earning wages, of one sort or another, ever since, up to and including the period of his approximate arrival as a recognized American painter.

Upon graduating from public school, around 1909-10, he entered upon the rough equivalent of a normal New York boyhood; he went to work on a day job, as an errand boy (*Continued on page 181*)



OIL (11" x 13") **CYNTHIA**

The daughter of a neighbor on West 16th Street, she is interested in art, enjoyed looking through the painter's art books and posing. Liberté was able to work directly on canvas and liked most her childlike simplicity.

For those who cherish a similar dream, a story of one man's retreat to an island

Small-time Robinson Crusoe

by RUFE DAUGHTREY

LAURITZEN

I WAS down in Florida doing a series of stories on tarpon fishing when the idea of turning Robinson Crusoe came to me.

It was during the carefree era between wars when I was on a fishing trip with a bunch of pot-bellied, heavy-eating, hard-drinking businessmen. I was heartily bored with these companions of mine, sick of the smoke-filled night clubs we'd been "doing," tired of myself.

Our guide on the fishing trip had forgotten to fill his spare water jugs and put in at a deserted island to remedy the error.

The island was just a speck of sand in a rolling waste of green water. It was perhaps three miles long and a mile wide, overgrown with native cabbage palm and matted with undergrowth. About midway of the island there was a spring of fresh water which flowed down to a creek and thence into a little bay or cove.

It was there that my great idea was born. I would turn hermit. I would isolate myself on that island where there were no night spots, get down to essentials and live like Robinson Crusoe.

Of course, I was in the nebulous stage of being half drunk at the time or I would never have considered such a notion.

That night, back at the hotel, I was so excited I couldn't eat supper or wait to get started. I decided that the only tools I would need were a camp ax and a hunting knife.

Rolling down to the waterfront, I found a barefoot commercial fisherman who agreed to transport me to my island in his putt-putt launch. I told him I was going to meet some friends there.

Well, he nosed as close inshore as he dared, I took off my shoes, rolled up my pants, waded ashore and waved good-bye as his putt-putts died away in the darkness.

I had brought my bottle along and I finished off what was left in it. By that time I was getting sleepy so I settled myself under a rustling palm and snored away the night.

A hot Florida sun beating down on my face awakened me. My head ached, and the very thought of my Robinson Crusoe project made me ill. I lurched over to the creek to get a drink of water. The water was salty and I had to walk nearly half a mile to the spring.

Then I went back to sleep, comforting myself with the thought that I would head back to the resort hotel and tell nobody about this foolishness of living a hermit life on a desert island. It was not until I awakened again in late afternoon that it dawned on me that I had no way to get back to civilization.

Fifteen miles from mainland, I painfully remembered our guide's remark that nobody landed on this island for years at a time.

So I went down to the shore and built a tremendous bonfire, hoping the smoke might be seen from some passing boat.

I smoked halfway through my last cigarette before I realized that it was my last. Hastily I extinguished it, tenderly squelching the flame to save as much tobacco as possible. Then, after a miserable half hour of tormenting myself with the thought that my cigarettes were gone, I said, "What the hell?" and relit the last of my smokes, puffing on it until my fingers were burned.

Sadly and numbly I took inventory. Assets were two nearly full boxes of matches, my pocket knife, hunting knife and the camp ax. I decided my few coins and rumpled greenbacks would count as liabilities until I got back to civilization.

I wasn't hungry. Lack of cigarettes and a consuming worry about how I was going to get off that island occupied my mind.

I spent the afternoon vainly scouring the horizon for a boat. When the sun sank into the sea, I lay down disconsolately under the palm where I had spent the first night and dozed off, to sleep fitfully.

When I awakened next morning, it seemed to me that my mind was sharper than in years. With some surprise I noted that my feeling of hunger was far greater than any desire for a cigarette. Wanting a drink didn't even occur to me. I wasn't exactly a babe in the woods in going into this thing. I knew that Florida is one of the few places left where a man can live off the land and I had recently done a story about a hermit fisherman who had been doing just that for years.

For one thing, there is Florida's native palm. The heart of this palm is nourishing and delightful in taste. The average palm will furnish two meals for two people. It is hard work to chop through the layers of fronds around a palm to get to the heart, but half-an-hour's work with my little chop ax did the job. This was breakfast and plenty left over for dinner and supper.

Again during the day I tramped around, scanning the sea for signs of a boat, burning with the desire to get off that island. That night I slept on the banks of the spring. I made this my headquarters because it was my only source of drinking water.

Next day I began to wake up to the hard fact

BROWNING

Fortune of a Ballerina

On the left, Miss Sono Osato in the flesh and in plaster. On the right, a fine study of her hands. Miss Osato is usually photographed with emphasis on her feet since the young American star first captured the raptures of the public with her ballet work, first with the original Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo and later with the Ballet Theatre. In 1943 her dancing bits in the Broadway musical, One Touch of Venus, *shone so brightly that her next show,* On the Town, *boosted her to a singing-dancing-comedy lead. In this sprightly collection of smart youngsters she plays the role of the girl chosen "Miss Subways." Pure talent to her finger tips, Miss Osato's hands show the disciplined grace of the ballet dancer, something of that creative force she generates like fireworks, something of the lean wit of her mind and smooth roundness of her body.*

that my dream of playing Robinson Crusoe was becoming cruel reality. My only hope was to build some sort of craft, equip it with a sail, catch a fair wind and beat my way to the mainland. And this would take time.

Meanwhile I was getting tired of heart of palm. It is good food, but tiresome as a steady diet. I had no way to catch fish but it occurred to me that there might be oysters.

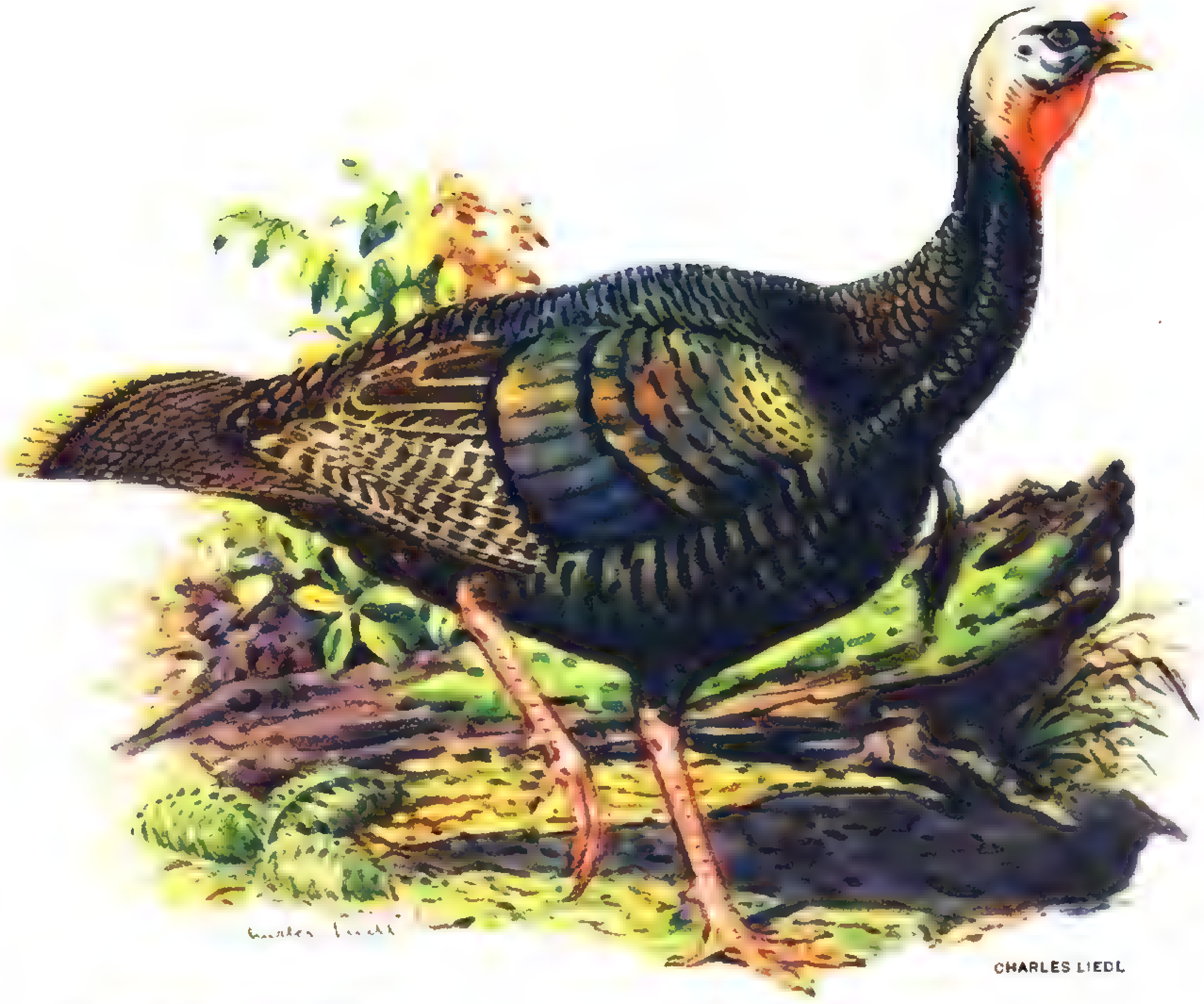
So I waded out into the little bay at the mouth of the creek and there they were—plenty of oysters. I gathered all I could carry and spent the next hour happily opening and eating oysters.

And then that afternoon I got my first real taste of life in the primitive. It rained. Not just a shower, but two solid hours of steady downpour. Luckily, however, plenty of preliminary lightning and growling thunder had warned me in ample time to cache my precious matches in the secure dryness of a hollow oak.

I had no shelter but did the best I could by bunching palm fronds on top of my head for protection. Thus forcefully was it impressed on me that I stood in need of man's second great necessity—shelter. When the rain ceased I started immediately to remedy this lack, deciding my best bet was to erect a crude shelter at first. A more elaborate dwelling could come later.

For my first shack I cut four small posts of mangrove wood, driving them into the ground so that they formed two pairs of inverted V's, like the openings at either end of a pup tent. To make walls I laced poles horizontally, lashing them to the upright posts with the fibrous strands torn from palm fronds.

Lashed to the poles by their own fibers in layers like shingles, the palm fronds themselves covered the shack. My tent-shaped shelter was open at either end, about five feet high, six feet wide and ten feet long. The whole job took only a few hours, and by that time food was becoming a problem again. I was getting heartily tired of heart of palm and oysters and would have given all the money in my pocket for just one hamburger sandwich with pickles, onion, mustard, lettuce, tomato—all the trimmings.


CHARLES LIEDL

The Wild Turkey

The wild turkey is as native to America as maize and red men and by many hunters is considered king of all game birds. This hardy bird is found in the eastern United States, ranging from Pennsylvania to Nebraska, to eastern Texas, and south to the Gulf. Strong wings will carry the plump bird away from danger spots in an emergency, and lift him to his nightly roost in the top of huge trees. However, the wild turkey puts more faith in his legs, which can carry him off at considerable speed or sneak him quietly under bushes. Still relatively plentiful, this bird holds it own against gun sights and natural enemies, such as wildcats and cougars. The wild turkey can be domesticated—but reverts to wild life with great ease. He shows no more enthusiasm for being featured at Thanksgiving feasts than does the barnyard gobbler.

I was still trying to figure some way of getting fish. Having no fishhooks or nets, I decided that my best plan was to build some sort of trap.

Near the mouth of my little creek, I noted that big mullet swam in great plenty. Further, several of the small bays were flooded at high tide and drained almost dry at low tide.

Across the largest of these pockets I built a fence of small mangrove posts with room left for a gate in the shallow channel. This gate cost me a deal of work and trouble, but I finally made one of criss-crossed poles lashed together by palm frond fibers. Believe it or not, the whole project worked perfectly. The first receding tide left me a half-dozen beautiful mullet.

When the water had drained to a shallow mud pool, I waded in, scooped up two of the larger fish and left the others. Since the pool did not drain completely, there was always enough water left to keep the fish alive until the next incoming tide.

I could hardly wait for my first meal of fish.

First I tried to broil one over an open fire, impaling a morsel on a sharp stick. This wouldn't work because when the meat began to cook it fell off the stick. And a three-pronged stick wasn't much better. Finally I solved the problem by wrapping my fish in palm leaves and covering them with burning coals.

At last I had one ready to eat and closed my eyes in mouth-watering anticipation. The first bite was a shock—I had forgotten about salt. I solved this problem—not very satisfactorily—by sipping sea water from a shell as I ate my fish.

So far I hadn't done anything about a boat because I had been too busy building a house to live in. It wasn't much of a house but it would be a lot more comfortable than my sleeping shelter. It was built four-square of poles with palm frond thatch for walls and shed roof. Its single room was about ten feet square and floored with mangrove poles. Palm fronds served as my sleeping couch.

Carefully I had hoarded my matches, not wanting to test my ability to build a fire without them. Now that I had started cooking fish, I decided to keep a fire smoldering all the time, and a rainproof stove or furnace seemed indicated.

In the spring and along the course of the small stream there were plenty of rocks. Selecting suitable stones and using clay from the creek bed for mortar, I shaped up a small, crude furnace.

I built it out in the open, about ten feet from my shack, and ran up a small smokestack to make the fire draw. The fire bed was topped by a wide, thin rock. On top of this I built another wall about ten inches high and covered this by still another wide, thin rock so that it formed an oven.

This stove served the purpose, though it took an eternity to bake a fish. Stoked with a big chunk of dead oak log, it would still be smoldering next time I wanted a fire.

By this time I looked like a wild man from Borneo. My beard was a fierce, scrubby thicket. My shirt was gone, long since ripped to ribbons by the undergrowth of the island. My white duck trousers were white no longer and I had cut them off above the knee when the lower extremity became torn. I had gone barefoot almost from the first and by now my feet were tough as leather.

I was in perfect health and hadn't had a day of sickness since arriving on the island. In the something like six months that I had been there, plain diet and exercise had taken off thirty excess pounds. An active life of rambling about the island, climbing trees to look for boats, swimming in the ocean and generally keeping busy had built new muscles into my body.

The thought of wanting a drink never occurred to me. Desire for a cigarette nagged me off and on for weeks but finally I got to where I never thought of it any more. I had lost exact count of time before I belatedly thought to rig up a calendar of twigs that later proved to be within one day of being correct.

My obsession now was building a boat. I found two dry logs about twenty inches thick and, with laborious chopping, cut them into ten-foot lengths which would be ample to support my weight.

One of the logs was near the creek bank and getting it into the water was easy. The only other suitable log, however, was far from the water and I toiled and sweated a full day getting it to the beach and floating it along the coast to the creek.

To floor my raft and hold it together, I lashed five staves of mangrove wood from log to log. What I wouldn't have given for a few nails! But for some perverse reason there was not a stick of civilized wreckage or driftwood anywhere on the island.

I made a sail by plaiting strips of cured palm fronds, weaving the strips together with separate fibers. It wasn't much of a sail, about five feet wide and eight feet high, but I was confident it would take me the fifteen miles to mainland with any fair wind.

Stepping a mast was an unexpectedly tough problem. I finally lashed crosspieces underneath my raft as well as on top of it before I could secure my mast sufficiently.

Two cross spars supported my crude, square sail. I tied the top spar with a strip torn from my discarded trouser leg. This was so the sail could be lowered in a hurry if the wind suddenly started blowing the wrong way. And then I whistled for a wind, as they say, waiting a full week for a steady breeze that I could expect to keep on blowing in the right direction.

And then it came, a wind that began to blow in dead earnest about 10 o'clock in the morning straight toward the mainland.

Without any hesitation I shoved off. When I was about a mile from shore, I recalled Robinson Crusoe's fears that he would never get back to the island he had tried so hard to leave. I had an uneasy moment on my own part but quickly recovered.

The wind kept on blowing and my thatch sail bellied importantly as the island dropped farther and farther behind. Far ahead the hazy outline of the mainland began to take shape.

I suppose that to make this a fascinating story I should tell of dire trials and tribulations on my voyage. The truth of the matter is that nothing happened. The wind slacked off about noon, but then it picked up again and blew me steadily toward the shore.

My raft bowled merrily along at the rate of three or four knots per hour and I stayed with my ship until it grounded in the shallows a hundred yards from the beach. Then I was glad enough to climb overboard and wade ashore. I hadn't realized until then how cramped I had become in the confined space on my raft deck.

Since it was almost dusk I didn't try to do any traveling along the deserted, swampy coast on which I had landed. Instead I curled up under a palm tree and slept through the night.

I was awake before daybreak, however, excited and eager to get started. I knew that the nearest town, the one I had left so blithely, was to the north and about ten miles away. The shore was overgrown and swampy and I had to fight my way. On top of that, it seemed that there was a creek every half mile that I had to swim.

Finally, however, I reached a fisherman's shanty. This fisherman and his family were certainly polite people.

Wild man though I was, they made not a single comment, despite my whiskers, shaggy hair, bare feet and tattered trunks, with butcher knife and camp ax protruding from my belt.

The fisherman readily agreed to drive me into town in his car in return for the faded dollar bill that I fished from my soggy billfold.

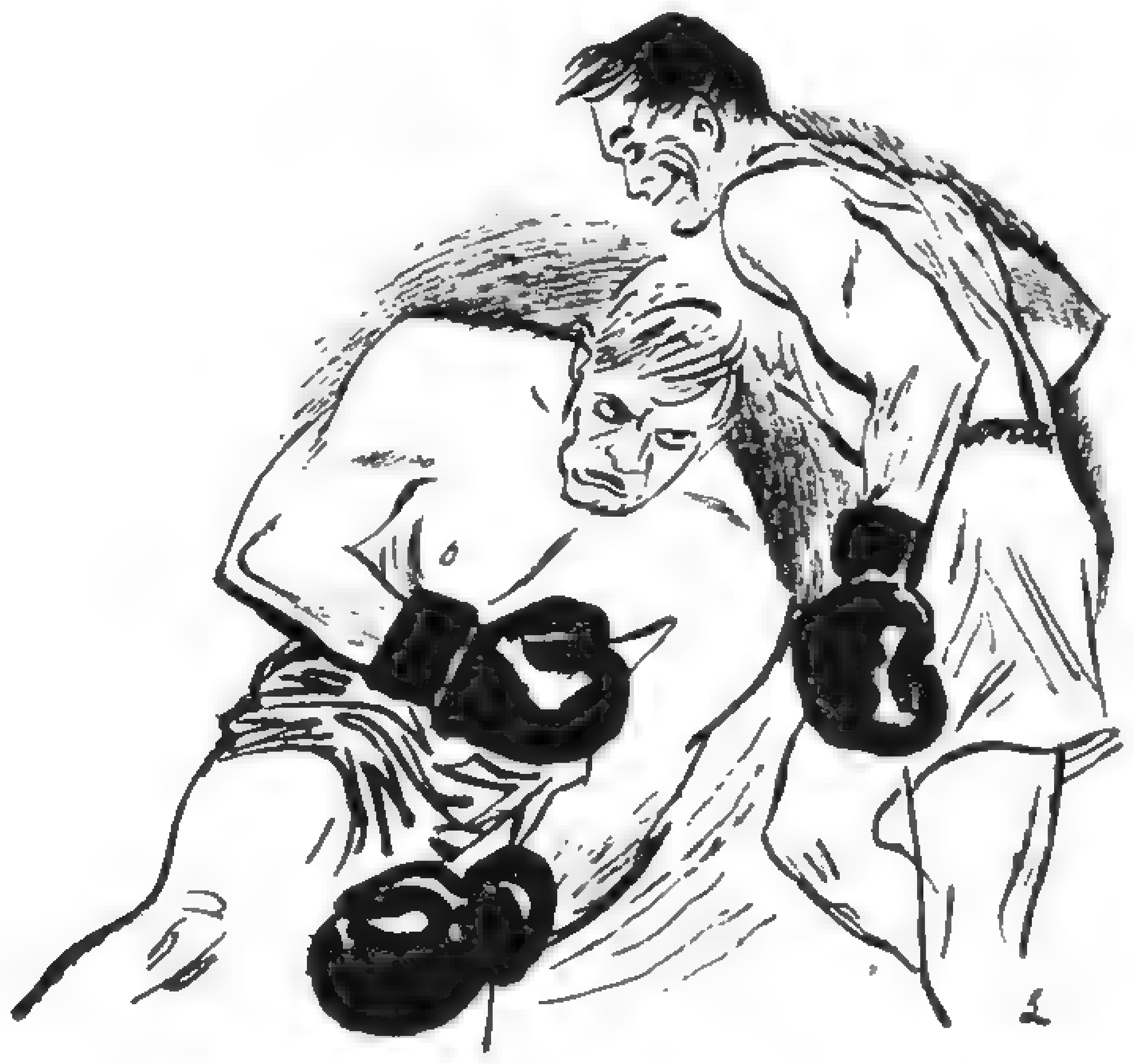
With grandiose aplomb I had him drive me right up to the front door of the pretentious resort hotel where I had been staying.

The doorman stared. Bellboys gaped. The clerk was astonished and the manager stopped dead in his passage across the lobby. Ignoring them I strode straight into the bar and, as unconcernedly as though being a wild man were a natural state, I looked the barkeeper straight in the eye and said: "I'll have a rum and coke."

Gibbons, never crowned midweight champ, was a natural boxer, the best of his day

In This Corner—the Ghost

by GEORGE A. BARTON


LAURITZEN

They called him "The Phantom." He shifted about the ring surely, with the precision of a Swiss watch. Under the brilliant lights, you saw the other man measuring him up. Then there was a flicker of movement followed by a rush, and a storm of blows rained at the Phantom's head. But only *at*—the preposition is important—for they never landed. And the assailant backed away groggily, his face and body reddening from the sting of the Phantom's gloves.

This was Mike Gibbons, the "St. Paul Phantom," the man who, from 1910 to 1922, punched and feinted his way through scores of middleweight maulers and retired, blind in one eye, without ever having held the official crown. It was the man whom Gene Tunney called "the perfect boxer." It was the man old-timers still talk about and reminiscently place above all others for speed, skill, grace and sheer ring generalship.

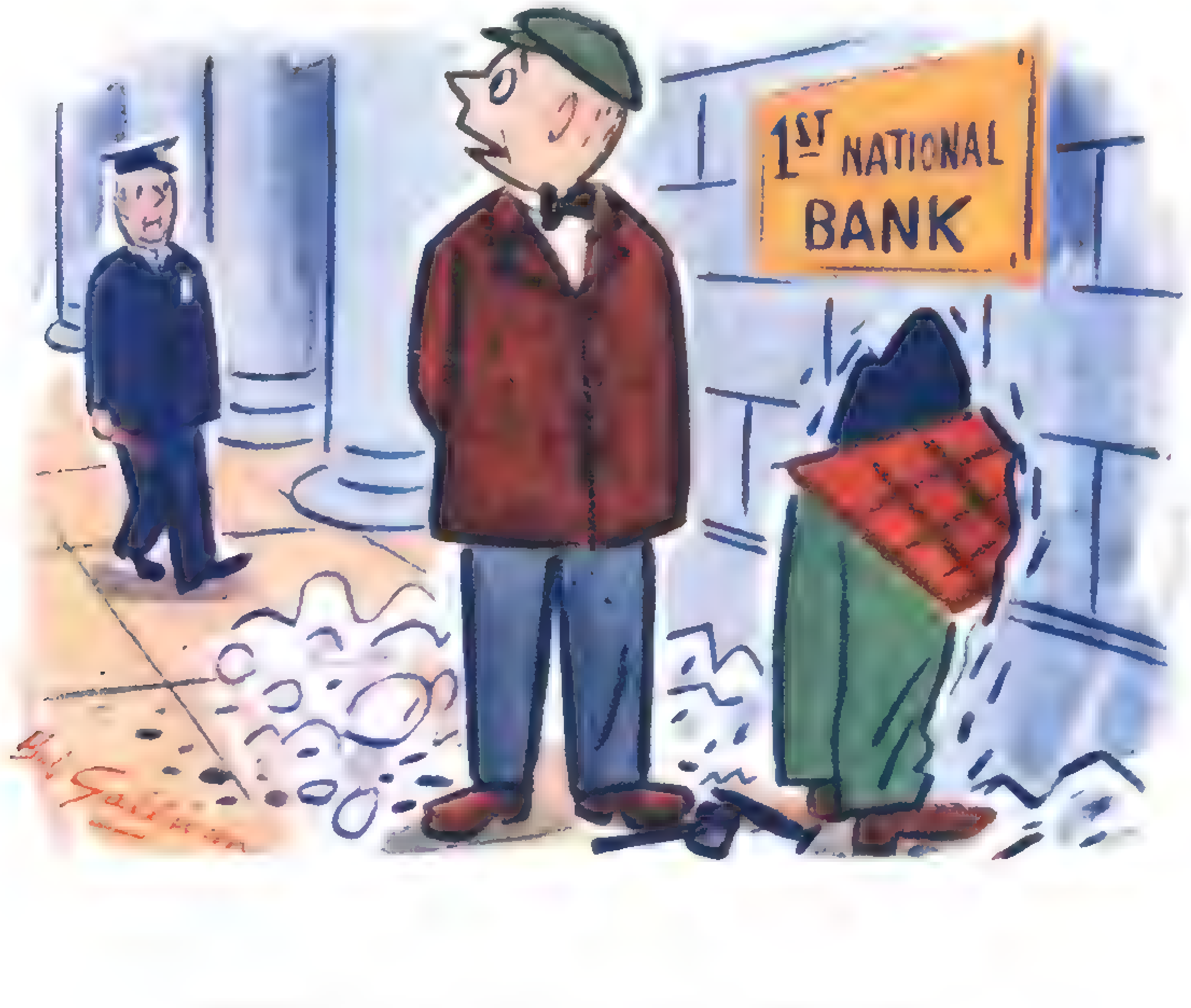
Mike was one of those beings much-discussed but seldom-found in sports—a natural. A look at his life is a look into the large heart of a hero and a survey of some of the smoothest, most effortless ring behavior of our time.

While active, he was generally conceded to be the greatest middleweight in the business. This belief was singularly strong in Frank Klaus, George Chip and Al McCoy who in that order held the title from 1913 to 1917. They remained successfully apathetic to all offers of a bout with the menace from St. Paul.

Their reticence is excusable. To a competitor, nothing is more unnerving than the prospect of a clash with a natural. He will be cool and poised. You might as well try to rattle a pillow. He will sense automatically a coming blow. A toss of the head, a slight twist of the body, and the intended kayo punch will end in a foolish wave to the fans in the gallery. Even if you do connect, he will withdraw, mussed perhaps, but still calm, unmoved, almost scientific. That gets you after a while. In desperation you are ready to do anything, which is just what fighters like Mike wait for. While you're steaming about in your fury, he'll start peppering your unguarded areas until you bitterly regret the day you chose to follow the manly art and gave up a promising career in chess.

While I was boxing teacher at the St. Paul YMCA, young Mike came to my class for instruction. He immediately showed such aptitude that I singled him out for individual lessons. He was fast and graceful in his footwork. Tricks that others spent long and painful hours trying to master came easily to him and soon he was working out with professionals. He sparred with Joe Gans and Battling Nelson, both

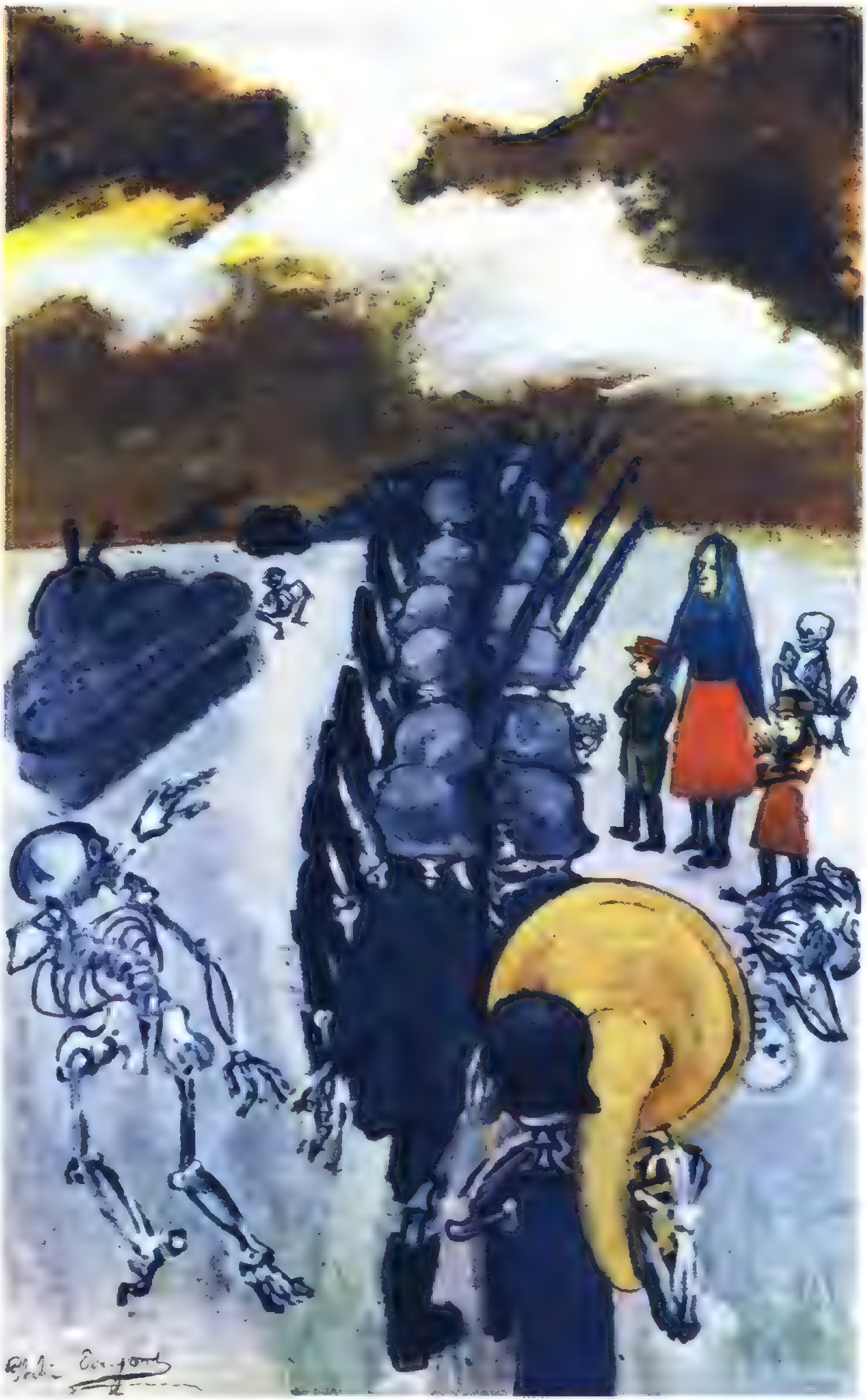
(*Continued on page 124*)



"How surprised can you look, Eddie?"

Esquire's Art Institute III

If Birnam came to Dunsinane why not culture to brokers?



OIL (25" X 40") BY PHILIP EVERGOOD IN ENCYCLOPAEDIA BRITANNICA COLLECTION **ORDERLY RETREAT**

As the subject of his Junior Art Appreciation Course for open-minded Philistines, Esky has selected Philip Evergood's quiet laugh at Hitlerism, called *Orderly Retreat.*

Obviously, if you subscribe to the creed that: "Life is grim enough—when I read a book or go to the theatre I want to be entertained!"—then Mr. Evergood's brand of humor is not for you.

The artist was inspired to paint this canvas at the time when the Germans were still trying to bluff through their losses at Stalingrad with such euphemistic headlines as "Disengagement from the Enemy," and "Orderly Retreat." Bitterly amused, the artist set to work to describe the contrast between the fact and the fiction.

Now, gentlemen, regard the painting. Did someone in the classroom mutter: "Junior could draw better than this guy Evergood, and Junior's only six, and not very bright at that"? Esky welcomes your criticisms, however trite, and he doesn't propose to argue about Junior's I.Q.

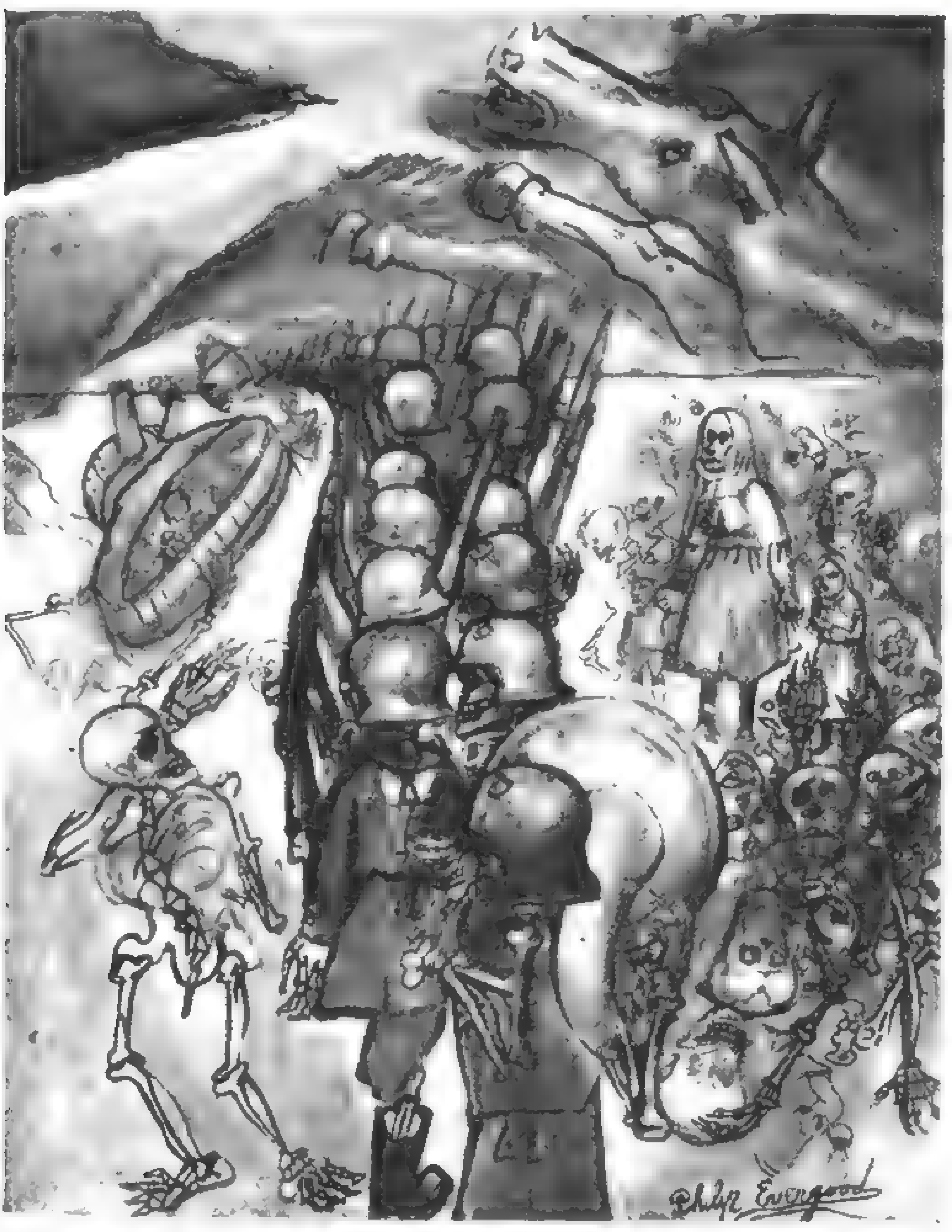
As a matter of fact, the artist deliberately chose a primitive, childlike style to enforce the drama of the incident. He strove for absolute simplification of symbols.

Orderly Retreat is too bitter to be called a cartoon, but the conception, which is stated in more sophisticated draftsmanship in the preliminary drawing, is worthy of a Goya.

The fact that there are more details in the original drawing than in the painting should not surprise you, after all you learned about Stuart Davis' *Garage Lights* and Francis Criss' *Melancholy Interlude* in the preceding lessons. (Remind Esky to give you a spot quiz sometime, just for the hell of it.) You will recall, then, that art is largely a matter of selection and the artist works toward his final goal by the process of elimination.

To begin with, the proportion of the drawing is almost square while the painting is oblong, so some of the elements had to go.

First to be canceled was the ghastly heap of skulls and skeletons at the right foreground; they cluttered up that part of the picture; and in some of the room left free by their elimination, the artist could enlarge the space devoted to the living—the woman with the boy and girl, who stand triumphant as symbols of living Russia's calm hatred of the oppressor. He also decided to make the children a little older for it is in them that all the promise of the painting resides.



Original sketch

Now note the fantastic symbol of the horse in the sky, in the upper right hand corner of the drawing. The artist placed it there to suggest the coming of death; but feeling that the symbol drew too much attention away from the human figures he painted it out of the canvas.

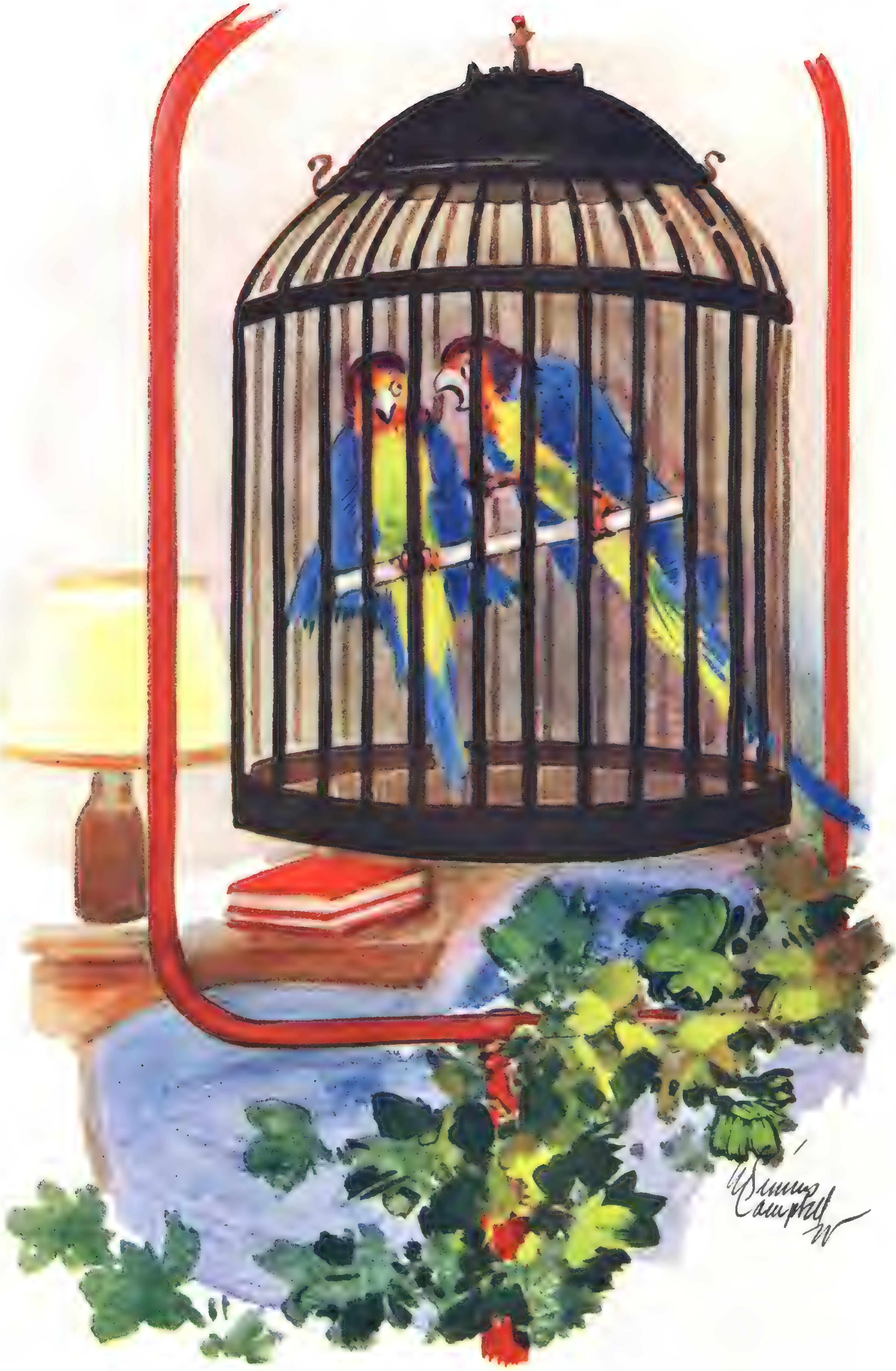
Other differences between the drawing and the painting are explainable by the differing techniques of drawing, which is a linear, and painting, which is a plastic art. Notice, for instance, in the drawing, the clarity with which the bone structure of the tuba player is brought out. In the painting, however, there is just enough suggestion of a skeleton to let you know that the player is quite dead, and the strident notes of the *Horst Wessel* are forever silent.

Compare also the two treatments of the overturned tank; in the drawing the gears and other underside mechanisms are well-defined; in the painting they are barely intimated. The artist explains that by defining the mechanism too clearly he brought it too far forward toward the center of the picture.

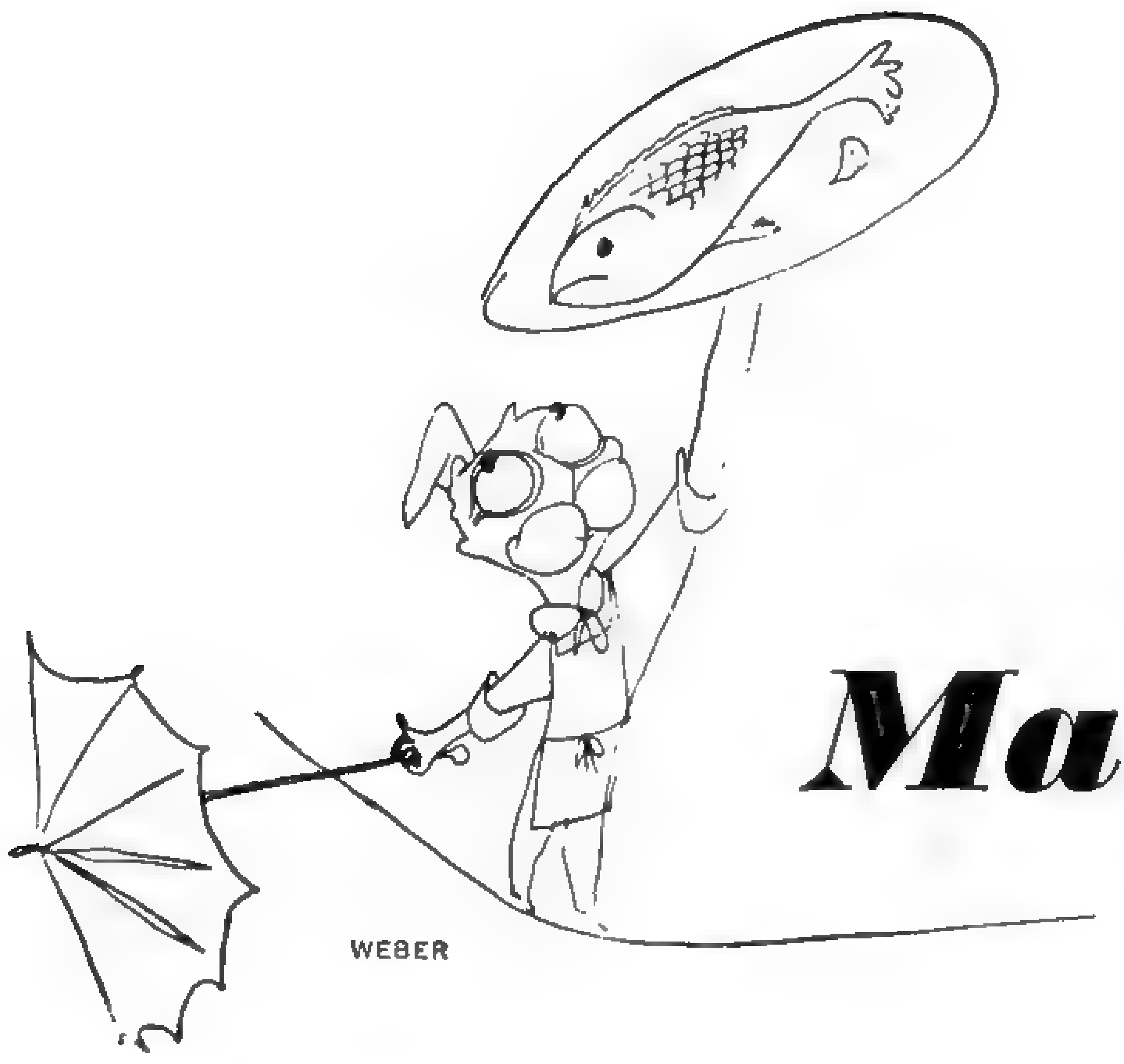
The bony arms clutching the tank in the original drawing were left out because the artist decided there was sufficient horror without them.

In both versions, the skeleton form to the left is a symbol of the German dead, a rebellious shade who seems to be crying: "So this is strength-through-joy!"

Now you have completed your Junior Course in the Appreciation of Modern Art, and Esky wishes you a jolly vacation. Get lots of rest and Vitamin D, and come back clear-eyed next month prepared to attack your Senior problem, *House to House Fighting* by George L. K. Morris.


Dennis Campbell

"Of course I love you—but I'd be a lot happier if I could go out with the boys once in awhile"



A rhapsody on chefs with something of their history, their diverse duties and four requisites which make them great

Man the Kitchenette

by ILES BRODY

Chefs are peculiar people but just the same I wouldn't mind being one, for here is a profession which will never know decline. As Rudyard Kipling put it: "A good cook's a King of men—besides being thunderin' well off if 'e don't drink. It's the only sure business in the whole round world."

I seriously warn G.I. cooks to stick to their solid and interesting profession when they shake off their uniforms and re-enter civilian life. They have had their sound preliminary training in the Army or the Navy, and with a little further effort can become full-fledged chefs. With no immigration for the past few years there is a shortage of French and Italian chefs, and it wouldn't be a bad idea if American boys would fill their empty places.

Chefs are thought to be peculiar because as a rule they have the temperament of a prima donna, and also because they seldom eat their own concoctions. As a matter of fact, they seldom eat at all! The fumes emanating from the dishes which they have inhaled for a number of years, together with the incessant tasting, kill their appetite. A chef sits down to his meal with the expression of a martyr, and masticates with reluctant jaws as though it were an effort. So if you live for the pleasures of the table, forget about being a chef.

The gentlemen of the kitchen have every right to be temperamental. It's not so bad in the very few private households which still employ chefs, but in restaurants they have the headaches of a thousand housewives. Not only do they have to master every phase of cookery, but they must be expert managers, buyers and crackerjack bookkeepers.

An executive chef (*chef de cuisine*) of a restaurant or a smaller hotel where there is no steward or storekeeper, has to rise at daybreak—the bakers need their ingredients by five in the morning, the subordinate chefs need potatoes and celery and onions and butter and crackerdust; the arriving provisions (dairy products, fish, and meat, and fruit) must be examined scrupulously; the cooking wines have to be brought up from the cellar; meat has to be cut; menus have to be thought up and written; rebels have to be discharged, new help has to be interviewed; the owner or manager has to be soft-soaped or bawled out—and if the chef falls down on any of these complicated jobs, chances are the kitchen will not catch up with the work during the whole day. One or two misses on the part of the chef, and everything is disrupted.

Now do you wonder why chefs are morose in their off moments? Why they appear to be haughty and belligerent, as though they were ready to run their biggest knife through you merely for looking at them? Besides, while the pay is nice, it is not stupendous as a rule, and the day is gone when it was the *bon ton* to praise chefs.

Monsieur Felix, chef to the Duke of Wellington, enjoyed good wages, an envied position, and he idolized the duke. But one day he threw his white cap and apron into the kitchen corner and ran away. When he was asked why he had left such a fine job, he said: "I cooked the most delectable dishes for His Grace. He eats and says nothing. I sent to his table a dinner that I wouldn't give to my dishwasher, and he eats it and says nothing. I can't cook for such a man even if he is a hero."

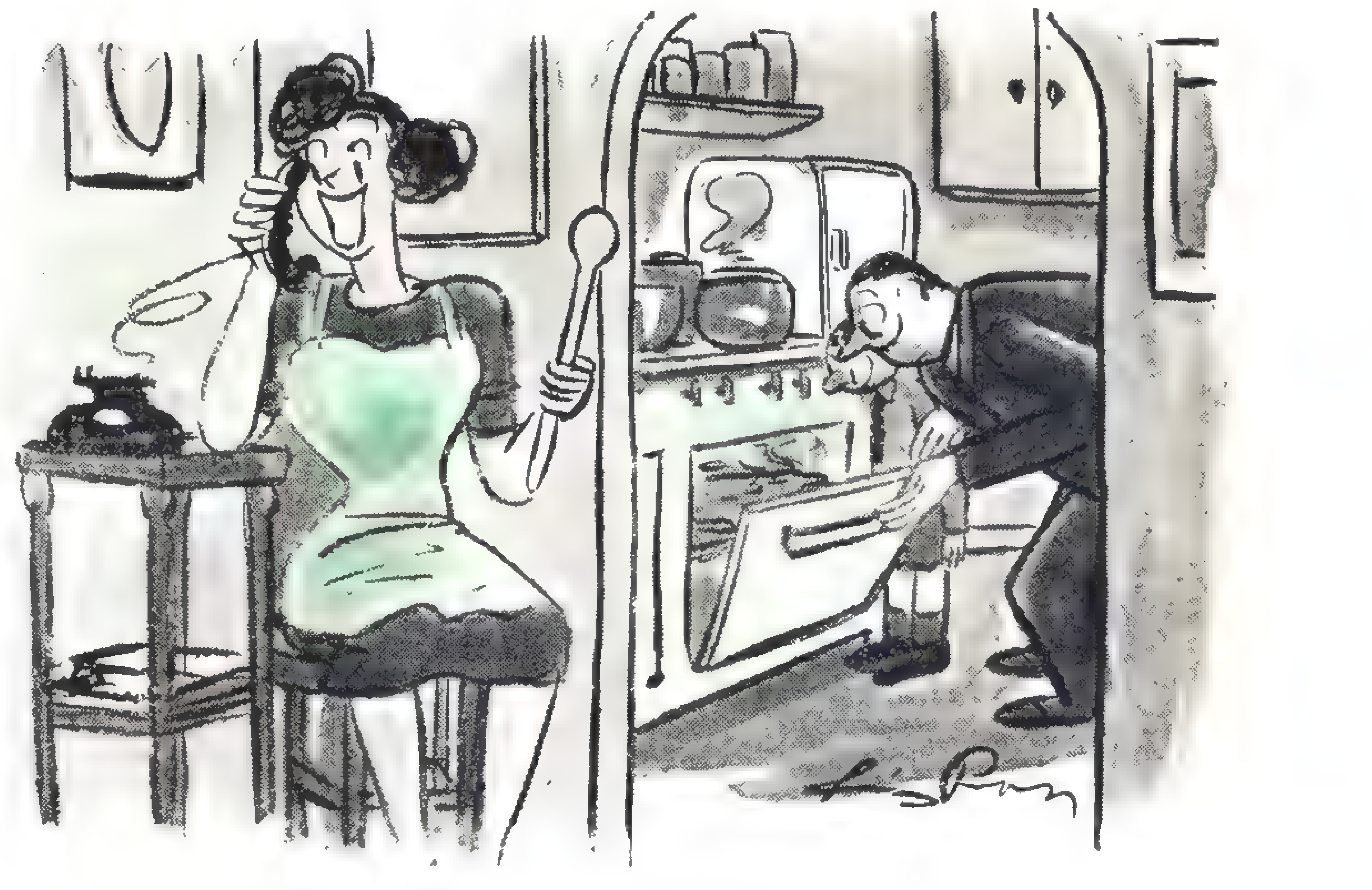
It is a pity that the chef apprentice system is not firmly established in this country as it was in Europe, although Monsieur René Black, incomparable culinary savant and kitchen manager of the Waldorf Astoria, tells me that he did experiment with a score of young men just out of high school. There may be some restaurants where the custom is well organized, but if you are looking for a chef's school where fine cooking can be learned from books, you won't find it.

The profession has to be learned from experience. In Europe if a boy did not show aptitude for higher studies at the age of fourteen or so, and if his family had no money, he was steered into a practical trade such as shoemaking or tailoring or glass blowing. If the young man had an insatiable appetite, he became a chef's apprentice. At the outset the parents arranged with the chef whether their son was going to study for three years or four—if the set period was three years, papa paid the chef anywhere between fifty and a hundred dollars per annum, in addition to the clothes and the laundry, and the apprentice lived on the premises. The four-year student did not pay at all, yet benefited almost as much as his colleague; although of course he received a box on the ear just that many more times.

After having learned all the tricks of the difficult art from paring potatoes to making *crêpes* Suzette, the day came when the student was "liberated." He left his "school" and went in quest of a job with a recommendation from his chef. He stood before a new chef who looked at him with murderous eyes. "Make me an omelette," the chef would bellow. It is a well-known chef trick when it is desirable to see quickly if an applicant has talent or not, to give him the omelette-making task. It is easy to make and it is easy to spoil, and the new man's characteristics will show themselves in those few crucial minutes. If the omelette is not *baveuse*, that is to say moist inside, the recently graduated chef will have to travel on, unless, of course, the chef wants to give him another chance and tries him on a soup and a vegetable, also tricky dishes.

If the young chef is hired, he advances cautiously; first, he becomes guardian of the buffet, the king of cold cuts and salads. If he shows promise he soon advances to the roasting post, then to soups, vegetables, sauces, etc. For some reason or other, gentle fellows with extremely clean and tidy habits and artistic leanings become bakers. And those apprenticeship years drag on and on because the "liberated" still go on learning in their respective posts even after they have graduated. They do

(*Continued on page 138*)



"... and bring your home movie camera—we're having a big, thick steak"

Speaking of polyrhythms, dissonance and some other aspects of that much debated theme: "What is this thing called jazz?"

The Rhythm Section

by PAUL EDUARD MILLER & LEONARD FEATHER

WHAT, exactly, is jazz? Both initiates and neophytes still ask this question. On the basis of direct personal contact (through lectures) it is evident to me that jazzfans are searching for understandable definitions, that they want specific answers for the subtleties of jazz appreciation. What they seek is a *method of approach* to jazz appreciation through language. As an intelligible means of communication, the written and spoken word offers them lucid definitions; it points up the distinctions between jazz and popular music, and between artistically superior and merely mediocre jazz; and it provides a logic for accepting a method of passing judgments, and for separating individual standards and personal taste from a more universal criterion of judgment.

This seeking for a communicable language of jazz likewise has manifested itself in numerous letters addressed to Esquire and to me personally. For example, 1st Lt. W. M. Rock writes from a convalescent hospital in the Pacific Theater: "I am not unwilling to admit that jazz is a separate and distinct art form. But I'd like a few questions answered before I can be convinced. First, what, exactly, is jazz? Second, I gather there is a distinction between jazz and the ordinary variety of popular music. Wherein lies that distinction? Should a jazz number be judged on the merits of the original tune or on the interpretation thereof by individual musicians?" From the European Theater, Cpl. Gaetan F. Valenza argues: "My first dispute with you is in your use of the word 'jazz' itself. You evidently are trying to isolate it from so-called pop tunes and make it a separate and distinct form of music, with its own terminology. It is hard for me to concede that pop tunes are any different from the music you term jazz. *Body and Soul* once was only a pretty ballad. Coleman Hawkins applies his unique style to it and, presto, it is no longer a pop tune—it is now that mysterious indefinable musical expression, Jazz. The same analogy can be applied to other so-called pop music standards."

I have found that everyone concerned wants concise explanation and analysis of pertinent questions and implications. I believe that it is possible to offer the reader of this page a *method* of arriving at his own judgments—and I mean judgments over and above personal taste, judgments that may be discussed in intelligible language with other jazzfans, since the method will be plainly understandable to *all* jazzfans. When, in *The Record Changer*, Rudi Blesh wrote that "a valid framework and ground for criticism *can never be presented* in Esquire" (italics mine), he makes a presumptuous and dogmatic statement which I hope to disprove herewith by initiating a series of articles on jazz criticism. Not the fancy kind, but an explanation and analysis of jazz appreciation that can be grasped, I hope, without too much effort and that can be applied directly and personally to the jazz which each individual listener hears. I cannot, of course, avoid the use of technical terms, nor can I altogether delete words of more than two syllables. But I can promise a clean-cut presentation so that there will be no misunderstanding about my meanings or my language.

Primarily, and above everything else, jazz is music. Now, if jazz deserves the term, "music," then, inevitably, jazz must be approached as music, and not as a *type* of music distinct from all others and completely out of the sphere of the aesthetic criteria which the best classical critics apply to classical music. To put it more directly: if jazz is so unique that it transcends the art values which have been established for classical music, we cannot justifiably resent the fact that many such critics refuse to recognize an art quality in jazz. That is the position we assume if we do not allow jazz to be judged by the same aesthetic standards by which classical music is judged. It is an untenable position.

To be sure, there exists a qualitative difference, *technically*, between jazz and classic. Specifically, jazz is characterized, first, by a pulsating, throbbing, well-defined, rigid 4/4 beat (occasionally 2/4 or 8/8)—but it is a vital, living, dynamic beat. Second, by a method of playing which involves (a) a certain instrumentation and balance of instrumentation; (b) the use of a free rubato in the melodic part or parts; (c) the utilization of differences in pitch and dissonance—which simply means a disregard for so-called pure tone and which results in what has come to be known as the jazz intonation; (d) the use of polyrhythms or cross-rhythms, i.e., syncopated rhythmic patterns that contrast and weave in and out, one against the other. And finally, jazz is characterized by the utilization of Blues harmony, particularly the chords of the tonic, the dominant, the subdominant, the tonic seventh and the dominant seventh. This harmonic structure has come to be used in conjunction with certain harmonies stemming from European traditions, together with the not infrequent use of polyphony and the occasional use of polytonality. This is the simplest possible technical definition, but it does not tell us everything. These other things (non-technical) comprise the substance of articulate appreciation.

My technical definition is broad and inclusive, encompassing a large concept of the term, jazz. That it sometimes also includes non-jazz does not invalidate the definition. This is because jazz bears the same relation to popular music as does classical to light classical music. I would emphasize that once such a distinction is made, it is possible to judge and appreciate jazz on a sound critical basis. Technically, the *William Tell Overture* is classic; actually, it is considered, both by critics and listeners, as light classic. Similarly, a tune such as *I'm Beginning to See the Light* classifies, technically, as jazz; actually, it is popular music—for the same reasons that *Tell* is light classic.

How such distinctions are made, i.e., *a method for making these distinctions*, comprises the essence of this series of articles on jazz appreciation and criticism. —PAUL EDUARD MILLER.

"What's the matter—insomnia?"

Dizzy—21st Century Gabriel

"At first, cooking frightened me"

THERE is a bar just off 52nd Street called the White Rose, where all the musicians from neighboring jazz joints hang out during intermissions. One evening I walked in there and was instantly approached by Ben Webster, the saxophonist.

"Listen, Leonard," said Ben, "why don't you do an article for Esquire about Dizzy?"

"Ben," I replied, "it happens that I am at the White Rose this evening for the express purpose of gathering material for an article in Esquire about Dizzy."

We sat down and Ben started talking Dizzy. Other musicians gathered and added their two cents' worth.

"Give credit to Bird, ole man," said one. "Bird is the cat who deserves a lot of the credit for what Dizzy's done."

"Don't forget about Monk, man," another admonished. "Monk really started the whole thing."

Started what? You may well ask.

Well, to put it bluntly, there is a revolution taking place in jazz circles. It's a revolution in musical thought, and Dizzy has become the symbol of it. If you care about progress in jazz, you may as well catch up on Dizzy and what he stands for in the shape of things to come.

Dizzy is known in his home town of Cheraw, South Carolina, as John Birks Gillespie. He is a trumpet player, but it isn't the instrument he plays that matters, for Dizzy bears scarcely any more resemblance, musically, to Louis Armstrong or Harry James, than he does to Dizzy Dean. Gillespie and Armstrong and James are all jazz trumpet players, but there the likeness ends.

In the past couple of years a group of fanatical devotees of retrogression and cultism in jazz has tried to promote the revival of a sexagenarian cornetist, one Bunk Johnson, as a sort of 19th Century Gabriel, claiming that Bunk was Louis Armstrong's teacher and mentor (despite emphatic denials from Armstrong himself). Meanwhile a New York publicity office continues to bill Erskine Hawkins, a screaming-trumpet expert, as the 20th Century Gabriel. So, if we must have slogans, Dizzy is the 21st Century Gabriel.

"Some people say Dizzy stinks," Ben Webster continued. "That's because he's beyond their reach. They don't dig him." And Sammy Price, boogie-woogie pianist, added, "Diz is twenty years ahead of his time." Said Georgie Auld, "Dizzy is *it*!"

What is it? "Well," explained trumpeter Joe Guy, who is Billie Holiday's husband, "it's a style based on augmented chords." You can't analyze it in words without resorting to technical terms and manuscript. But you can say that Dizzy has a phenomenal combination of technique and style, plays incredible cascades of fast notes at breakneck tempos, and makes every note mean something. He has set a new milestone in jazz improvisation. Just as every once in a while a new novelist comes along who is more subtle and oblique than any predecessor, and can give more hidden value and meaning to each word and phrase, so can Dizzy do these things with musical notes and phrases.

If you are a musician, you just sit gaping at Dizzy, as he ad-libs chorus after chorus. If you're not a musician, you may react at first like the listener who wrote in after hearing me play a Gillespie record on the air ("... that imitation of a trumpet player ... is either dead drunk or left his teeth home in a glass ... best thing to do is shoot all the artists on the record; after all, my children might get a hold of that record and Lord knows what might happen to them. ...") Then gradually, after repeated hearings, you begin to penetrate the musical mist, and the notes and phrase acquire a new and inspiring significance.

Born in 1917, Dizzy was the son of a brickmason and amateur musician, who had just about every musical instrument lying around the house—except a trumpet. "We had a piano, drums, a mandolin, a guitar, and a bass fiddle with only one string," Dizzy recalls. "When I had my little band in Cheraw—I was fourteen—a cousin of mine played that bass; we did every tune in B Flat, and I marked the position of each note right on the neck of the bass for him. My first trumpet? I borrowed one from a neighbor."

The Gillespies moved to Philadelphia in 1935, where Diz got his first big-time job in a band which also featured Charlie Shavers, lately Tommy Dorsey's star trumpeter. In 1937 Dizzy toured England and France with Teddy Hill's band. After his return, while playing odd jobs in New York, he became part of a clique of musicians that hung around a Harlem club called Minton's. It was here that the new school of musical thought began to develop. It was here that Dizzy traded riffs and chords and ideas with gentry such as Bird and Monk.

Bird, by the way, is Charlie Parker, who plays the alto saxophone exactly the way Gillespie plays trumpet. Later they were to work together in Earl Hines' band, and in Dizzy's own group at the Three Deuces. Monk, whose real name is simply Thelonious Monk, knew Dizzy when he was still a conventional-style jazz trumpet man. Monk was the pianist at Minton's when Dizzy sat in there and Monk wrote the weird tune that is Dizzy's theme number today. ("What did I call that thing?" muses Monk. "I think it's called *No Name.*") Monk also wrote Cootie Williams' beautiful theme number, *'Round Midnight.*

"You know what made Dizzy great?" says Monk. "He could visualize so much more music. He had eyes for all them *substitute* chords."

After Dizzy had spent several years in other people's bands—Cab Calloway, Benny Carter, Charlie Barnet, Ella Fitzgerald, Earl Hines, and briefly with Duke Ellington—he co-led a small band with Oscar Pettiford at the Onyx Club. Later he helped to run a big band for Billy Eckstine, the "Sepia Sinatra"; then he moved to small band leading again, and more recently, as his name became a household word among musicians and his prestige grew with the public (aided by an Esquire "New Star" award as best trumpeter of the year), an agent decided to build a whole unit around Dizzy, with a big band and the Nicholas Brothers and other acts, to go on tour.

Meanwhile Dizzy had become a national fad. Every young trumpet player in every band, large or small, seemed to be on a Dizzy kick. Famous men like Coleman Hawkins, as well as obscure trumpeters and saxmen and pianists and even bass fiddlers, are now playing Dizzy's ideas. In Woody Herman's great band, four trumpet players do a whole series of Gillespie gyrations, in unison. Along 52nd Street the jazzmen copy not only Dizzy's music, but even his laugh and his odd, half-bent posture and his little goatee which he claims helps keep his lip strong.

Dizzy was the head name in a concert staged for him at Town Hall by the New Jazz Foundation. At the Academy of Music in Philadelphia, hundreds were turned away as Dizzy headed a jam session.

Why do they call him Dizzy? Maybe it's his silly, slow grin, his schoolboyish, cracking voice, his complete unconcern for the audience. Certainly it's not his music. As I left the White Rose after the Gillespie gab session, Ben Webster turned to me and delivered his final judgment.

"Dizzy may walk around in a daze," said Ben, "but man, he's got plenty of sense. You can judge how much sense a man has by the way he plays his horn, and that's the way you gotta judge Dizzy."

Whether you like Gillespie, can't stand him, or have never heard of him, you'll know sooner or later that his musical thinking has left an ineradicable mark on jazz. His value as a composer and arranger has been established, too, with such numbers as *Down Under, Woodyn You, Salt Peanuts, Night in Tunisia.*

Next time you get a chance to hear Dizzy, form your own opinion. If you can't find him in person, you can hear him on numerous records, the most recent being for Guild, to whom he is now under contract.

I suspect you'll agree with the musicians about his I.Q; for, in the words of another of his admirers, the late Clyde Hart, Dizzy is crazy all right—crazy like a fox. —LEONARD FEATHER

Report on the wine which "clears today of past regrets and future fears" and comes from California's fertile vines

Come, Fill the Cup

by LAWTON MACKALL

Planners of picnics underneath the bough in the manner of Omar Khayyám can be assured that refreshment won't run out—while a ruby kindles in California vines. Red or white, sweet or dry, that state has medieval Persia licked fifty ways. And then there are regions east of the Rockies, boasting bouquets no oriental bard ever dreamed of. American vineyard gatherings tossed into the crusher this autumn will exceed one hundred million gallons.

Whatever became of the rumor that Americans weren't wine drinkers? Certainly it never had a statistic to stand on. Colonial Americans drank all the wine they could get hold of, but it had to come from abroad, because European grapes wouldn't thrive over here despite innumerable efforts to acclimate them, and the wild native grapes were too crude-flavored. But when special varieties, such as the Delaware, the Catawba and the Norton, were developed and bona fide vineyards set out, American wines had no trouble finding appreciative consumers.

Housewives, using recipes of their great-grandmothers, made wines of elderberries, blackberries, currants, gooseberries, peaches, cherries, damsons, dandelions, clover, daisy heads, and even cowslip wine, a recipe which runs: "To three gallons of water put seven pounds of sugar; stir it well together, and beat the whites of ten eggs very well, and mix with the liquor, and make it boil as fast as possible. Skim it well, and let it continue boiling two hours; then strain it through a hair sieve, and set a-cooling, and when it is cold as wort should be, put a small quantity of yeast to it on a toast, or in a dish. Let it stand all night working; then bruise one-half peck of cowlips, put them into your vessel, and your liquor upon them, adding three ounces of syrup of lemons. Cut a turf of grass and lay on the bung; let it stand a fortnight, and then bottle it. Put your tap into your vessel before you put your wine in, that you may not shake it." If it's any good, let me know.

California was a slow starter. The Spanish padres introduced the grape since known as Mission, and made wine with it, but one of the laity had the energy to carry on. Young New Englander Richard Henry Dana, ashore there in 1835 after a rugged voyage around the Horn, was plain disgusted. "The Californians," he declares in *Two Years Before the Mast*, "are an idle, thriftless people, and can make nothing for themselves. The country abounds in grapes, yet they buy, at a great price, bad wine made in Boston and brought round by us, and retail it among themselves at a real (twelve and a half cents) by the small wine-glass."

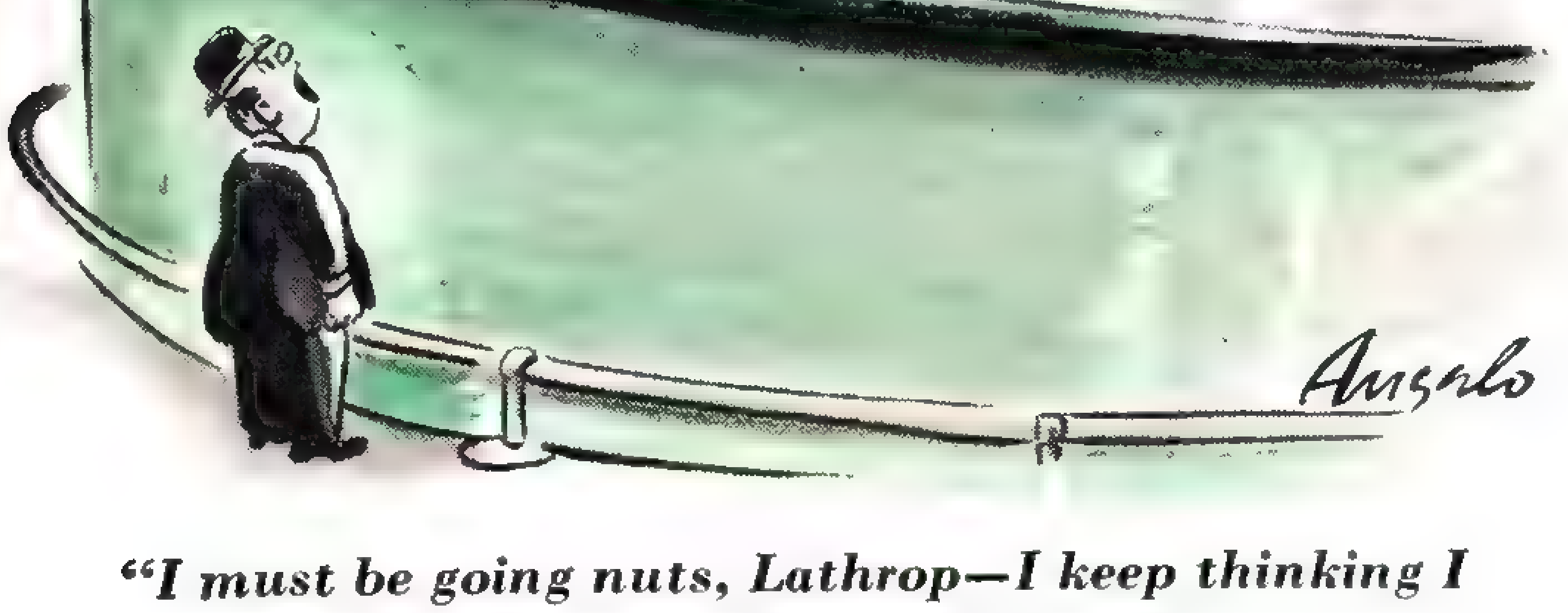
Today California vineyards, one of them the largest in the world, add up to an area almost the size of Rhode Island. Grape varieties include all the keynoters of the classic wine regions of Europe—the Cabernet of France's claret châteaux, the Sauvignon Blanc and Sémillon of Haut Sauternes, the Black Pinot of Burgundy, the Riesling of the Rhine, the Palomino of the Sherry region of Spain. Plus the ruddy Zinfandel, color and character builder of the typical "California red."

What with the cool valleys around San Francisco Bay, the warm region of the San Joaquin, and the sandy doormat of the mountains below Los Angeles, any grape can flourish. It's just a matter of which goes where. And there's where the University of California comes in. Its Division of Viticulture, located at Davis, functions as general adviser, with a pilot vineyard and laboratories where scientists explore wine mysteries from botany to bottle.

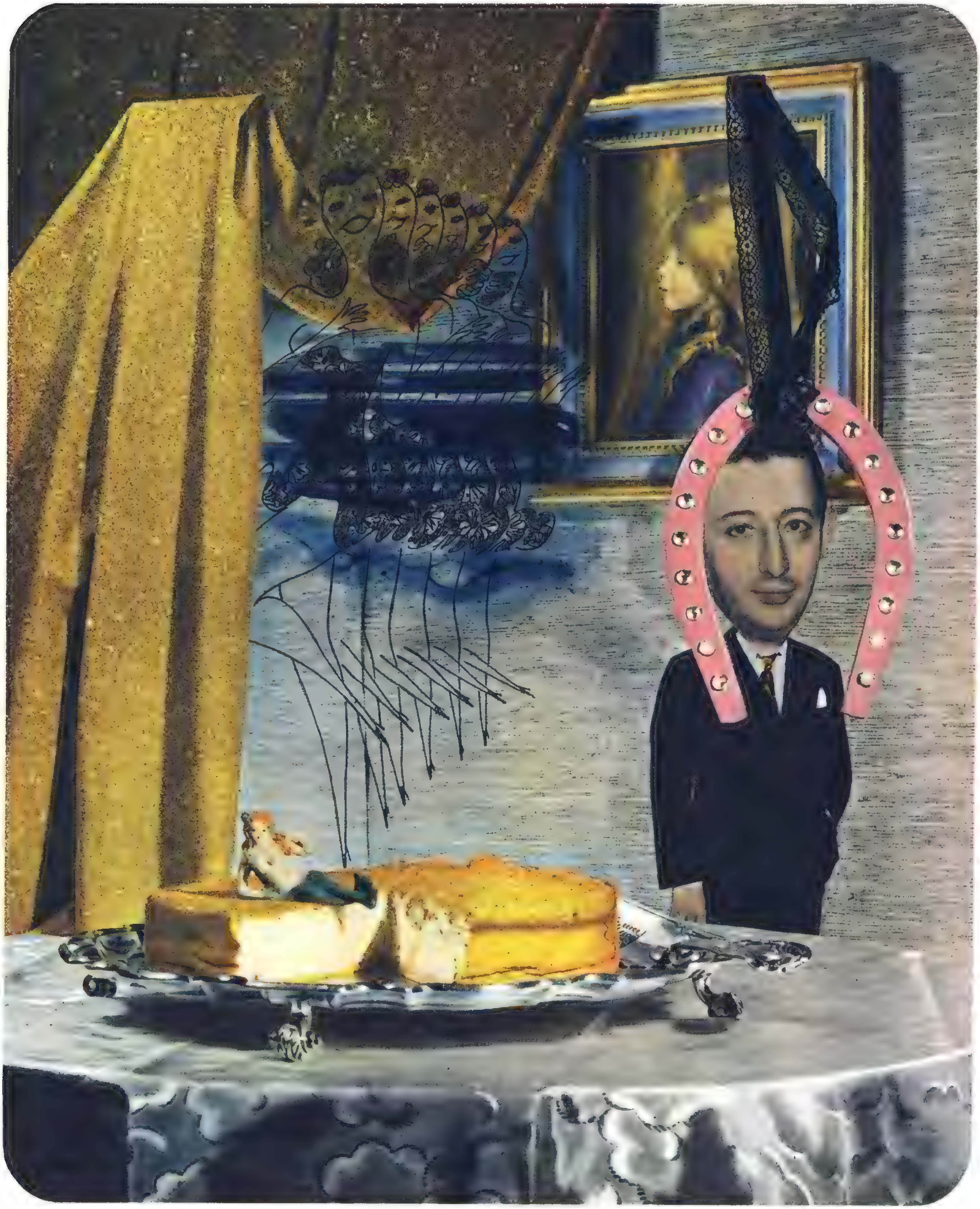
Wags make cracks about "wine with a Ph.D." but California isn't ruffled—any more than when people kid the climate whose reliability spares the industry off years of the sort that afflict European wine regions. Over there at least one harvest out of three is a dud. Year numerals on California labels merely report age; flavor and character are standard for a wine of that brand and maturity. Where age isn't given, it is sometimes difficult to guess. I've met American wines three years old that tasted as mellow as French clarets aged for fifteen years. Vintners say that wines made from European-type grapes develop faster over here, a fact which has its bad side as well as its good. A cobwebbed bottle opened at long last may prove less than a bottle bought last week—particularly if it is a white wine. The good side is that the California winemaker is able to turn out a finished job and control the quality of his product all through. Even if it's a popular-priced wine it is palatable stuff, giving dull provender a welcome pep-up.

All California wines are checked for purity and wholesomeness by the state health department, whose high standards, instigated by the winemen themselves, have in effect become law unto the industry nationally, since California does about ninety per cent of the producing. (Were such a standard adopted abroad, much of the *vin ordinaire* would be consigned to the vinegar vat). The U. S. Government is also on the alert to see that labels are lived up to. From there on, the wineries are on their own and ingeniously varied.

Some have miles of vine-rows straight as strings. Some have rolling green seas of them. Some have steep hillside arrays enjoying special sun and ventilation. Some (like the biggest winery of all) grow no grapes whatever; keep the highroads hot with the rush of purchases from far and near. The more usual procedure of large concerns is to do the collecting and crushing of each region's grapes at a plant operated in that region's heart, and assemble the wines later at headquarters. Thus a historic company at Livermore, long famous for white wines, now makes its reds at an impressive old establishment in Napa Valley. Co-operative setups have regional wineries where grower groups, employing first-class technologists, do their own making and, when the wine is sold, receive proportionate shares of what it brings. As this means a wait of several years, these winemen evidently believe along with Omar Khayyám, that thirst is here to stay. ⌗



"I must be going nuts, Lathrop—I keep thinking I hear someone ordering a beer!"

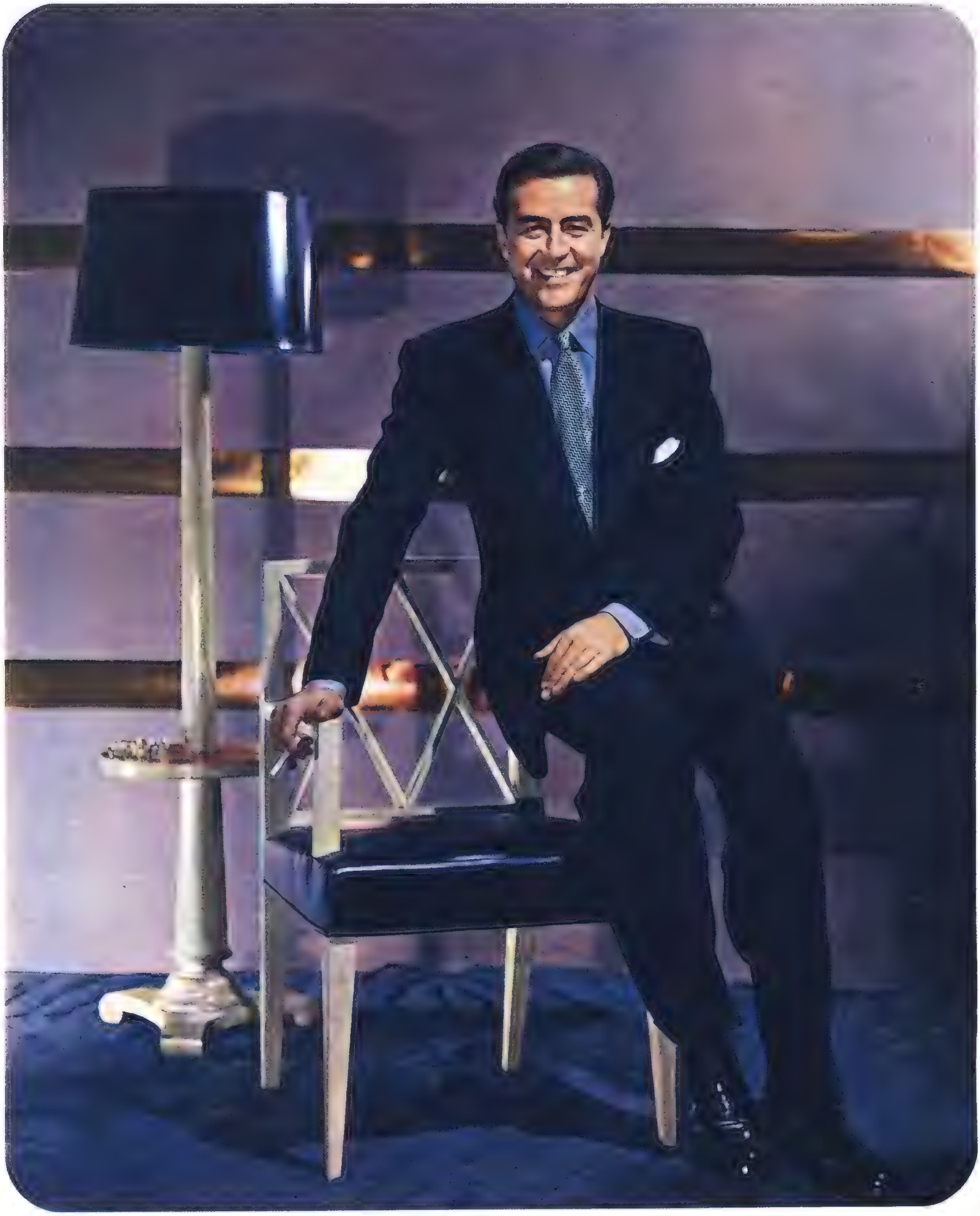


Esquiregraph No. 11

Billy Rose

Photocollage by Ravitz-Palazzo

Billy Rose, the theatrical producer, is a New York institution bounded only by his limitless ambition. He owns the Diamond Horseshoe, the Ziegfeld Theatre and a platinum-plated five-story house on Beekman Place. He is married to Eleanor Holm who swim-starred in his World's Fair Aquacade, and when he produces such shows as *Carmen Jones* and the *Seven Lively Arts*, he summons talent like Moss Hart, Beatrice Lillie, Cole Porter and Georges Bizet. A one-time New York Ghetto boy, he took up shorthand to escape from poverty, became world speed champ. Life treats Billy Rose so good that often he wakens in the middle of the night in a cold sweat and exclaims: "My God, things are bound to get worse, they couldn't be better."



THE ACTOR OF THE MONTH

Ray Milland

Photograph by Hurrell
Setting by Georg Jensen

Star of the movie version of *Lost Weekend*, Mr. Milland wears an outfit typifying his tastes—which are conservative, with an English accent. His suit, of an "unfinished" worsted fabric, has broad, peaked lapels which emphasize an athletic chest. His shirt is an end-and-end weave broadcloth, with points of the widespread collar extending beneath his jacket. His blue, maroon and silver herringbone tie, black flat-knit socks and shoes, are all in the unobtrusive style he favors. A Welshman, he was once a member of the British Household Cavalry (the King's personal bodyguard). He holds a pilot's license; in normal times he likes flying for the sport of it, skiing at Sun Valley, and deep-sea fishing off the Coast of Mexico.

When kissing a girl you needn't ask her name—and other rules of correct conduct

Esquire's Own Short Guide to Etiquette

by IRVING TRESSLER

1. Introductions

A MOTHER always introduces her son's wife to her friends with the simple words, "This is what Donald picked up while he was in the Army!" or if really fond of the girl she may say, "This is Donald's wife, Arabella—he coulda' done a lot worse!" The latter form of introduction is always accompanied by a loud laugh.

A daughter-in-law always introduces her mother-in-law to friends with the words, "Well, here's what I've been telling you about!" or "Folks, meet the mother-in-law joke come to life!" If actually fond of her husband's mother (this has been known to happen) she simply says, "Meet Donald's old lady. Boy, has *she* got the war bonds salted away!"

It adds a friendly tone to an introduction if you can insert a personal note. For example: "Millie, this is my great-aunt's father. You know, the one I told you about, the one with only four toes on his left foot!"

When, at a party, you cannot recall the name of a person to whom you have been introduced, it is quite correct to hunt down an acquaintance and ask, "Who is that popeyed old tub of lard standing over there?" Invariably it will turn out to be the mother or close friend of the person asked.

A lady always rises when a gentleman enters her bedroom. In fact, today, she will leap from her bed and welcome him with open arms.

A hostess who wishes to take leave of a gentleman guest merely rises, pulls down her girdle, and makes some such polite remark as: "It has been so pleasant chatting with someone whose stomach rumbles, too!" or "Mr. Coroner, that was the most thrilling autopsy I have ever heard described, but I *must* leave you now!"

No gentleman ever introduces another man to his wife unless he is absolutely sure of the man, also the wife. If he is certain of the man, he merely says, "Mr. Lowdown, I should like to introduce you to my wife;" the while retaining a vise-like grip on his wife's arm, ready to whip out the scimitar concealed beneath his coat and sell it for what it is worth.

A gentleman, after being introduced to an attractive girl, may properly respond, "Babe, you is making my eyes overeat for the first time in years!" The girl then titters politely, the gentleman grasps her firmly about the waist, she makes a pretense at resisting, he flashes a "spark er" at her and pops the question, the hostess gives her an encouraging shove, and a simple wedding ceremony is held then and there. This is America: we know what we want and we get it.

On formal occasions the host and hostess stand at the door and catch a walloping good cold as they greet the arriving guests with a brief grunt or a nod. The host may, to relieve his boredom, try to see how many of the incoming arrivals he can trip up, thus making an entertaining game out of a dull duty.

When kissing a girl, a gentleman is not obliged to ask the name of the girl involved. However, when kissing a girl goodnight at her door and giving her the threshold hug, it is considered good form if she measures 35 inches at the hips, 26 inches about the waist and 34 inches at the bust.

At a formal dinner, when place cards are not used, each gentleman must introduce himself to the lady on his right and left. This may be accomplished by the gentleman's digging an elbow into the ribs of each lady and saying, "Sorry, sister, I didn't get your handle when we sat down. Mine's Joe Huggenpuff and I'm in the paper box line."

When drifting on a life raft in an open sea it is considered only simple politeness to introduce oneself to the other occupants of the raft if, after 30 days, a rescue has not been effected. However, one should not be hasty about this formality, especially if prospects for a rescue look good and one knows definitely that the other occupants of the raft come "from the other side of the tracks."

When assisting a friend to escape from a burning building in the middle of the night, one does not stop an incoming fireman and introduce oneself and friend. The fireman may be occupied with other thoughts and not particularly care whether he knows your name and that of your friends.

A lady at a week-end house party, upon interrupting a gentleman taking his morning shower, withdraws with dignity and does not introduce herself. The gentleman, likewise, retains his dignity if possible.

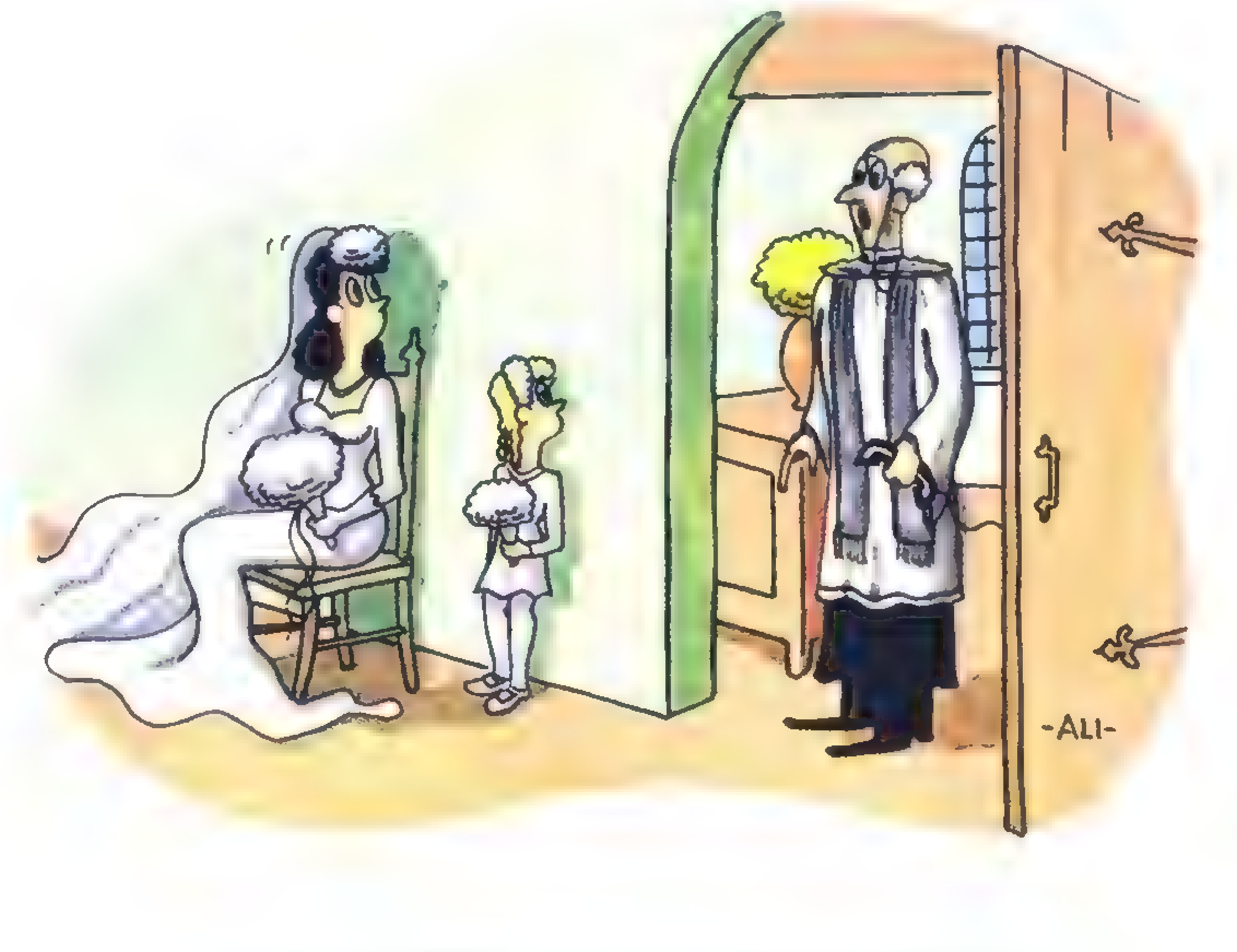
A lady is never presented to a man unless it be the President of the United States, a reigning sovereign or a person of sufficient "pull" to warrant this reversal of good form. (Presenting a lady to a reigning sovereign is no longer a problem, there are so few of them.)

When accompanied by a former husband, a lady never introduces him to others unless alimony payments have been maintained regularly or a satisfactory settlement has been reached out of court.

2. The Bow

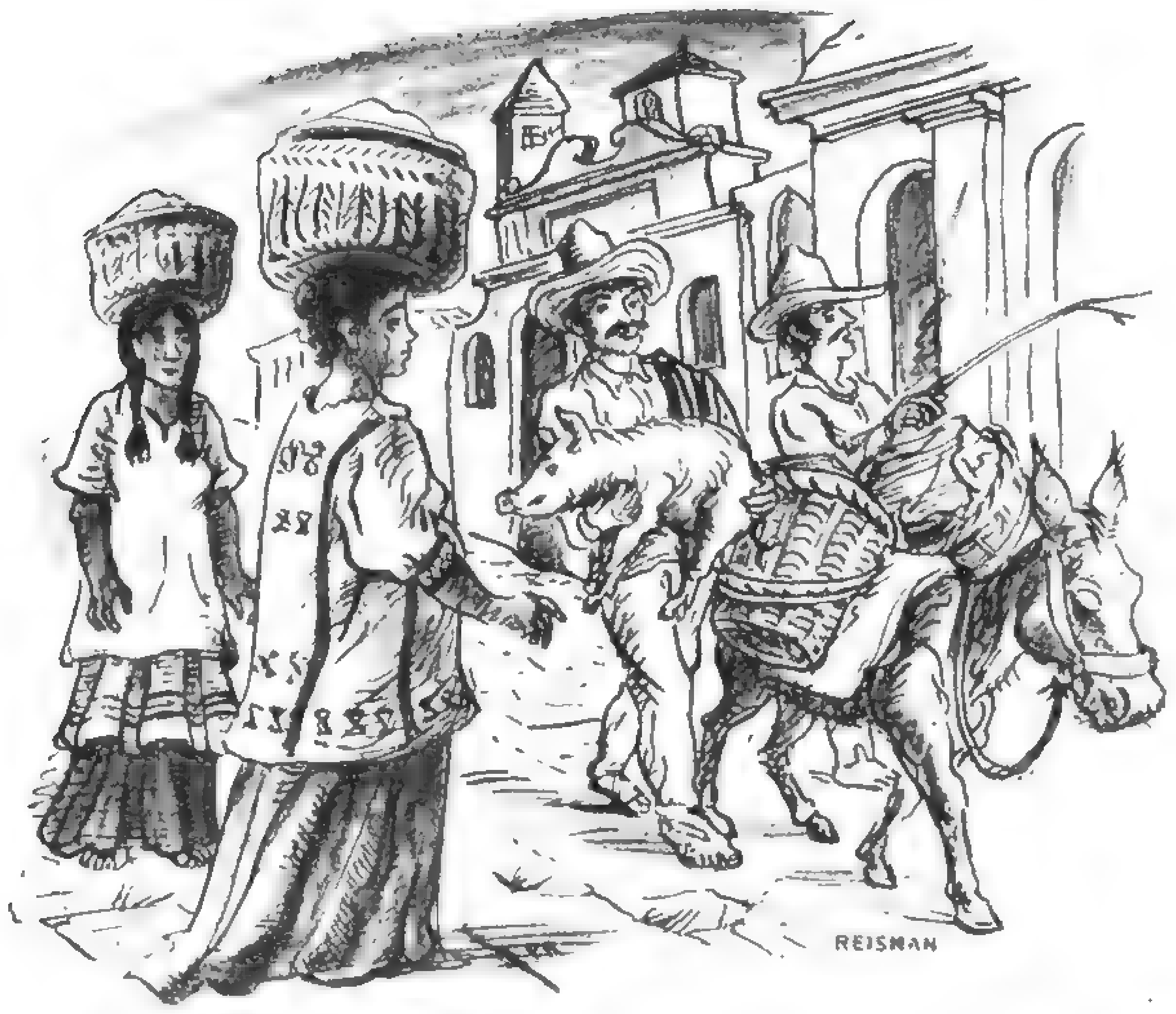
When responding to applause at a dinner, it is customary for the gentleman of today to rise slowly with hands clasped above his head, as though he were attempting to shake hands with each and everyone there. He moves his clasped hands from right to left and back again, muttering, "T'anks! T'anks, pals!" Meanwhile, large tears drip slowly down across both cheeks, run over his shirt front and are absorbed by the cloth in the waistband of his trousers.

In the old days, when high hats and derbys were worn, an acquaintance was greeted on the street by pushing up the back of the hat so that the front came down over the eyes. Today, when soft-brimmed hats are worn almost exclusively, a man greets a friend with a lackadaisical touch of the forefinger. However, when he is passing a lady whom he knows to be possessed of considerable wealth, he grasps his hat by the crown and lifts it high *(Continued on page 136)*



"For you, Miss Caruthers—long distance"

"When the fiesta comes it will be the most elegant we have ever had and you will forget to suffer for a few days"



Six Tortillas

by JOHN ABNEY

On the south bank of the river stood a small, feeble-looking shack. It formed one room with a dirt floor. The door was nothing formal on hinges, just an opening; and there was one window without screen or glass. The sides of the hut leaned and were out of line. They were made of a patchwork of various sized saplings and scrap lumber nailed in spots with broken, rusty nails, and tied with wire or heavy vines in others. The roof was covered with many layers of palm leaves. A battered little porch clung to one side of the hut. It was nothing more than a few warped saplings lashed together with heavy vines and covered over with palm leaves. Behind the shack was a tiny garden patch, poor in appearance and as full of weeds and bits of trash as it was of scrawny, withered vegetables. The ground here was a sandy loam, covered with stretches of coarse, green grass, and rolled smoothly down the slope to the river. A few trees and scrubby bushes stood in scattered nondescript formation away from the shack.

Below, in the river, a few women and children were bathing or washing clothes. The river was an all-purpose instrument in the lives of these people . . . to bathe in, wash in and drink from. In some instances, it also carried away sewage. But it was a rather nice and friendly river for them. It was shallow enough to wade in but deep enough for bathing and it was always clear except when the rains brought an abundance of dirt and muddy water down the sides of the steep hills to its channel. Even then, the water was dirty for just a few days and had never prevented the daily bathing and washing. Sycamore and palm trees lined the banks with a few patches of the coarse grass, pierced here and there by jutting stones.

One half of the little town was connected with the other by the high, iron bridge, with the wooden floor of splintery boards. Ox carts rumbled slowly along the dusty road, occasionally making way for an ancient automobile that chugged noisily past. This, and the tops of the wooden and adobe houses of the little town, was all in view of the man in the hammock that swung on the porch of the shack. He gazed contentedly across the river, with its bathers and the burros laden with oversized, earthern jars for carrying water, to the faded little town. It was late afternoon.

"¡Qué vista linda! . . . what a beautiful view," he said to no one in particular. With one bare foot, he kept the hammock swinging.

The woman on her knees beside him continued patting the coarse dough into tortillas. On one small charcoal burner, which she stopped to fan each few minutes, was a clay bowl filled with boiling water and black beans. Another beside it had a cracked, blackened piece of tin for a top on which the tortillas would presently be cooked. Her thick, black hair hung in two long braids with bedraggled bits of red ribbon tied to the ends, one over either shoulder. Her bare feet, calloused and cracked from many years of hard use and exposure on the roads of Tehuantepec, formed a makeshift seat over the dirt floor of the porch. She patted the tortilla slowly into a pancake shape and watched the women in the river below with an air of disinterest.

"The sunset here on our little town is the most beautiful in the world. ¿Verdad . . . there is no other like it?" The man turned his head slightly to watch the sun sinking slowly behind the big hills up the river.

"I have not seen all the world," the woman replied tersely. She placed the tortilla on the smoky piece of tin, picked up the torn palm leaf fan and wagged it briskly before the glowing coals in the tin burner.

The man sighed and turned back to the little town. "It is not necessary to see all the world to know you live in the most beautiful place in it," he said. "Each man knows his mother is the most beautiful woman in the world, but he has not seen them all."

"We will have only three tortillas each," the woman answered.

"Three tortillas . . . ten tortillas; it is the same. I am not hungry now. Tomorrow we will borrow some maize from Chucho."

"Chucho! Chucho! He will not feed us always. He has a family."

"¡Qué vista! Only three more weeks until the fiesta. No other pueblo decorates so beautifully as ours. We have more color, more costumes and more happiness."

"With what do you think you would pay Chucho? More promises?"

"How many bulls do you think we will have this year? Paco said I could help him tend them when they arrive. Perhaps someday I will assist a matador and wear the red shirt and white pants and

RAVITZ

Cook's Tour: Richard T. I. Clark

New York's Voisin Restaurant boasts of one of the few truly great English chefs—Richard T. I. Clark, who was trained by Escoffier. During World War I, Mr. Clark was in charge of the captain's galley in the Iron Duke, *Admiral Jellicoe's flagship. Since 1923 Clark has manned the complicated steering wheel of the Voisin cuisine, where the marvelous food speaks French, Italian, Hungarian, depending on your desire. Clark, who only speaks the King's English, could teach his masterpieces Esperanto if he wanted to . . . try your hand at one of his fish recipes, Poached Fillets of Sole with Oysters Voisin. Season some deboned fillets of sole with salt and pepper, a few drops of lemon juice, and cook over low flame with a tiny piece of butter. Cook at the same time, also over a low flame, some oysters, in their own liquor plus a dash of Worcestershire sauce. When ready, place fillets on a hot serving platter, surround them with the oysters, pour the sauce over, and cover with hot fried bread crumbs and chopped parsley.*

HURRELL

Tale of a Traveler

The setting is laid in the Pullman club car aboard the New York Central's Twentieth Century Limited, *speeding west. Maintaining a seventeen-hour schedule between New York and Chicago, the* Century *bears a steady traffic of business executives and coastbound celebrities, people who know where they're going in both senses of the definition. The shortish fellow in the foreground of the photograph has demonstrated his travel savvy by choosing a sturdy single-breasted tweed suit, which is comfortable for lounging, holds a press well and shrugs off wrinkles. The broken herringbone weave, which accentuates the vertical pattern, gives him an illusory appearance of added height. And reasoning that there is really no need to be drab while being practical, he has stepped up his Oxford shirt with a colorful Tartan rayon tie.*

carry a little whip." The hammock swung lazily.

"Bulls . . . fiestas . . . tequila! You dream and starve while all the world works. You have a garden that goes uncared for. The weeds choke everything that would grow there and you lie in your hammock and look at a town and a river or talk with the other flojos about bulls. You know nothing of bulls. You know nothing of nothing. You are nothing but you think you are something."

"I am happy. That is something."

"You have nothing and you want nothing."

"If a man wants nothing he is happy."

"If a man wants nothing he is no good. Not to himself or to anyone else. If you worked like Chucho you could have something and then you would be happy."

"I am happy now."

"You are stupid." The woman placed another tortilla on the burner and turned the first one over. Then she picked up the palm leaf fan, waved it briskly before the coals under the bowl of frijoles, put it on the ground beside her when the coals glowed brighter and began patting another ball of the coarse dough into a tortilla.

"Paco has a little whip and his red shirt and white pants that Don Guillermo gave him last year. Don Guillermo told him he could help in the fiesta each year if he wishes. He takes care of the bulls when they are brought to town and Don Guillermo gives him five pesos."

"You do not know what five pesos looks like. You know only centavos."

"Paco goes into the pen each morning and gives the bulls water and feed. He says they are always very fierce and his work is very dangerous. He tends them for only four days and Don Guillermo pays him five pesos."

"Chucho makes fifteen pesos a month working at the tienda and he has four shirts and some fine pants to wear and they have much to eat. Concha told me he will buy a burro next week to carry things to the market on Saturdays. If you worked you could buy a burro for me."

"You are strong," the man sighed and closed his eyes. He rocked gently with his bare foot on the dirt floor.

"I will be old one day and it is hard to carry so many jars and dishes to market. It is far. You do not even help me make the jars . . . not even when I bring the clay here to the house."

"Would you have me do the work of a woman? . . . Concha will help you carry your things when she gets the burro."

"Concha! Chucho! You would die if you did not have a brother and his wife to take care of you. You would lie here and starve if you did not have me to give you food each day."

"Memo says he thinks they will have four bulls this year. Don Guillermo is going to give two and Memo says the Alcalde will buy two with the money the people have given for the fiesta. If I help Paco, Don Guillermo may pay me five pesos, too."

"If he does you will spend it on tequila and not something we need."

"Memo says they will have two picadores from Vera Cruz so they will be sure to need another helper at the fights. And if they have four bulls, Paco will need someone to help him tend them."

"You never bring money home or spend it on something we need."

"Paco says he will go to Mexico City next year and work in the arena. The bull fights there are very elegant and they always have six big bulls."

"Even when I suffer you do not notice. I am sick much of the time, but I must work just the same."

"You suffer always. It is a woman's way. My father told me all women suffer because they like to. I have seen it myself."

"Your father was the same as you."

"My father was a man."

"Your father was a hungry man like you. He was stupid like you."

"My father was happy and he had friends. I have friends, too."

"If you had no friends, you would starve. If you were a good friend you would work. You will never work and I will die working one day."

"We will all die one day."

The woman took the bowl of frijoles from the fire, arose and went inside the shack. Presently she returned with an old wooden spoon and two clay saucers. She knelt once more beside the little charcoal stoves and carefully turned one tortilla over, then removed the first one, placed it in a basket and covered it with an old piece of a flour sack that served the purpose. Then she took the third ball of coarse dough and began to pat it into a tortilla.

"If they pay you for helping Paco, what will you do with the money?" she asked without bothering to look up from her work.

"That is a long way off," the man replied dreamily. "Perhaps we will need something then. We could save money and go to Ixtépexi. Memo says it is a very nice place."

"We need things now. We need things every day and always will. Let Memo go to Ixtépexi if he likes it there. You would starve to death so far from your brother Chucho who gives you everything."

"Everyone says the fiesta in Ixtépexi is very elegant. And in Juchitán they are very gay and happy. Don Guillermo has a tienda there and he has told me he likes the people. Don Guillermo has a good heart and if he likes someone, it is because they are good."

"Ask Don Guillermo to give you work. Maybe he knows you are too lazy to do anything. Ay, ay . . . como sufro. Work, work, work. And what do I have? Not even a nice dress to wear to the church."

"I will get you a new dress for the fiesta."

"Fiesta!" She sniffed indignantly. "You have no money for more maize or frijoles but you will buy me a dress."

"I will have money. I will help Paco and Don Guillermo will pay me. I will be an assistant in tending the bulls."

"Has he told you he will pay you? Did the worthless Paco say you would be paid?"

"Don Guillermo will pay me," he insisted. "Don Guillermo is a good man and he will not allow me to work for him without pay."

"Allow you to work! He could not make you work. Lazy! You will not leave your hammock to eat your tortillas and frijoles but already you have become an assistant to the drunkard Paco and have enough money to buy me a new dress."

"The Alcalde will take me in his truck to get the bulls for the fiesta. He has a very good truck. Memo rides in it sometimes and says it always runs well."

"What does Memo know about a truck or anything else?"

"He rides in them often."

"And because he rides in them they are good?"

"If they run and do not stop he knows they are good. A truck that will run is good. A truck that will not run is not good."

"The tortillas are almost finished and the frijoles are ready. Will you get up, laziest man in the world, or do you want me to pour your food in your big mouth?"

"If I learn to drive a truck, the Alcalde might pay me to drive his. Perhaps he will teach me when the fiesta comes if he has some tequila and feels happy."

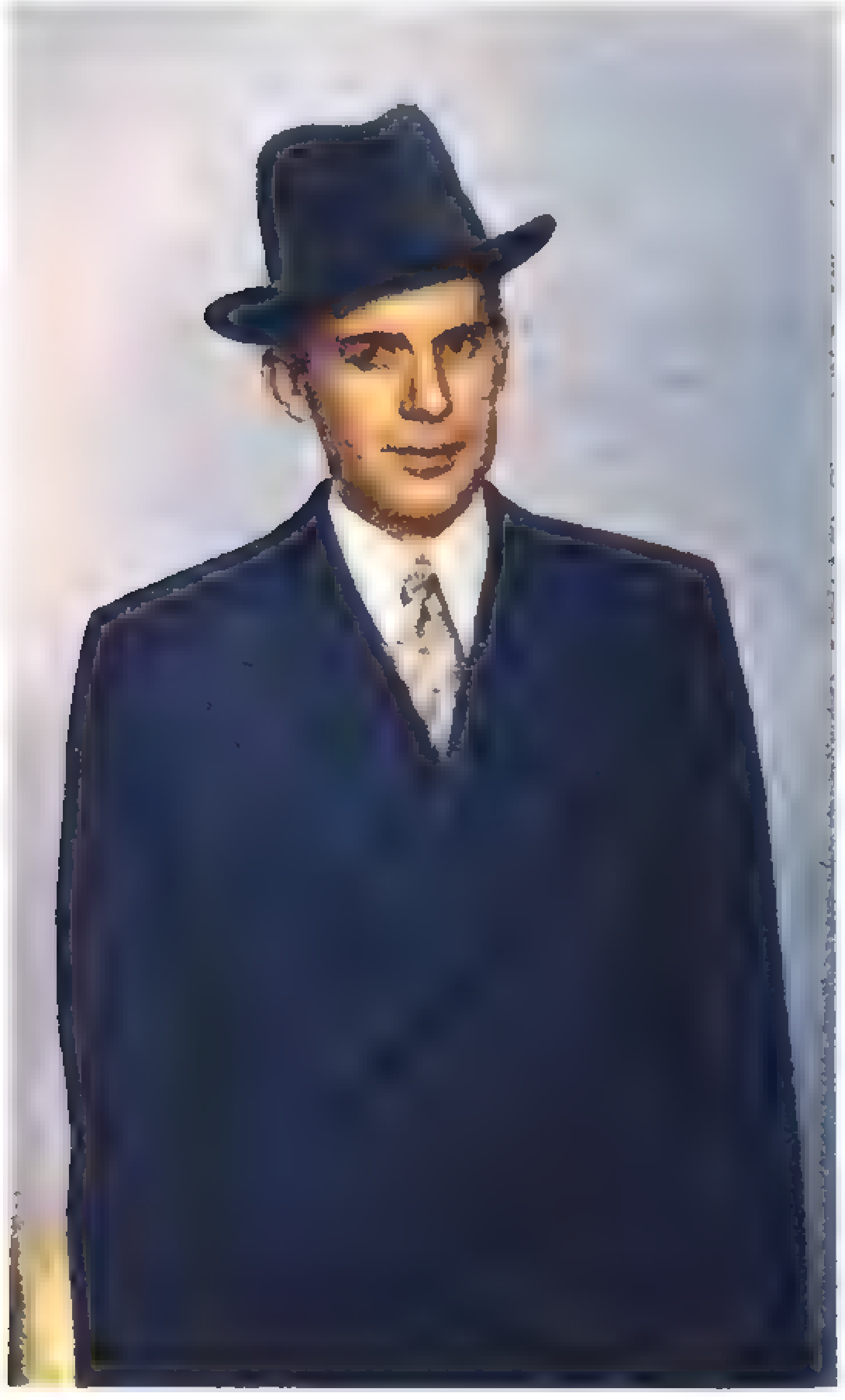
The woman carefully ladled out the frijoles with the old wooden spoon and placed the last tortilla on the (*Continued on page 140*)

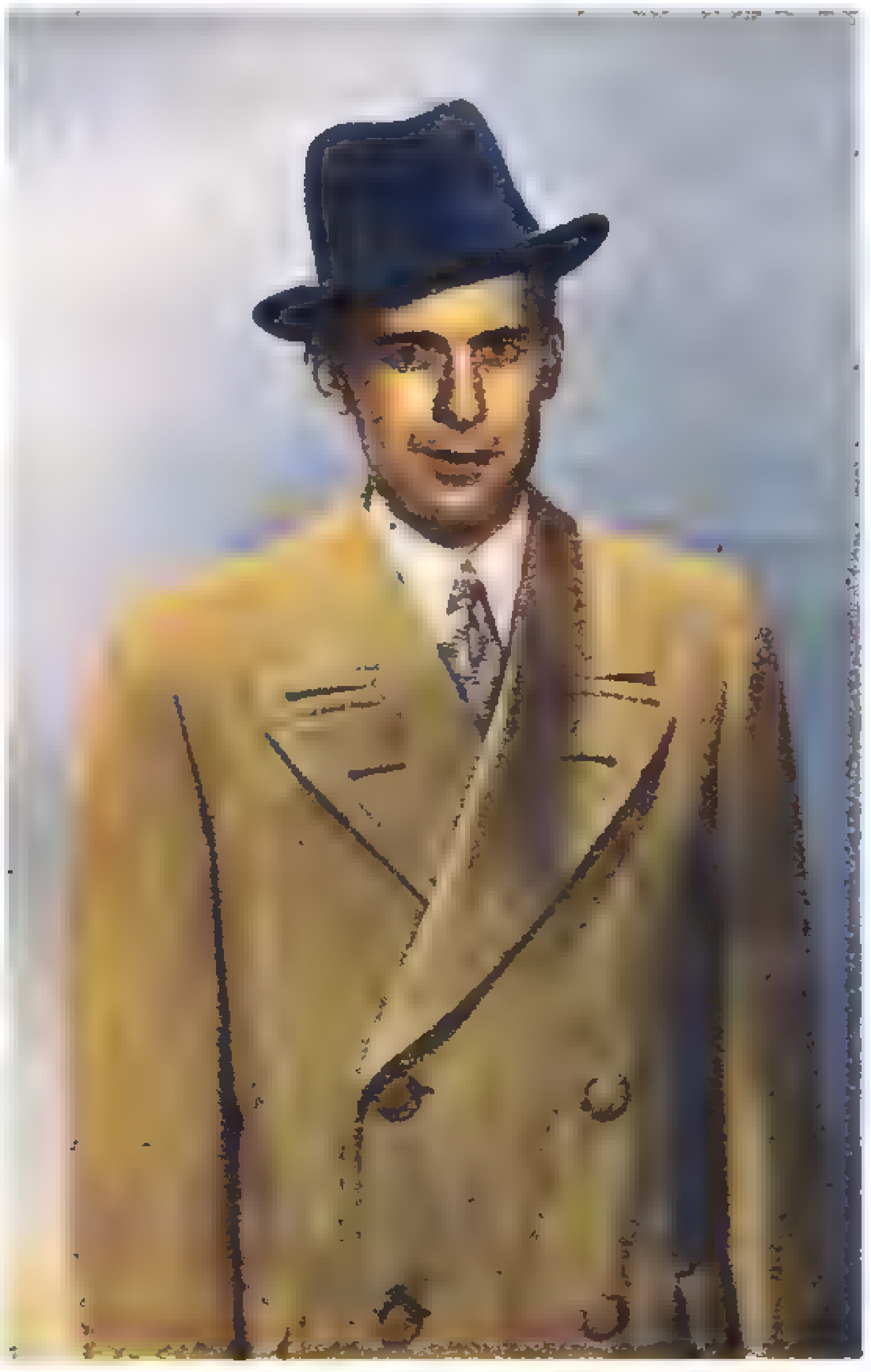
How's Your Fashion Quotient?

Esky puts you on your honor to keep the book right-side up until you have answered all four questions in this pictorial quiz, the second of a series on current attire

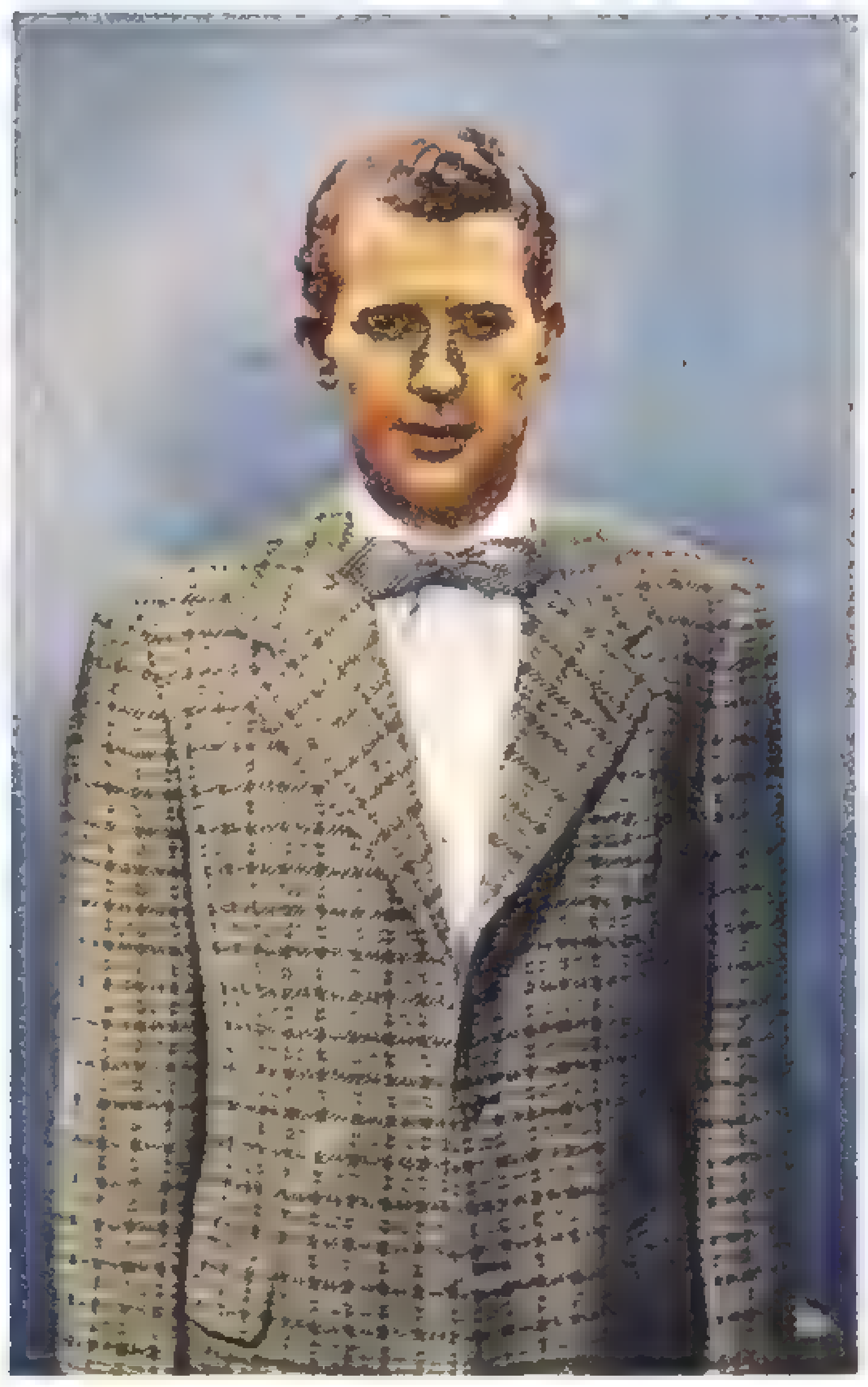
by **O. E. SCHOEFFLER**

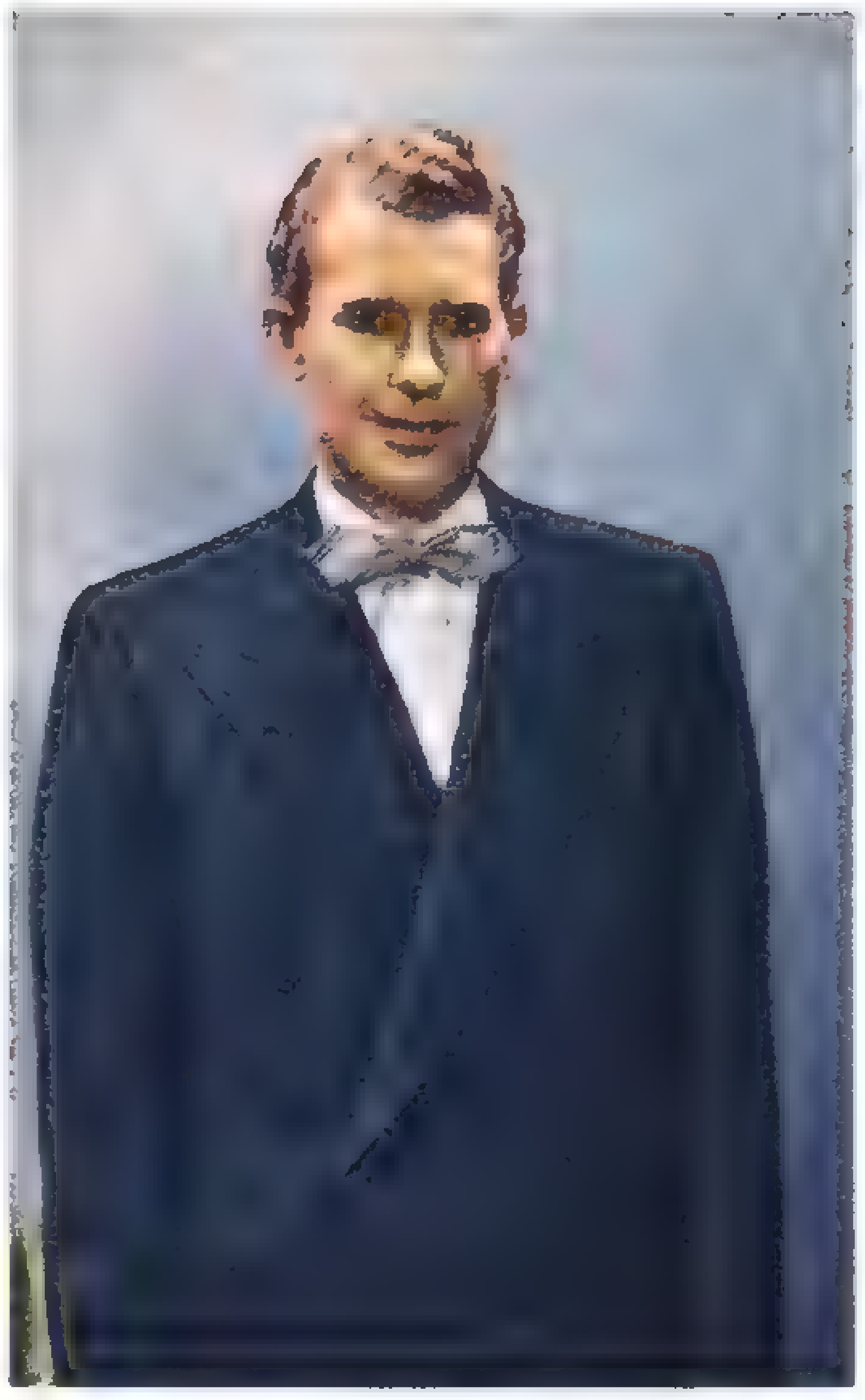
SHARP DIVISIONS between informal, semi-formal and formal dress are tending to disappear from the American scene. However, certain subtleties are still observed by the well-dressed man. As always, good taste rests on appropriateness to the occasion. Below are four problems in appropriateness. With each pair of pictures there's a statement that can be answered with *true* or *false*. Check your answers with Esquire's at the bottom of this page. Give yourself 25 points for each correct. 100 is good (meaning perfect!); 75, fair; 50, so-so.



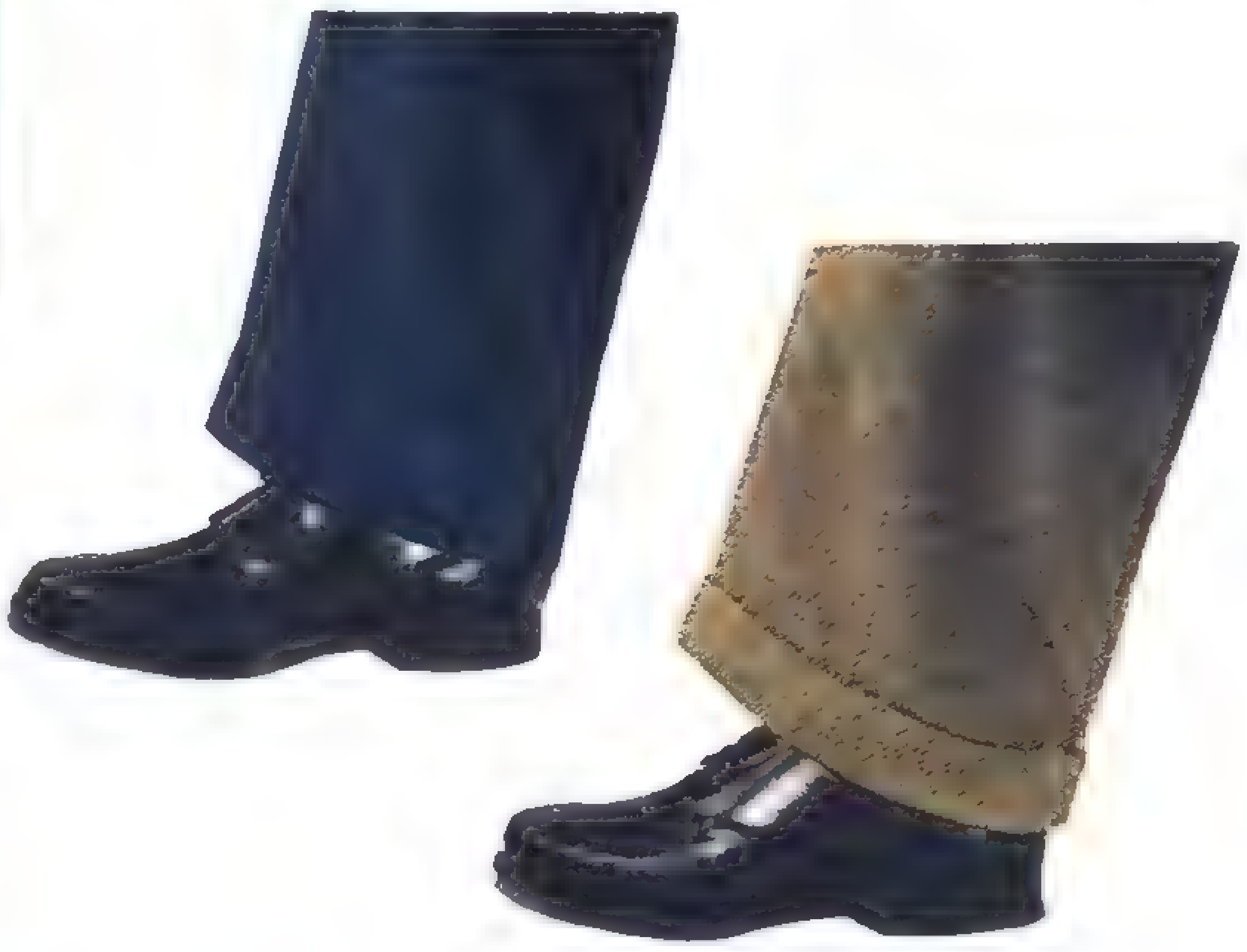


1. The black Homburg hat is better with the tan camel's hair coat than with the dark blue overcoat . . .

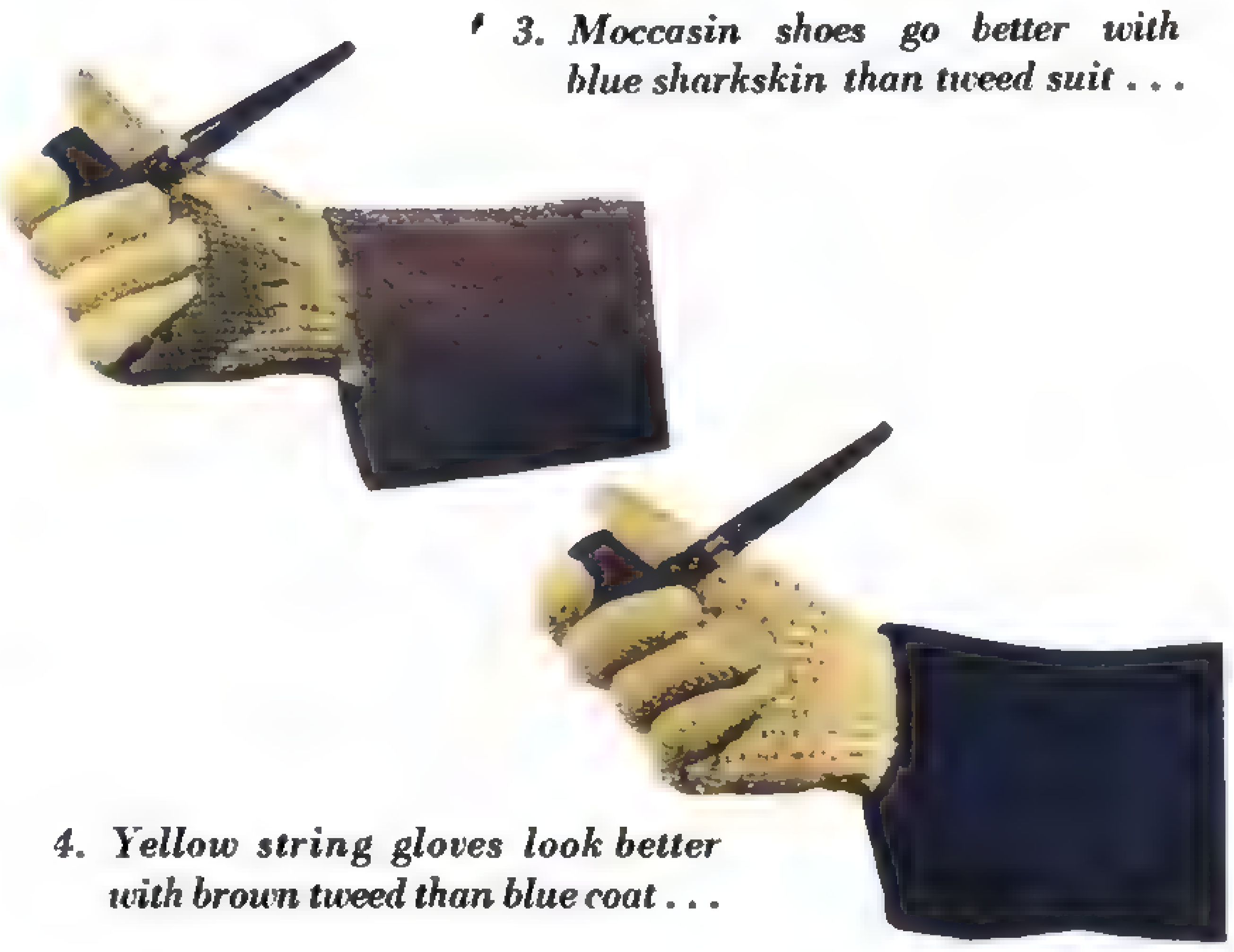




2. The checked bow tie goes better with the striped worsted suit than with the checked jacket . . .



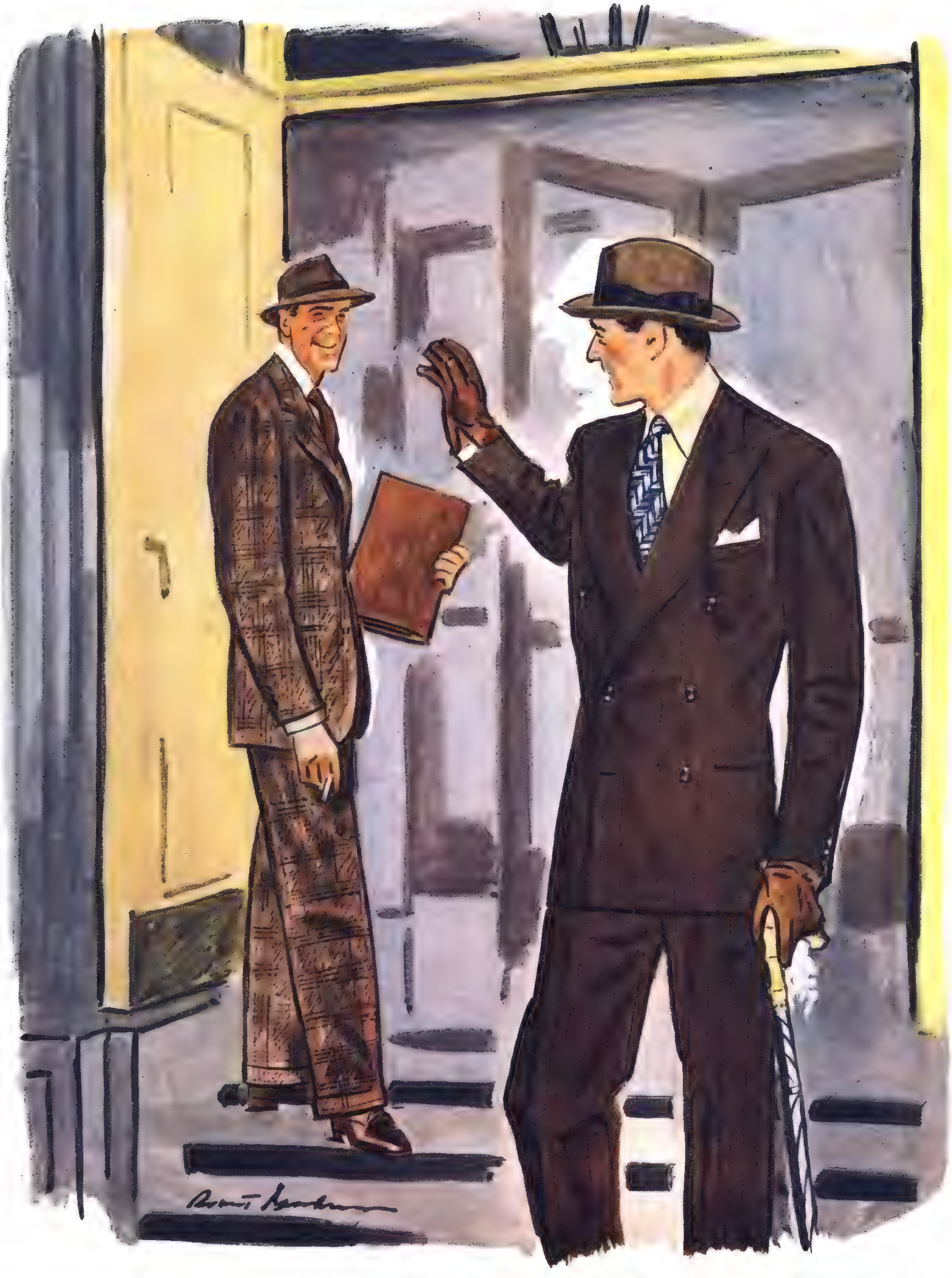
3. Moccasin shoes go better with blue sharkskin than tweed suit . . .



4. Yellow string gloves look better with brown tweed than blue coat . . .

The Answers

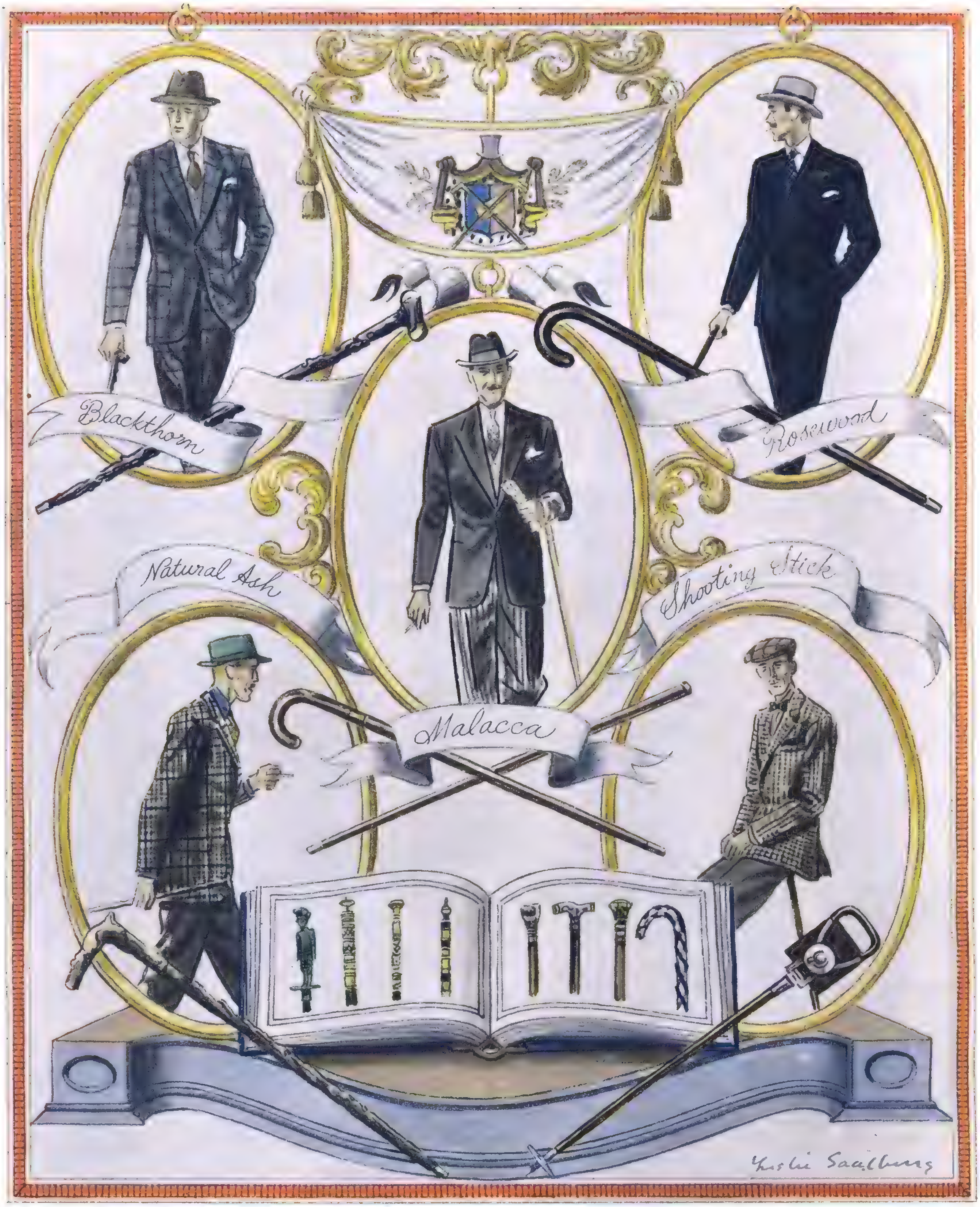
1. *False.*	2. *True.*	3. *False.*	4. *True.*
The dress-up Homburg style goes with the dark blue dress-up overcoat.	The neat checked bow tie goes with the town worsted suit. Too many checks if it is worn with the checked tweed jacket.	Moccasin type shoes with heavy soles are for country wear and go with tweeds.	String knit gloves are better taste with country tweeds.



MEADOW BROWN GOES TO TOWN

Drawing by Robert Goodman

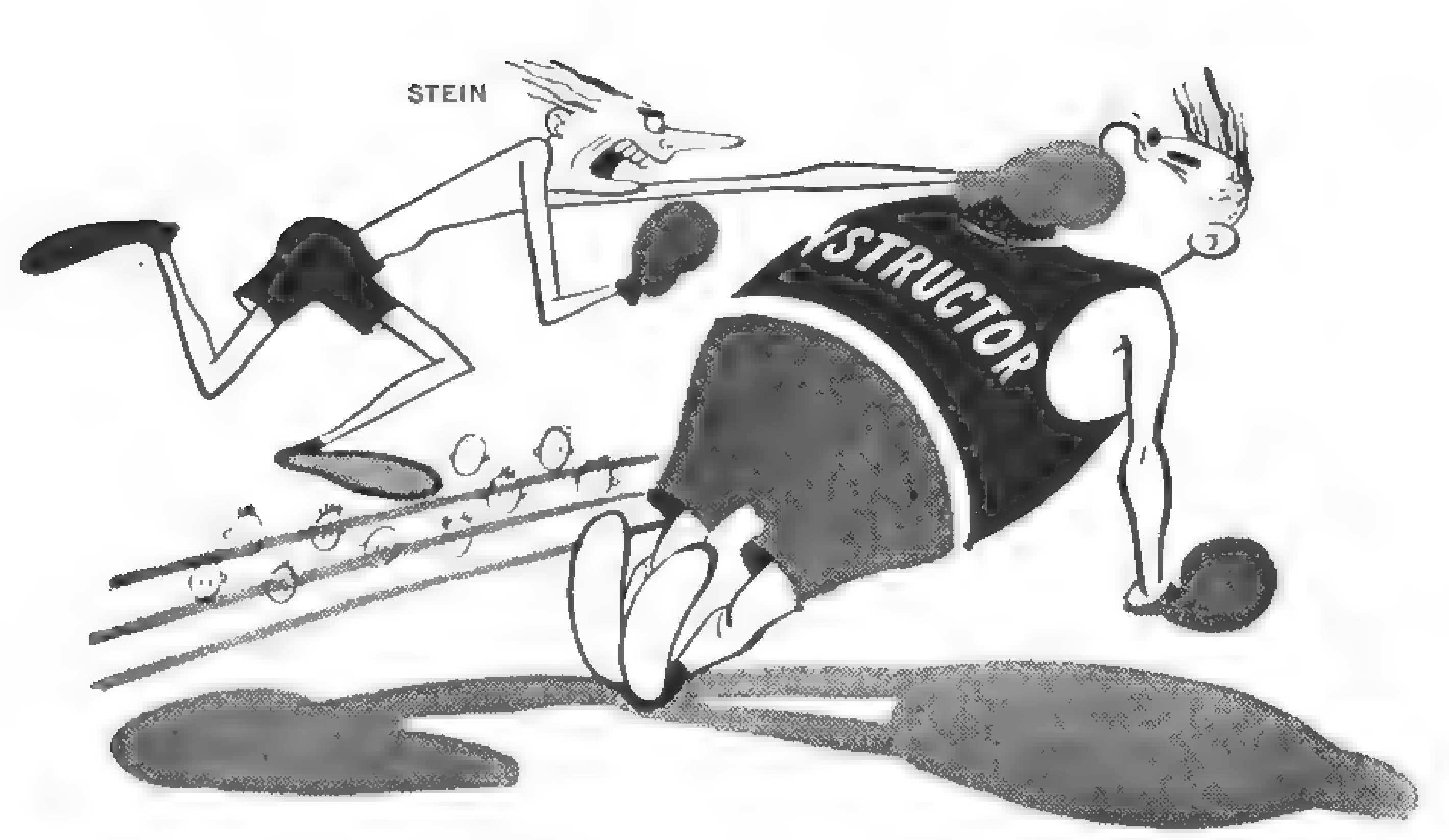
Autumn sweeps the countryside with russet tones, and brown is busting out all over town, as well. These clubmen saying a quick how-are-you on the entrance steps both salute the new shade of meadow brown. The commuter, about to revolve through the door, wears a tan and white oxford shirt, copper color wool tie, and heavy-soled blucher shoes with his Glen plaid tweed. His stitched wool felt hat is a *c'est-la-guerre* job that seems to have established a permanent place for itself with semi-sports dress. His friend wears a double-breasted worsted, with jacket buttons set fairly low. The predominant blue of his herringbone-effect tie picks up the blue stripe of his suit. His hat is brims up, with the new black band on tan felt combination.



CANES COME BACK

Drawing by Leslie Saalburg

Outlets for self-expression in male dress are somewhat limited, but you can let go with canes. Of real functional value in the country for hiking over rough terrain, many canes also come to town just because men "like the looks of them" or like the feel in their hands as they swing along smooth paving. Above, some canes and clothes that team well for varied occasions. Upper left, rugged blackthorn with overplaid tweed suit. Upper right, a rosewood with town clothes. Center, Malacca canes, straight or crooked, for semi-formal day dress. Lower left, natural ash carried with plaid jacket and flannel slacks. Lower right, the shooting stick, classic companion of tweeds at country sports events. The open book samples the collector's canes.



Washed out as a lifeguard, he became a boxing instructor who couldn't box

The Fight Game in Staten Island

by TOM FERRIS

I WAS working as a reporter on a newspaper in Newark when the depression reached its low. It was my first job as a newspaperman and when the staff was cut I was one of the first to go.

After wandering around for a couple of weeks, I signed up as a seaman aboard the Munson liner *American Legion* running from Hoboken to Rio de Janeiro and Buenos Aires. One trip was enough, though, and I landed in Hoboken determined to find a shore job.

One afternoon in a Newark saloon I ran into a newspaperman who told me that a charity organization in New York was hiring press agents. I applied and was hired, at thirty dollars a week.

Well, the job was easy. The charity organization was in charge of the Block-Aid campaign. Those were the days when any plan offered to lift the depression was being tried. Some genius had reasoned that if all residents of every city block contributed to the Block-Aid campaign, one unemployed resident of the block could be put to work and paid by the contributions of his neighbors. It was a good idea, but it just didn't work.

There were about eight newspapermen grinding out publicity for the Block-Aid campaign. We were given case history cards turned in by investigators. From the case histories we wrote tear-jerking yarns which were supposed to wring money from reluctant contributors. The stories were sent to the newspapers. I never, as far as I can recall, saw one in print, although among the eight of us we turned out about 240 stories a day.

We were a decrepit lot, all former newspapermen, and some of them good ones, too. But the outstanding man was burly, six-foot-two Tom Kirschfield, or Hirschfield, I can't remember which. Tom weighed 260 pounds, most of it in his stomach.

One day Tom invited me to go swimming at the Hotel St. George pool in Brooklyn. Tom had passes, and I accepted gladly.

I was paddling around in the shallow end of the pool when I noticed a crowd watching a man on the board. It was big fat Tom, and I held my breath as he bounced toward the end of the high board. He hit the end of the board perfectly, executed a forward one and a half somersault with a half twist, and, as the professionals put it, "pulled in the water after him," which is their way of saying he completed his dive without a splash.

The crowd applauded and Tom left the pool.

He was drying himself with a towel when I asked: "Where did you learn to dive?"

"Oh," he said, "I was a member of the American Olympic team in 1924." Later I looked it up in a sport guide and, sure enough, he was listed there as a member of the Olympic team. But it didn't seem believable, so big was he.

Well, the following day the news got around the publicity office. Like most newspapermen, my co-workers were great lads for applying the needle. One lad in particular took delight in ribbing Tom. He drew sketches of "Tom, the Olympic Champ" showing Tom, big belly and all, landing with a mighty splash, "Tom, the Olympic Champ" diving spread-eagle into a pool. We all had a laugh over the amateur drawings, all of them ridiculing Tom's diving ability.

It must have been the drawings that brought about the offer. Three days after the incident at the Hotel St. George pool, the manager of the charity organization called me into his office and offered me a job as lifeguard at a rest camp they maintained in lower Staten Island for poor New York children. The job paid thirty-five dollars a week, room and board. But I feel sure that the management thought I was "Tom, the Olympic Champ." My name is Tom, too. I was young, and in good shape. The "Champ" was older, and fat.

I might as well confess now that, if supported by a sturdy oak leaf, I can swim a good ten or twelve feet, but that's my limit. Jobs were hard to get in those days, though, and I grabbed at the chance of a summer at a Staten Island rest camp.

For four glorious weeks I was a lifeguard. For four weeks I paraded the beach, chest up, to display the black letters "Lifeguard" that ran across my white bathing suit. We had about two hundred kids ranging from two to six years at the camp. There were, I will admit, some complaints from parents who told the management that I would not allow the children to go into water any deeper than their knees. In short, the kids got little swimming. I told the management I was playing it safe. I was, too. For if any child had gotten beyond his depth no one could have helped him. Unless it was some other kid.

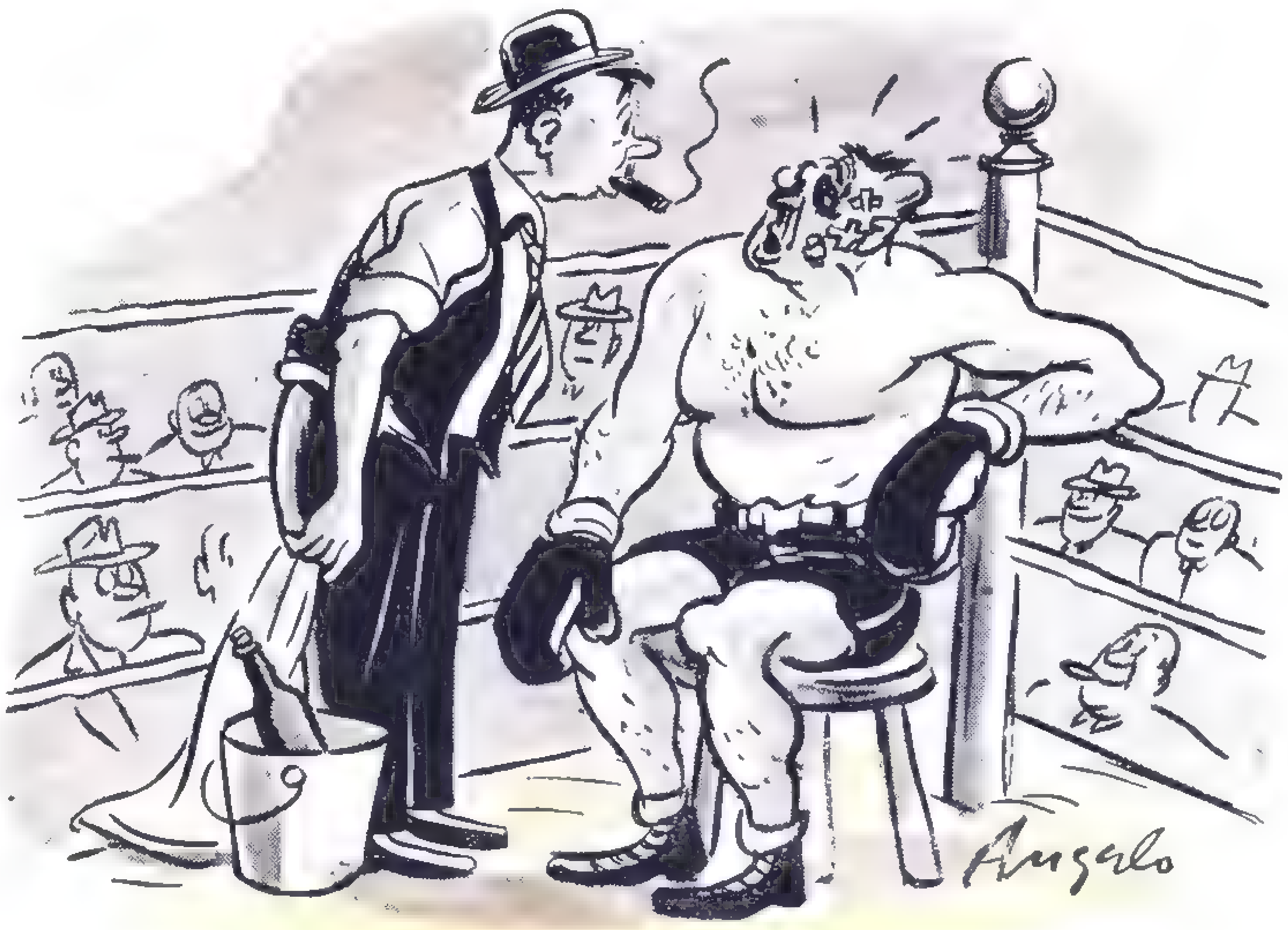
One day a Red Cross instructor came to the camp. His job was to put lifeguards through examinations to determine the guard's qualifications as a bona fide saver of sinking souls. I still feel certain that the instructor's job was created especially to tear down the Paradise in which I was living.

"For the first test," the instructor said, "I want you to swim out one hundred yards. There, in ten feet of water, I have planted a ten pound bag of sand. I want you to swim out one hundred yards, surface dive, retrieve the sandbag, place it on hip and return to shore."

"Are you kidding?" I said. "I quit." It's always better to quit before you're fired.

Naturally, I was washed out as a lifeguard. But I had ingratiated myself with the management at the camp and they didn't want to let me go. Would I consider, they asked, staying on as a boxing instructor. At least there were no instructors sticking their noses around corners to determine whether a boxer IS a boxer. I accepted.

Things went well again. Every morning I would take a hundred or so kids out on the huge lawn. There I would line them up and make them go through motions that I fondly hoped represented jabs and right crosses. We had a boxing ring erected, and after the morning "workout" I would match them against each other. The



"Maybe I shouldn't have hit him back, huh?"

kids, being mostly from New York's East Side, loved it, and I refereed in concealed awe at the poundings they gave each other.

Now one of the policies of the camp was that smaller and younger children came to the camp in the early months of the summer, the older boys and girls were assigned there in August and September. As the summer progressed, therefore, I grew more and more nervous as the new arrivals became older and bigger. By the beginning of September we were getting Dead End kids at the camp. They talked out of the corners of their mouths, wore caps on the sides of their heads, and spit. With the exception of the morning workouts and the daily exhibitions in the boxing ring, I kept my distance. I'm not a coward, you know. I just believe in playing it safe.

The highlight of the season was the annual visit of the board of directors. They were moneyed New Yorkers who financed the charity camp and the management went all out to impress them. The kids rehearsed for a play, exhibitions of clay modeling and water painting went up, the camp was scrubbed from end to end.

The day before the visit the management suggested that I put on a boxing exhibition with one of the older boys. There was nothing I could do but agree, although my heart wasn't in it.

I selected an extremely anemic-looking lad as an opponent. He couldn't have weighed more than one hundred and twenty pounds and I felt I could make a fairly good showing in the ring against him.

When I climbed into the ring for the three-round exhibition, all the camp visitors were sitting on the grass around the ring. In camp stools at the ringside were the board of directors and, beaming, the management. Everything had gone well that day and the boxing exhibition was the last item on the calendar.

I glared across at my opponent, sitting in the opposite corner, just to scare him in case he had any ideas. When the bell sounded I bounced out in what I believed was a pretty fair example of a professional boxer at work. There was a bit of preliminary sparring and then Wham! I don't know where it came from, but when my head cleared I was standing in the middle of the ring, one big boxing glove dripping with blood that poured from my battered nose.

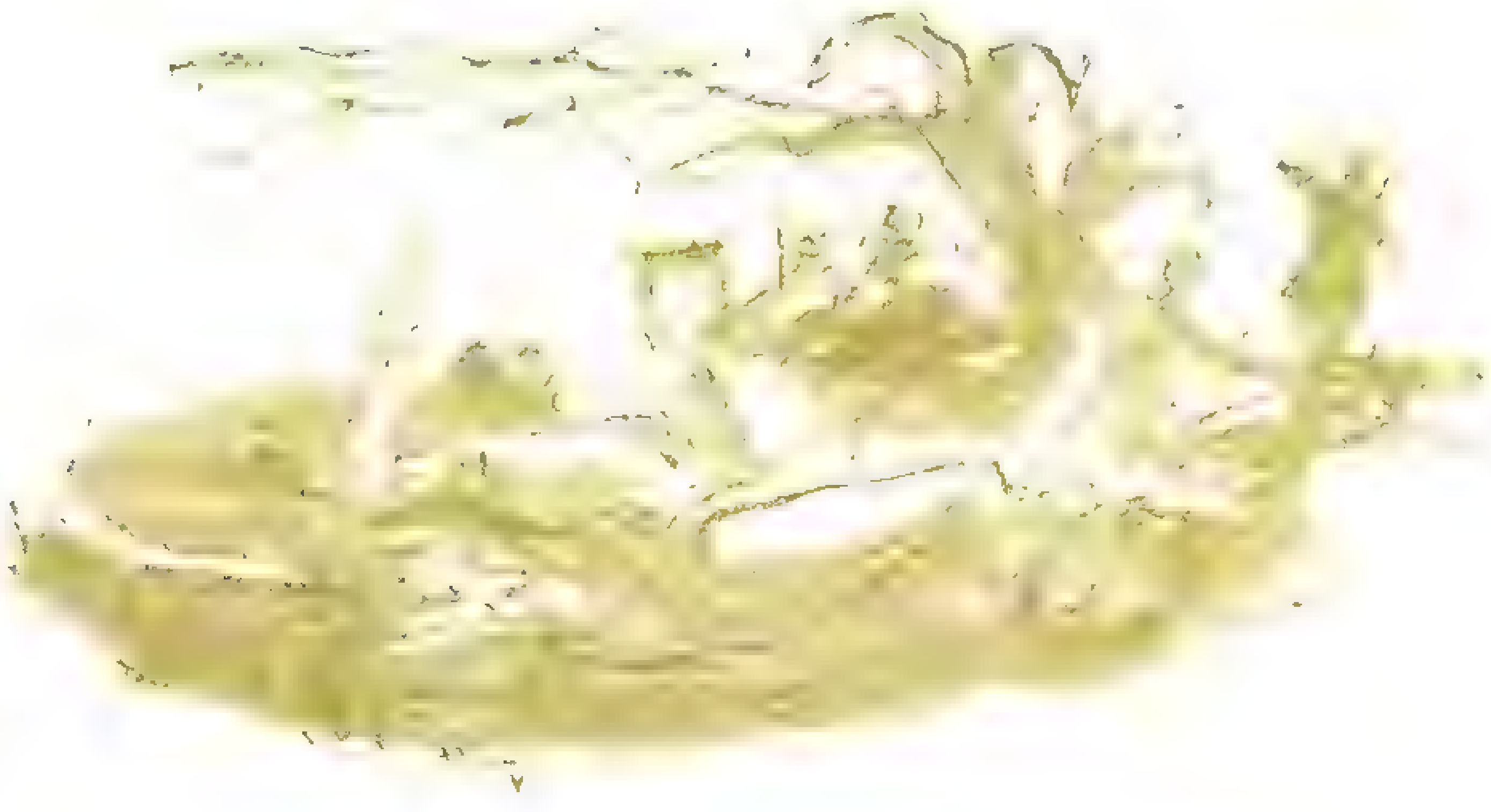
I climbed shakily from the ring, although the round was only half over and walked over to the bewildered management.

"Management," I said, "I quit."

And I did. I packed my bags, drew my pay, and took the next train to Manhattan, a crippled warrior.

Since then I have met many professional boxers, Dempsey, Tunney, Nova, Louis. They're all friends of mine. And when the talk turns to boxing I await the opportunity, then slip in with a remark that I once was boxing instructor at Staten Island. ⧺

Just Before the Battle, Untermeyer



GREENHALGH

In a land where moonlight heralds enemy bombers, a GI takes a new view of poetry

by KARL G. PFEIFFER

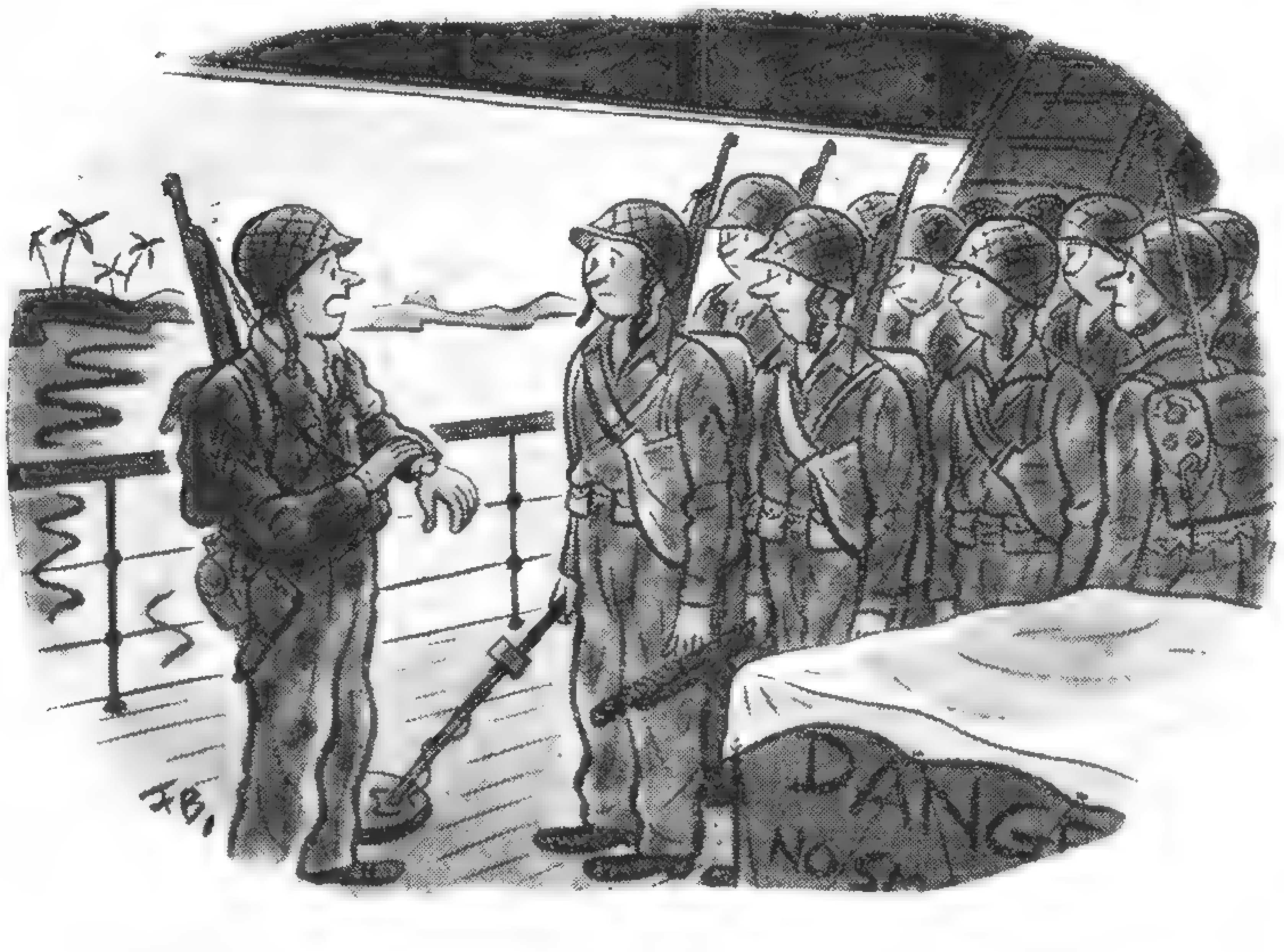
In March, 1943, when I was in San Francisco waiting to ship overseas, it occured to me that the war might be a long one and I had better stock up on reading matter. I like to read, and I did not want to limit myself to those books which the public, having tired of, passes on to servicemen. I doubted that I would ever care to reread *Black Beauty* or *Little Women.* In those days the Council on Books in Wartime had not begun to supply the services with the latest that has been thought and said in the world, or if it had I had not heard of it.

So I shopped for books and crowded my luggage with a library of twelve carefully-chosen volumes. Among them were the Hardin Craig Shakespeare, the Florio Montaigne, and the Bible according to the gospel of Ernest Sutherland Bates. I put in the one-volume edition of the novels of Jane Austen, that delightful lady who wrote through a war seemingly unaware that it was going on. Then I threw in *Remembrance of Things Past*, thinking that, if this should prove to be a really long war, perhaps I would get it all read. And seven others.

I kept my library intact for quite some time, but as we moved further forward more and more of our personal belongings were left behind. I left Proust, only half-read, in Australia, along with my radio and dress-up uniform. Shakespeare stayed on Goodenough Island, where presumably he still is, for he has never caught up with me. By now he may be the prized possession of those Fuzzy-Wuzzies whom the missionaries have taught to read. Miss Austen was abandoned in Australia, having been quite completely ravished by termites.

When I went in on the Hollandia invasion I carried just one book with me—Untermeyer's *Treasury of Great Poems.* By this time we were limited to what we could carry on our backs. After great difficulty I got Untermeyer into my pack—to the great amusement of my comrades—but he displaced two K rations and three packages of Chesterfields.

That first night on New Guinea, while the long day waned, a bomber's moon climbed, and the deep moaned around with more voices than Tennyson ever dreamed of, I pulled out my book and read before taking my ease in my foxhole. I read Job's Complaint and the Twenty-third Psalm; I read *Lycidas* and the ebb and flow of its pentameter line sounded like the wave on the beach beside me; I read Burns because Burns was an old friend. When it got too dark to read I felt very much alone, for everyone had to keep to his foxhole and a foxhole ten feet away was in another world. On one side was the Pacific, on the other, barely thirty feet away, the jungle. How many Japs did it hold? The answer was none, but I did not know it then. Dur-



"Zero hour, men—everybody have a change of sox and plenty of clean hankies?"

ing the weeks that followed, I often read in that book and speculated idly upon the place of poetry in the pattern of that life. What did I get from reading poetry? First of all I got an escape from the present—something I have often argued that poetry shouldn't be. Yet there are times and places where escape is not only justifiable but salutary, and war and New Guinea are two of them.

Sometimes the world of poetry came to be the real world, the things it dealt with seemed the things that mattered, and the world of war in New Guinea became, for the nonce, the dream-like unrealistic limbo that is supposed to be the proper realm of poetry. Such a trance-like state would have been dangerous had it made one less adroit in dodging bombs, but it did not. You still saw the snakes and felt the rain. No alchemy of the spirit could turn K ration and captured Jap rice into ambrosia. But you minded all this less. My reactions to poetry were usually different from those I remembered, sharpened by new experiences and a new environment. I returned to that blissful state which neophytes to learning share with the beasts of the field: I knew what I liked.

It would take more than a war to make me reread all of the *Faerie Queene*, though I can relish a dozen stanzas of it almost any time. To my way of thinking Spenser would have been a much greater poet if three-fourths of what he wrote had been lost. What a splendid fragment the *Faerie Queene* would make! How tantalizing to have a tenth of it, and how satiating to have it all!

VINS
DEDINI

"No more for me—I'm driving"

I am aware that this is a flip, superficial judgment. No one who was going to read all of the *Faerie Queene* will be deterred from doing so by what I have said, for the whole-hog Faerie Queeners are pretty well confined to candidates for the doctor's degree who hope to find in it something to spin an article out of. They do not feel that not liking a poem is any reason for not reading it.

I read Wordsworth and I was annoyed. I think I have gradually been getting more unwordsworthian through the years, and the war has hastened the process. It is hard to find fault with Wordsworth, for he wrote so exquisitely that he constantly seduces you into believing he knew what he was talking about. So long as he confines himself to describing the colors a leaping bunny exudes, he did, but when he insisted on rearing a whole philosophy upon his excessive and fluttering sensibility, he went wrong. In fact, the whole nature-is-so-kind philosophy, of which he is the most glorious exponent, seems false to anyone who has to live with nature all around the clock, as we did. Misty mountain winds can be very unpleasant when they have blown against thee day after day and are more likely to mature into pneumonia than sober thought. It may be true that only God can make a tree, but it is also true that only He can put a python up in one. Nature is all very well if you can take it or leave it, but we couldn't leave it. Wordsworth had Dove Cottage to retire to when nature got too natural. I began to wonder whether a small annuity was the best vantage point from which to view nature. We saw her differently and to us she spoke a different language.

I remember the grim enjoyment which followed the rereading of Wordsworth's stanzas on Peele Castle. That austere and self-centered spirit had been bruised by contact with rough reality, but to me his reality seemed a small thing compared to that which was nightly rained down on us. I felt he had no right to be so stunned over the death of a brother. All around us brothers were dying. It isn't that you become callous to death. No matter how often you see death you never come to take it lightly. Still, you see any one death as a small part of a large unpleasant picture. Wordsworth's grief seemed excessive. Where was the fortitude he loved to extol? And, paradoxically, the grief was suspect partly, because it was so well expressed.

For somewhat the same reason I have never been much moved by the grief which Tennyson wails so elegantly through the countless stanzas of *In Memoriam*. No one could grieve so poignantly for seventeen years unless he made the most of every sigh.

Keats held up in the tropics better than Wordswsorth, perhaps because his romance is admittedly romance. But I used to wonder, a little grimly, what Keats would have thought of his moon-goddess Cynthia had her full-blown loveliness guided enemy planes to his lair. She was a thing of beauty, all right, but no joy forever. To us she was more Cressida than Cynthia and there was danger in her meretricious beauty.

But when you looked at her you forgot about the danger, for the scene was exactly like the tropics as the travel ads used to picture them and you would find yourself thinking it romantic. Everybody knows now that the tropics are nothing like Hollywood's version of them. Life there is far from idyllic. It's as hard to find a beautiful woman in the tropics as it is to find a natural one in Hollywood. Yet, oddly, the romantic concept was never entirely banished from one's mind.

You gazed upon the moon, but you gazed from a spot not far from your foxhole, lest you be shot by some nervous and trigger-happy G.I. Then the radar would detect an approaching enemy plane and we would get a warning, red tracer bullets shot across the night. Instantly the camp grew dark, silent and immobile beneath that copy writer's moon. Then came Washing Machine Charlie, our favorite Jap, as regular as a telephone bill, as noisy as a Model T. The moon-blanched shore etched our bivouac area and we lay like a relief map beneath him. Sometimes when the Japs were low in ammunition, Charlie just cruised around a few times, trying to be just one of those little things that lower morale. He was hard on sleep. We called him nasty names, which Chaucer and Shakespeare would have applauded but Milton and Mrs. Browning wouldn't have liked at all.

Or course, I wasn't always reading poetry. I had a job to do and most of the time I was doing the things which reading poetry was a relief from. And there were other diversions, like movies and poker and talking of home. Occasionally there was a sunny day, and we all sat naked in the brook and scrubbed our clothes on rocks.

Then there was the day we were to leave for the invasion of Hollandia. Everything was packed. There was nothing to do but wait. Everybody went around telling the others it was nice to have known them and making wisecracks like "Casualties will not loiter on the beach." Untermeyer was packed, but I had a paper-backed copy of Robert Frost. Some poems I read over and over. When you have chosen to go on an invasion, poems like *The Road Not Taken* have a poignancy you do not feel when you read them at home in an armchair. There are no birches where I grew up, but nostalgia does not need fact to attach itself to, and Frost's *Birches* stirred up memories of what in retrospect seemed like a happy boyhood. It wasn't. Childhood is thought to be happy because so many middle-aged people have looked back sentimentally upon it.

Over the months I read all sorts of things, and the poet's philosophy seemed less important than his artistry. It didn't matter so much what he had to say. Shelley's nebulous optimism made less impression than the music of his verse and the grandeur of his imagery.

So far as I know I was the only man in the outfit who carried poetry with him, but I wasn't the only one who read it. There came a time when all the detective stories in the company library had been read through. And poetry had a chance in New Guinea which it seldom gets in the classroom. In New Guinea there were no credit points to be earned for reading it. Shakespeare had a new audience, one not sufficiently cultured to know that he is highbrow. He had come full-circle; once again he was enjoyed by the sort of people for whom he wrote.

All this was months ago, and now I am packing to go overseas again. When this sees the light of print I shall be across the world. I am choosing the books to accompany me. Untermeyer goes in again, the same battered copy, and another Shakespeare and the Bible. And the last half of *Remembrance of Things Past.* ##

A careful study of coverts rewards the hunter during the brief woodcock season

The Sportsman's Yearbook: October

by WILLIAM J. SCHALDACH

"Take them at the top of the rise, sonny," an old-timer told me when I started hunting woodcock so many years ago, "and if you time it right you'll roll 'em every shot." I shudder to think, in these days of ammunition scarcity, of the quantities of shells I burned in futile attempts to determine just what was the "top of the rise." Still, it is good advice when you consider the birds that flush in the manner in which we think they should—a quick spring from under the dog's nose, then a steady twittering climb to the top of the alders or birches.

These are what are affectionately known as "sucker shots" and it is safe to say that most woodcock are separated from this fair earth by being so indiscreet as to fly that way. But the timberdoodle that lines out waist-high and twists and dodges through the alders and brush like a brown phantom is the bird that engenders vast respect in the shooting man. The bird's wings are short and rounded, as is necessary for a brush flyer. His legs are short and strong for a quick getaway, with broad open feet and no webs. He is the bird that cuts down averages scandalously and restores us to a proper perspective at times when we have been getting a bit too cocky about our shooting.

In these days of shortened seasons it is to the advantage of every gunner to get the most out of his hours afield. One of the surest ways I know of producing results is to make a more careful study of coverts than we used to think necessary. Alder, birch and poplar thickets are the traditional woodcock feeding grounds; yet for some unaccountable reason birds do not always return to the same coverts year after year. That the ground has turned sour is one theory for this abandonment of feeding grounds, and it seems to hold. Where earthworms will no longer thrive there will be no woodcock. Soft, moist earth into which he can drive his bill is what the bird needs. The upper half of his bill is longer than the lower and can be flexed like a finger. This is not a hard-ground tool. Ground conditions can be right and birds often found among hard woods high on the ridges where brush and shade keep the earth damp. The edge of a cornfield bordering a woodland is a chance I never overlook. And I know of half a dozen abandoned orchards which are likely to yield as many longbills as grouse—though that type of rather open cover isn't supposed to be on the accepted list of woodcock cafés.

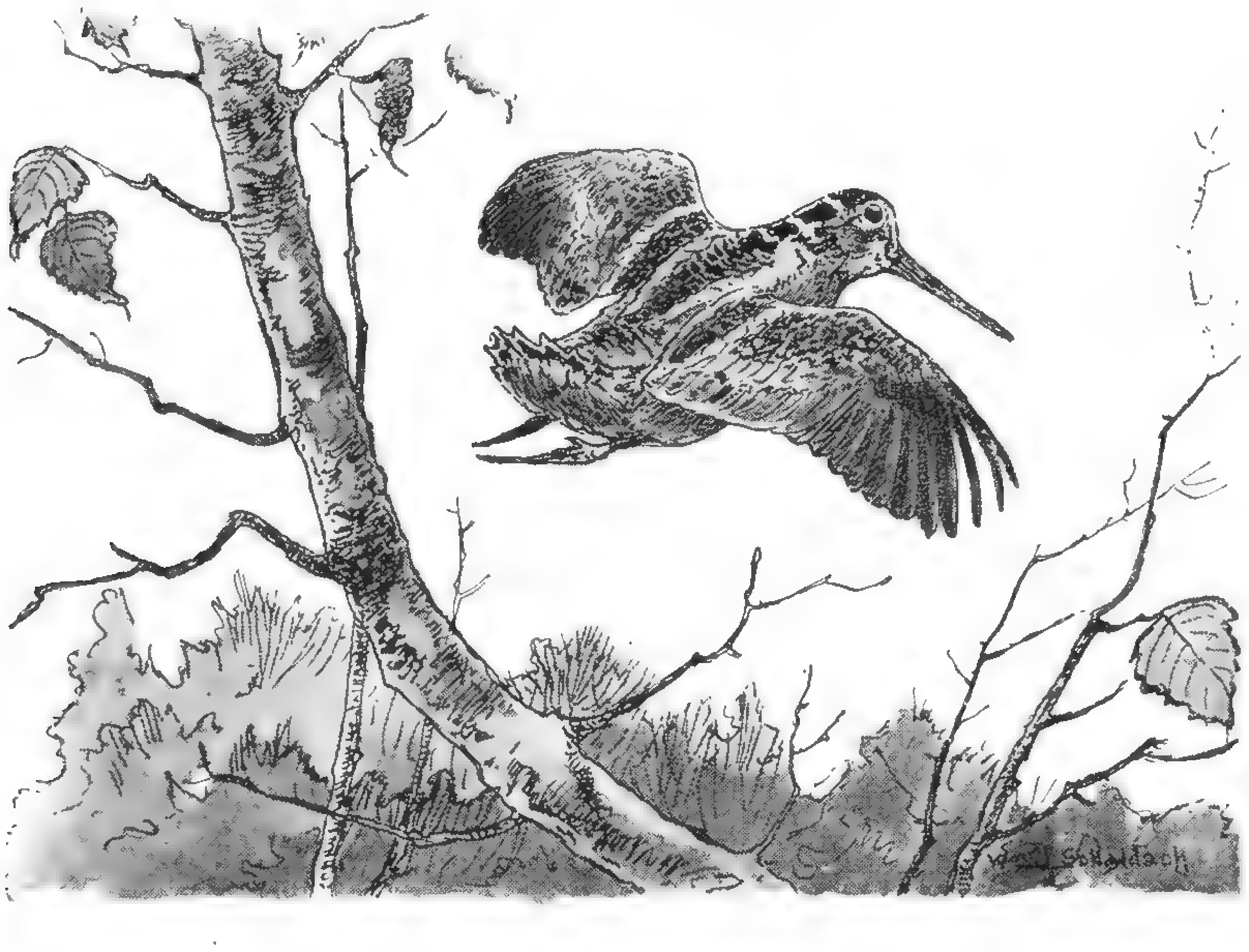
While the Grade A grouse dog is one of Earth's rarest products, it is a happy fact that almost any reasonable tail-wagger will hunt woodcock with at least a semblance of success. The bird is inclined to lie close and seldom flushes wild. I have known of several men who have had a whale of a good time in the thickets, aided by such diverse canine items as poodles and collies!

And when the flight is in, it is entirely possible to hunt woodcock without a dog, by watching for borings and "splatter," or droppings. I have often taken my daily limit of four birds in this way.

One of the most intriguing things about woodcock shooting is the happy informality with which the bird conducts its life. Since it is a migratory species one expects a fairly wide margin of variation in flight movements. It would be a comfortable thought if one could guess right in, say, fifty per cent of the tries. But this, as every brush plodder knows, is asking too much. When all conditions seem favorable the gunner may find only empty cover; and frequently when every sign is wrong woodcock will be popping out of the most unlikely places.

One of my enthusiastic gunning friends made a trip to Maine two weeks after the woodcock season was over. He went especially for grouse and had the services of a fine setter who knew the game. It was an off season for fantails, and a week of hard work produced only half a dozen birds. But he kept running into woodcock constantly. One day his dog pointed sixteen of the longbills and the poor fellow had the dubious pleasure of flushing and watching them go without being able to fire his gun. The ground had a covering of three inches of snow and the temperature went down below the frost mark each night. Why the birds lingered is something that only they knew.

A flushed woodcock ordinarily will not make a very long flight, especially if the cover is thick, and if you miss him the first time it will pay you to follow the bird. Usually you will get him up again within 200 yards; frequently much closer. Last fall my son Bob moved a woodcock which flipped over a rise and settled into the alders again not twenty yards away. It was an easy matter to flush him a second time and add him to the bag. Most birds, however, are not that naive, and once a woodcock becomes jittery he can be very wild, indeed. There is an old saying among gunners that you can flush a timberdoodle three times, and if you don't get him on the last rise you will never see him again.

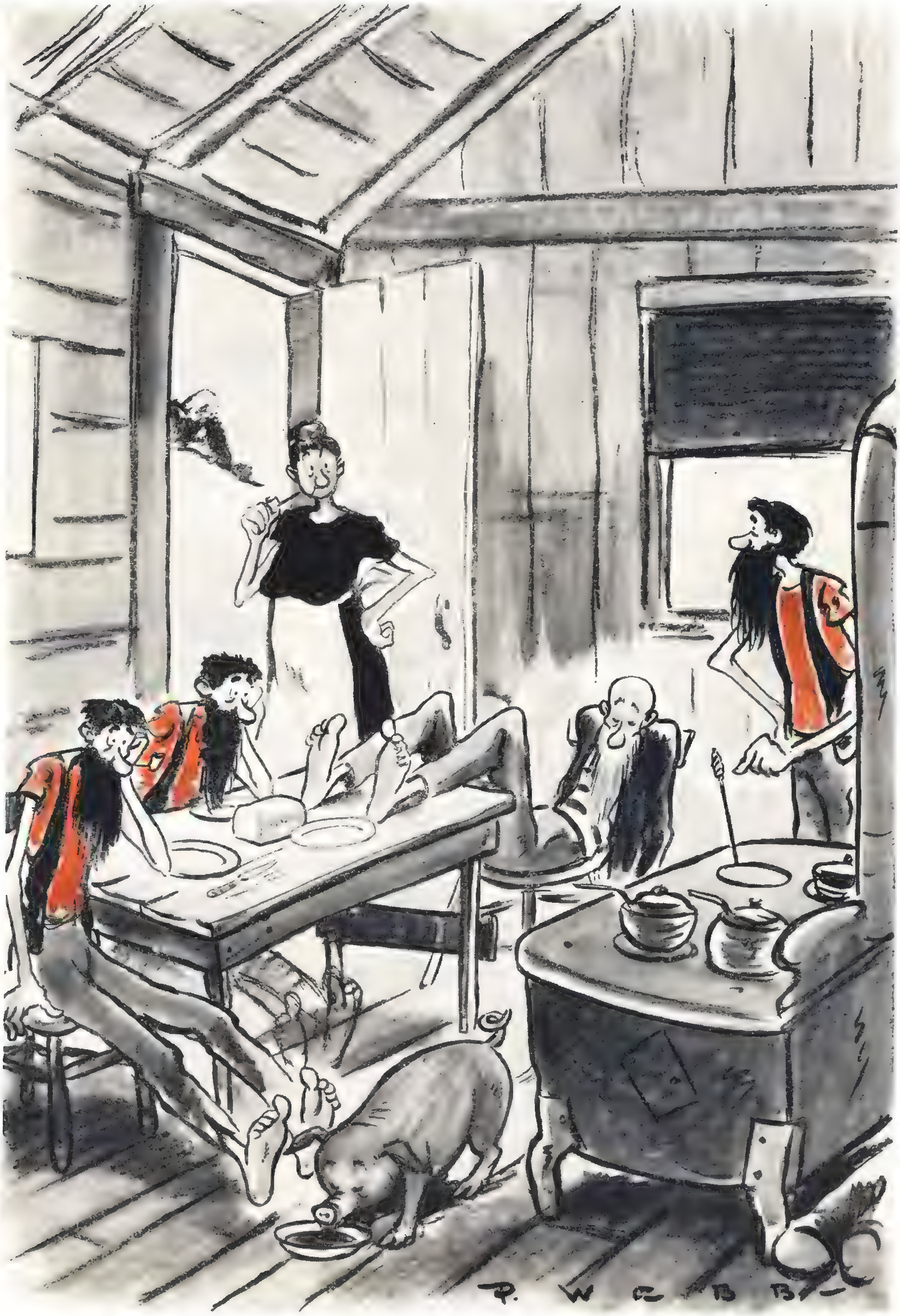


Heavy shot and close-bored guns are handicaps, of course. Your light 12-bore, 16 or 20 will be ideal if it is sufficiently open, say improved cylinder right and modified left. Many men consider size 10 shot ideal; I don't like anything larger than number 8, and the standard Skeet load of number 9 is excellent.

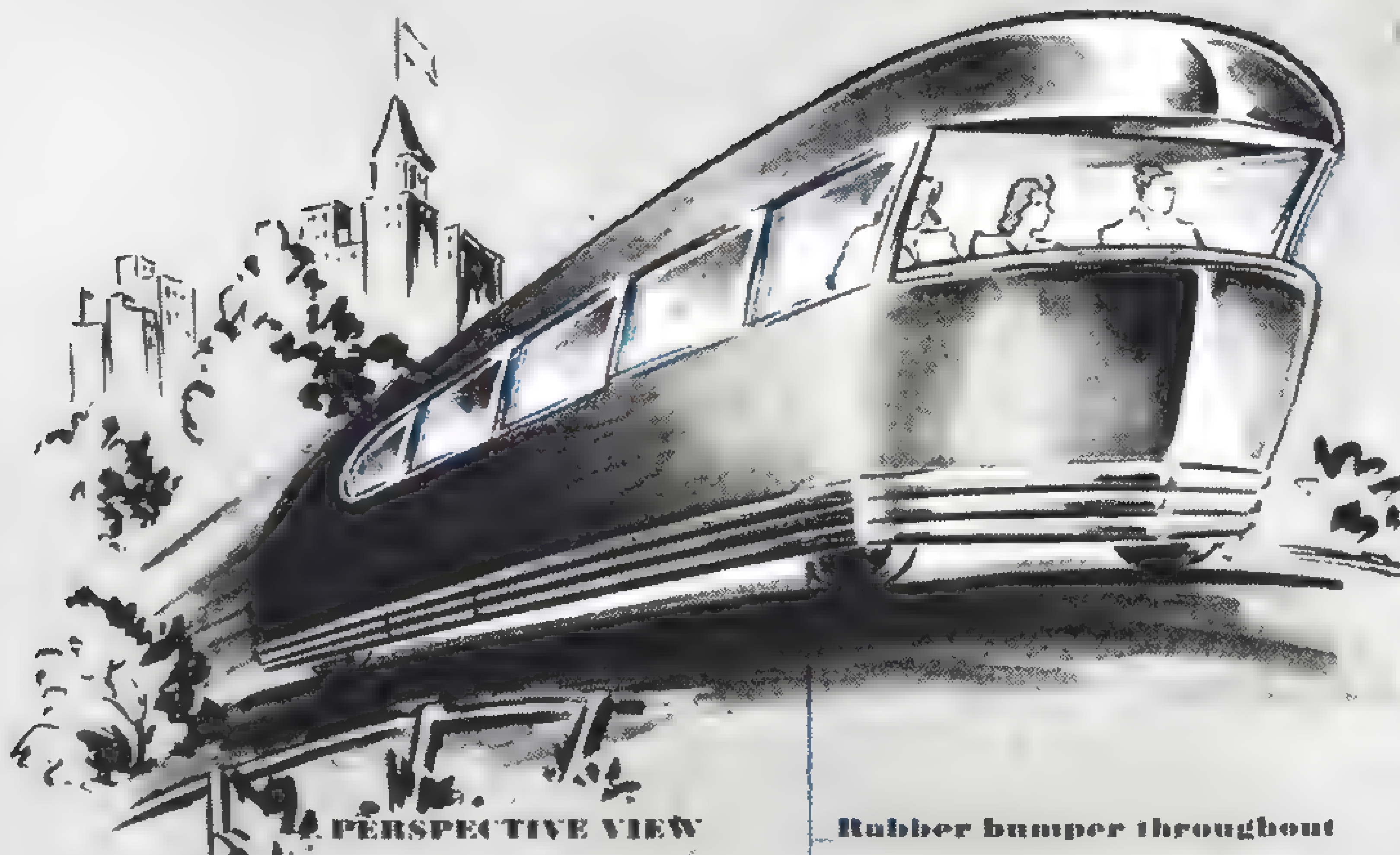
In a recent conversation with a member of the Fish and Wildlife Service I was told that the present fifteen-day season on woodcock will probably be maintained for at least several more years. It is necessary because of the bitter winter storm in the South several years ago which killed quantities of birds. Seasons are now zoned so that shooting starts at the northern end of the flyways in October and ends in the extreme southern parts in December. In this way everyone has some sport.

To countless gunners who thrill at the tinkling flush of the timberdoodle as he nimbly whisks through the golden birch leaves, those two weeks will offer the choicest shooting hours.

For many of life's most precious gifts come in small packages. ⧺

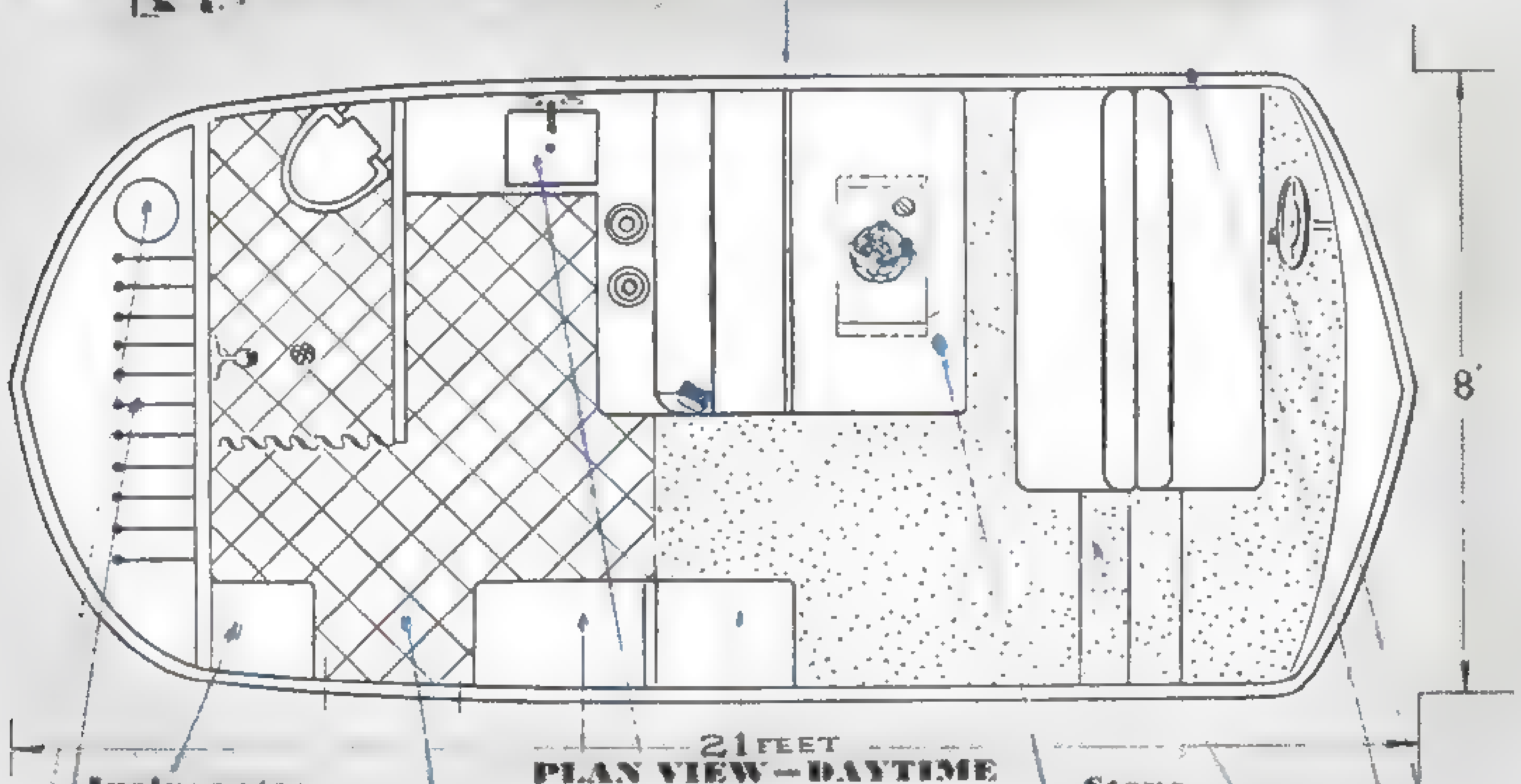


"Poker's red hot, Maw, let's git Paw's feet down—Ah'm hongry"



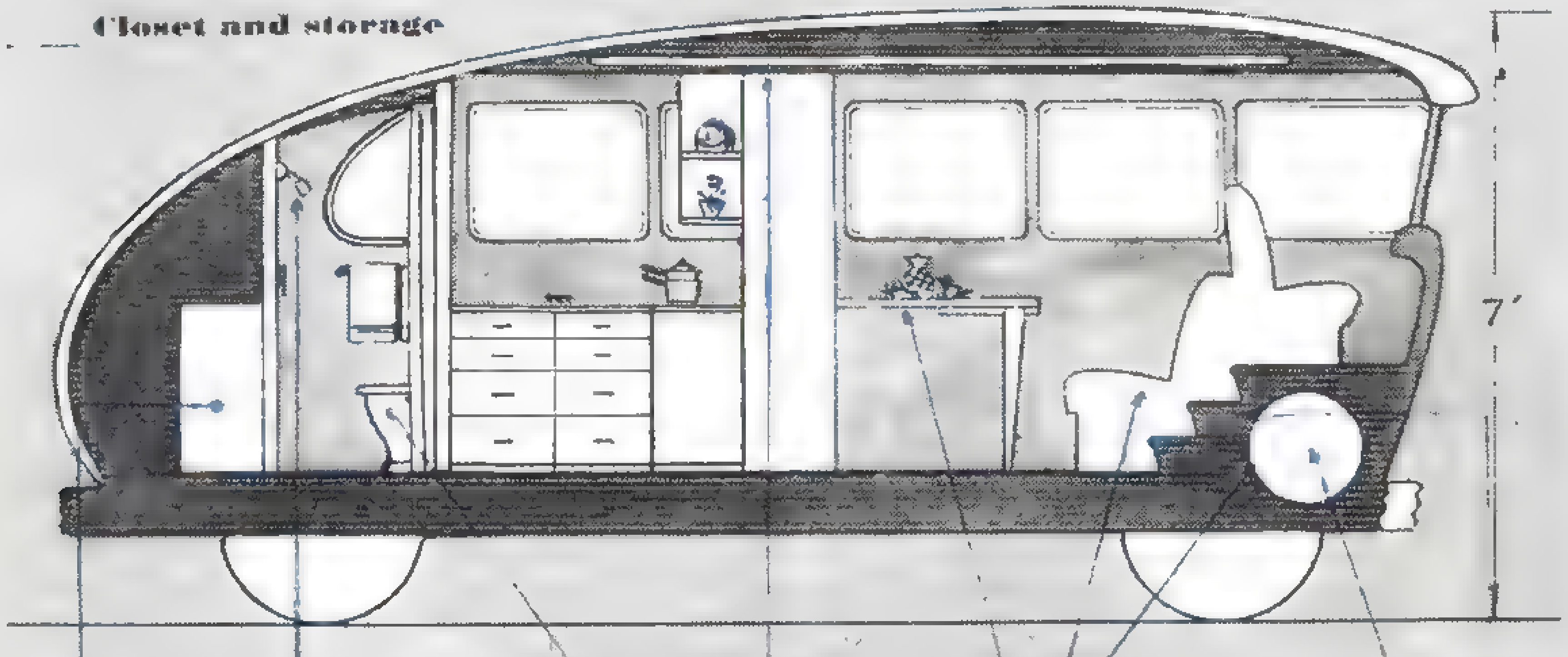
PERSPECTIVE VIEW

Rubber bumper throughout



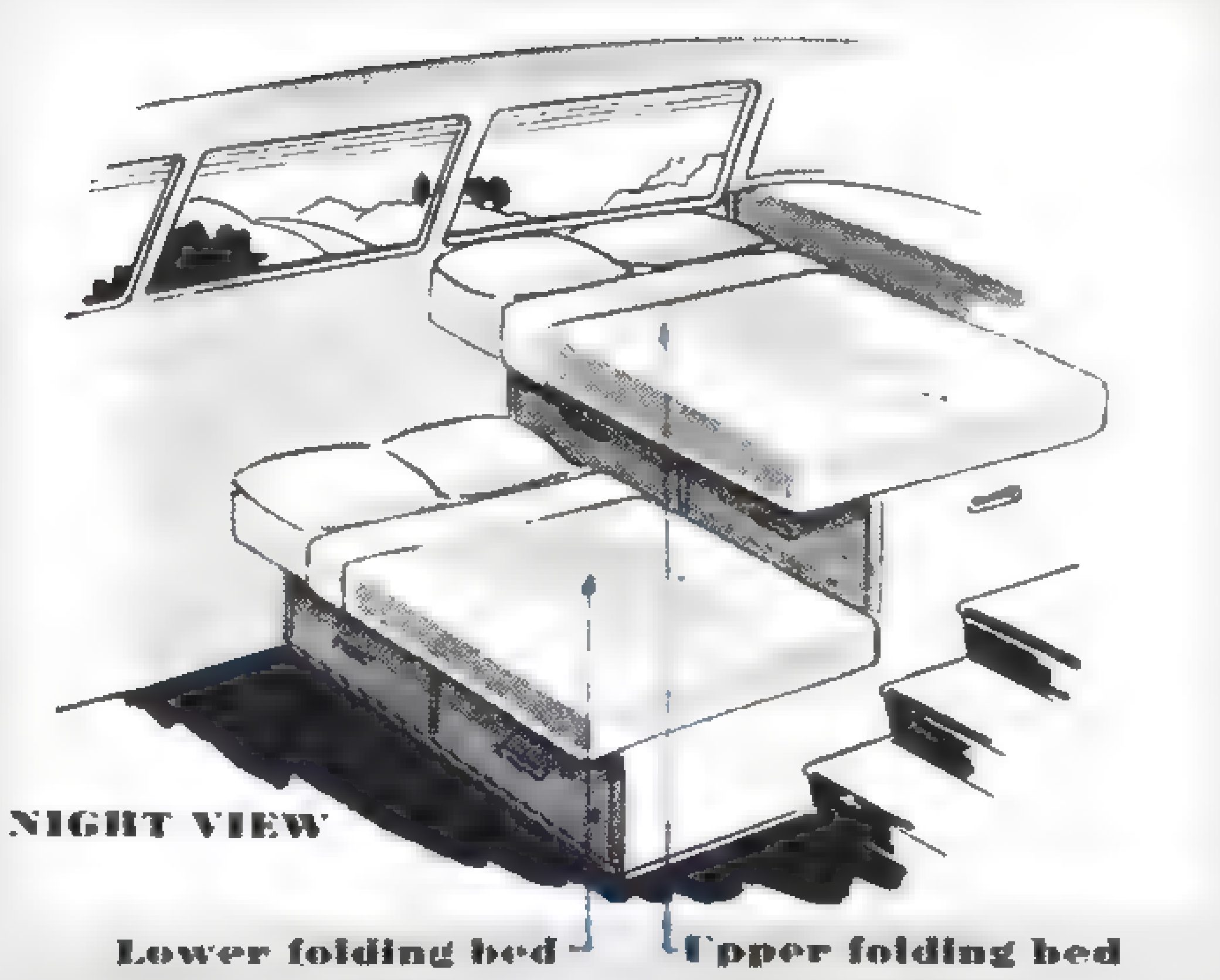
PLAN VIEW—DAYTIME

21 FEET
8'
Incinerator
Engines and generator
Main door to bus
Refrigerator
Wash basin
Closet and storage
Steps
Folding table
Accessory door
Driver's seat
Dressing room cabinet



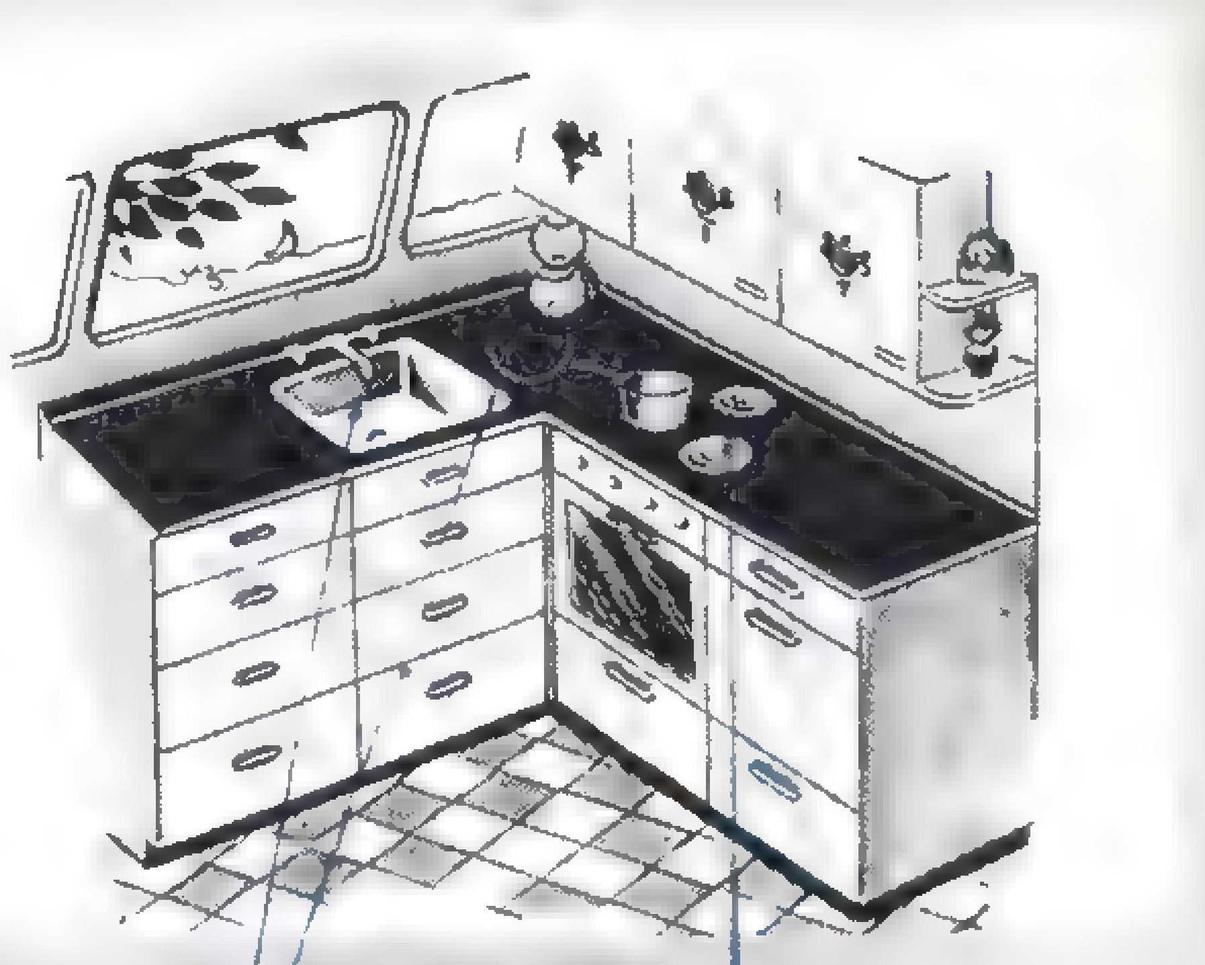
ELEVATION VIEW—DAYTIME

7'
Shower
Indirect fluorescent lighting
Folding toilet
Rear engines and generator — front
Folding table
Day-pullman divan
Water storage tank
Steps to driver's seat



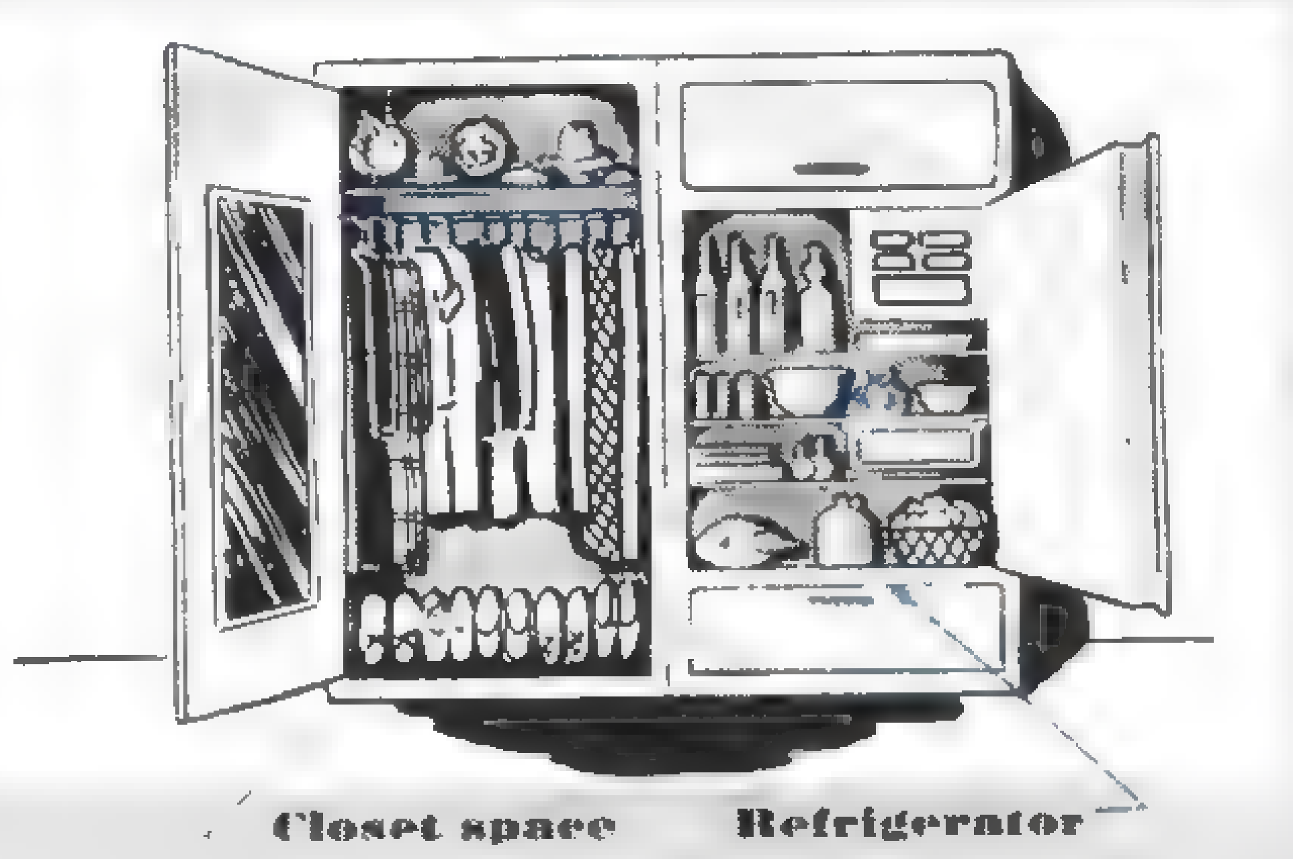
NIGHT VIEW

Lower folding bed
Upper folding bed



KITCHEN LAYOUT

Electric stove
Sink—automatic dishwasher
Automatic washing machine



Closet space
Refrigerator

TERRA-CRUISER FOR THE ROMANY ROAD

Designed by Roy T. Watts and Harmon D'Agostino

For city-soft gypsies whose view of fresh fields is made rosier by such luxuries as refrigeration and hot water, the Terra-Cruiser is designed. Just slightly taller than any sedan and taking little more road room, it permits the use of all its chassis space instead of the usual third. Front and rear engines are connected to dynamos which power four electric units. Use one engine for economy cruising; both for high speed. The rear engine runs the air conditioning, furnishes electricity for lights and cooking. A long seat over the front engine accommodates four people including the driver, makes two comfortable beds at night. Plans are available from Design Today, care of Esquire. Cost will vary with the housekeeping gadgets, as simple or lush as you wish.

Cataloguing the schools best in football, baseball, basketball, swimming and track

Esquire Sports Poll Selects Varsities

by JOE HENDRICKSON

Don't send my boy to Harvard,
The dying mother said,
Don't send my boy to Michigan,
I'd rather see him dead.
Just send him to Wisconsin,
'Tis better than Cornell,
But rather than Chicago,
I'll see my boy ——
(in the evening by the moonlight)

THAT is one way of deciding the offspring's collegiate fate, but the pop who thinks his son runs faster and harder with a football than anyone he has seen since his own dear college days of stardom may wish to rely upon a different formula.

For his benefit, the Esquire Sports Poll offers these suggestions:

Notre Dame for football—by a landslide.

Illinois for basketball—there are plenty of others to choose from.

Holy Cross for baseball—by a nose over Michigan.

Southern California for track—there's no argument.

Yale for swimming—a wave of votes.

Michigan—if he is an all-around guy.

Esquire asked the following question of servicemen, sports experts and fans: To best apply his athletic skill while gaining an education, what college or university would you send your son to, or what school would you recommend to a boy who is adept at football, basketball, baseball, track, swimming?

This attempt to name the leading colleges for the leading collegiate sports fell into two definite trends: A good share of the selections were based on the coach, and there was no expected wave of provincialism.

Notre Dame received 38.9 per cent of the football votes with Minnesota second with 12.1 per cent and Michigan third with 7.4 per cent. Southern California and Ohio State were the only other schools that received any concentrated total.

Notre Dame with an all-time record of 345 victories and 75 defeats plus 27 ties with four national titles and six western championships "has become the public's alma mater," declared Ernie Saunders of WCHS, Charleston, West Virginia.

"After what Rockne did for football at Notre Dame, no other school has a chance," said Fred Baker of Colorado Springs, Colorado. "So what if they don't make the varsity? Never heard of a bum from Notre Dame. They teach football and life there," shouted T/5 Al Blackman, Camp Livingston, Louisiana. Ed Scannell of Worcester, Massachusetts, made his appraisal this way: "Notre Dame has color, is a frequent winner, plays a schedule that covers a wide area, meets the toughest foes available and is always fighting."

"Haven't you nerve asking why? Ask the boys who played the Irish!" was the way George Farrar, Woonsocket, Rhode Island, cast his vote. And there was this expression from Porter Wittich, Joplin, Missouri—"Disregarding the many fine lawyers, writers and scholars turned out by the school, what do you think of when Notre Dame is mentioned?"

While nearly every Minnesota voter cited Bernie Bierman as the big reason, the Notre Dame followers did not give credit to any one man or coach. Yes, there were many mentions of Rockne, the Four Horsemen, the great stars of the past. But ballot after ballot listed the Irish spirit, the school's tradition and emphasis on the gridiron sport. The theme was that at a school like Notre Dame there will be Angelo Bertelli's every year AND WINNERS.

The basketball race was a free-for-all. Illinois had to be content with 9.8 per cent of the total vote. Purdue was second with 6.9 per cent followed by Kentucky and Iowa, tied with 6.3 per cent, and Kansas with 5.8 per cent. The 1945 national finalists, DePaul and Oklahoma Aggies, were next in line as also rans, which is a surprise!

While its No. 1 rank rests on thin ice, the all-time Illinois mark of 444 victories and 251 defeats is nothing to be minimized when one considers that Doug Mills' teams must compete in the knock-'em-down, drag-'em-out Big Ten where they have won or shared seven titles. Such stars as Andy Phillip, Bill Hapac and Lou Boudreau have done much to win fame for Illinois.

Joe Halberstein of Lima, Ohio, said, "Illinois is the coming basketball center of the nation and Doug Mills is tops."

Herb Swartz of the Goshen, Indiana *News-Democrat*, who voted for Indiana, gives Mr. Halberstein an answer, however: "The Hoosier school styles its game after the Indiana prep sport which is tops in the nation, and don't give me an argument on that one."

Phog Allen was mentioned by all Kansas voters; Piggy Lambert and Hoosier basketball emphasis were the strong points of Purdue followers; Iowa backers pointed to the success of Pops Harrison's 1945 champs, and the Kentucky crowd let it be known that the Wildcats are consistently good under A. F. Rupp's coaching.

Coach Jack Barry and Holy Cross received 16.6 per cent of the votes in the baseball section of the poll. Ray Fisher and Michigan came very close with 15.2 per cent followed by Duke with 12.4 per cent. Outside of strength shown by Texas and Yale, the baseball votes were scattered.

Jerry Nason of the Boston *Globe* declared, "Jack Barry is a great developer of material, his teams play smart inside baseball rarely seen in college circles, and his players rate big-league attention always." But Bob Hooey of the *Ohio State Journal* in Columbus retaliated with "Ray Fisher at Michigan is the best college coach in history." And to make this coaching praise a Duke's mixture, Roland Hughes of Roanoke, Va., came up with "Jack Coombs of Duke knows his stuff."

Barry's 25 year record at Holy Cross is 413 victories against 77

"He's lost!"

defeats and five ties. This netted him fourteen championships, and that, folks, is a record!

The voters showed less interest in college baseball than any of five sports considered. Fred Ury of Ft. Scott, Kansas, said he would vote for "any Cardinal farm," and Walter Farquhar of Pottsville, Pennsylvania, declared, "No college has been able to emphasize baseball since the game was surrendered to the professionals."

Track? Southern California topped the nation with 31.2 per cent of the votes as Dean Cromwell received tremendous applause for his coaching success. Michigan followed with 13.5 per cent, and Pennsylvania had 11.2 per cent.

The Trojan voters had in mind Southern Cal's all-time dual meet record of 45 victories against 12 defeats. The Trojans won 12 coast titles in 15 meets, 12 NCAA championships in 16 tries and nine 1C4A crowns in 13 efforts. Such names as Frank Wykoff, Earle Meadows, Bill Sefton, Louis Zamperini and Bob Peoples have made track history at the Los Angeles school.

As John Thomson of Kansas City, Kansas, replied, "Check their record and their athletes, and besides, sunny California deserves something out of this poll."

Pennsylvania's high place came from its emphasis on the cinder sport through the famous Penn Relays and the coaching of Lawson Robertson. Well-balanced squads in all events brought Michigan and Coach Ken Doherty praise.

Bob Kiphuth's coaching prominence, Alan Ford's records and Yale's general success gave Old Eli the No. 1 ranking in swimming with a percentage of 38.8. Ohio State with 16.7 per cent and Michigan with 16.1 per cent were runners up.

"Yale has winning teams always. Bob Kiphuth is a painstaking coach, and Yale is a good school which offers the expert swimmer an education," said Cpl. Ray Robinson of Columbia, South Carolina, air base.

Mike Peppe's success with diving champions plus strong Buckeye teams, and Matt Mann's consistently winning Wolverine combinations brought the Ohio State and Michigan votes.

Yale's all-time swimming record is 423 meets won, 29 lost. The Eli took the NCAA championship twice and the AAU crown twice. They have ruled the Eastern Inter-Collegiate league 31 times in 36 years. One of their greatest athletic achievements was the swimming record of being unbeaten in 168 dual meets from 1925 to 1937.

So there you have the national leaders in five sports, and as we said, for the all-around guy, don't overlook Michigan which placed near the top in four of them. Athletic Director Fritz Crisler will be happy to hear that, or did he know it all the time? ⌗

"One Minute to Play"

That horsy preview of the big game by Hinson, the third-string fullback, was just what the Appalachian team needed

by OPIE L. SHELTON

The heat was on at Appalachian State Teachers' College, tucked away among the folds of the beautiful Blue Ridge Mountains at Boone, North Carolina. Eight games had been reeled off without a threat from the opponents; it wasn't until the fifth game of the season that an opposing team made so much as a first down against the team coached by Kidd Brewer.

At that stage of the 1937 campaign Appalachian State found itself at the top of the nation's undefeated and unscored-on elevens. One game remained; but that was the one that gave the team a very thorough case of jitters.

On Monday, Coach Kidd Brewer was searching his mind and memory for all of the clever devices used by the immortal coaches for dispelling panic. But what really happened put to rout all of the time-honored tricks of the trade.

On Tuesday afternoon, Earl Hinson, third-string fullback, a mountain-bred boy from up the road a ways, dropped into the school publicity office to kill a bit of tranquil time with Gene Wike, the college's sports drum beater. Wike was tighter with worry than the coaches and the players, because so much was at stake for him. It's easy to sell a front-runner in this country, but nobody cares anything about the man who finishes second.

"Why all the worry, Gene?" inquired Hinson nonchalantly. "It'll just kill you before your time. Forget all about this old ball game, 'cause Old Earl is here and has the situation well in hand."

But with so much opportunity at stake, Gene was in no mood for mountain tomfoolery. "Look, Earl," he snapped, "coming from a guy who probably won't even make the trip, that ain't funny."

Hinson's reply was this: "If you'll just move away from that typewriter a minute, Gene, I'll fix up this old ball game for you right now, just right." For the next ten minutes Earl amused himself hunting and pecking the keys. When Earl had his communiqué finished, Wike read it and roared. What a joke!

The next day it appeared on the bulletin board, and all day long students peered over shoulders to read it. It brought a lot of laughs —that happened to be needed, particularly among the football players. Everybody gave Earl the haw-haw, but he took it, grinning.

Whatever loosening-up Hinson's bulletin-board job brought the squad wasn't in evidence in the ball game that day with Catawba. Neither team was able to threaten a score until well along in the fourth quarter when Catawba got a break. A pass from center sailed over an Appalachian halfback's head. When the pile up was unscrambled, Catawba had a first down on Appalachian's four-yard line.

Battling desperately, Appalachian threw up a magnificent goal line stand. When the fourth line plunge failed to yield a touchdown Appalachian took over the ball on its own two-yard line. Time was out, as big Len Wilson, Appalachian fullback, was carried off the field with a twisted ankle. There was just time enough left for one more play.

Kidd Brewer had two choices for replacement; he chose Hinson, on a hunch, in preference to the second-string full.

Both coaches would have settled for a scoreless tie, but not Hinson. On the last play of the game he grabbed the pass from center and drove straight into the mass of players ahead of him. A streak of yellow shot out. It was Hinson, the ball hugged in his arm. He was hit on the 15-yard line, but broke away, into the open. Passing the midfield stripe there were seven Appalachian men between him and the nearest Catawba pursuer. His teammates formed a wall of protection.

He made the touchdown just as the time gun sounded.

The crowd rushed down and mobbed him.

That night I wrote the best story of my life. The story didn't really need writing; it simply needed telling. The next day when I went to work I expected quite a reception. But my managing editor avoided my eyes. I picked up a copy of the paper. The story as I wrote it wasn't there!

My managing editor, afraid that I had done too much celebrating before my farewell game, had changed it to read as follows:

"Appalachian State Teachers' College defeated Catawba here tonight, 6-0. Earl Hinson, fullback, scored the only touchdown in the final quarter to give Appalachian its first undefeated, unscored-on season."

What he had left out was the word-for-word "lead" that Earl Hinson had hacked away out of his head on Gene Wike's typewriter the Monday before the game, which read, believe it or not, as follows:

"Earl Hinson, brilliant Appalachian State fullback, performing like the All-American he is, ran ninety-five yards for a touchdown in the last minute of play tonight to give the Appalachian State team a 6-to-0 victory over Catawba College and an undefeated, unscored-on season. Earl Hinson is a hero." ⌗

Thought we couldn't do it, eh?

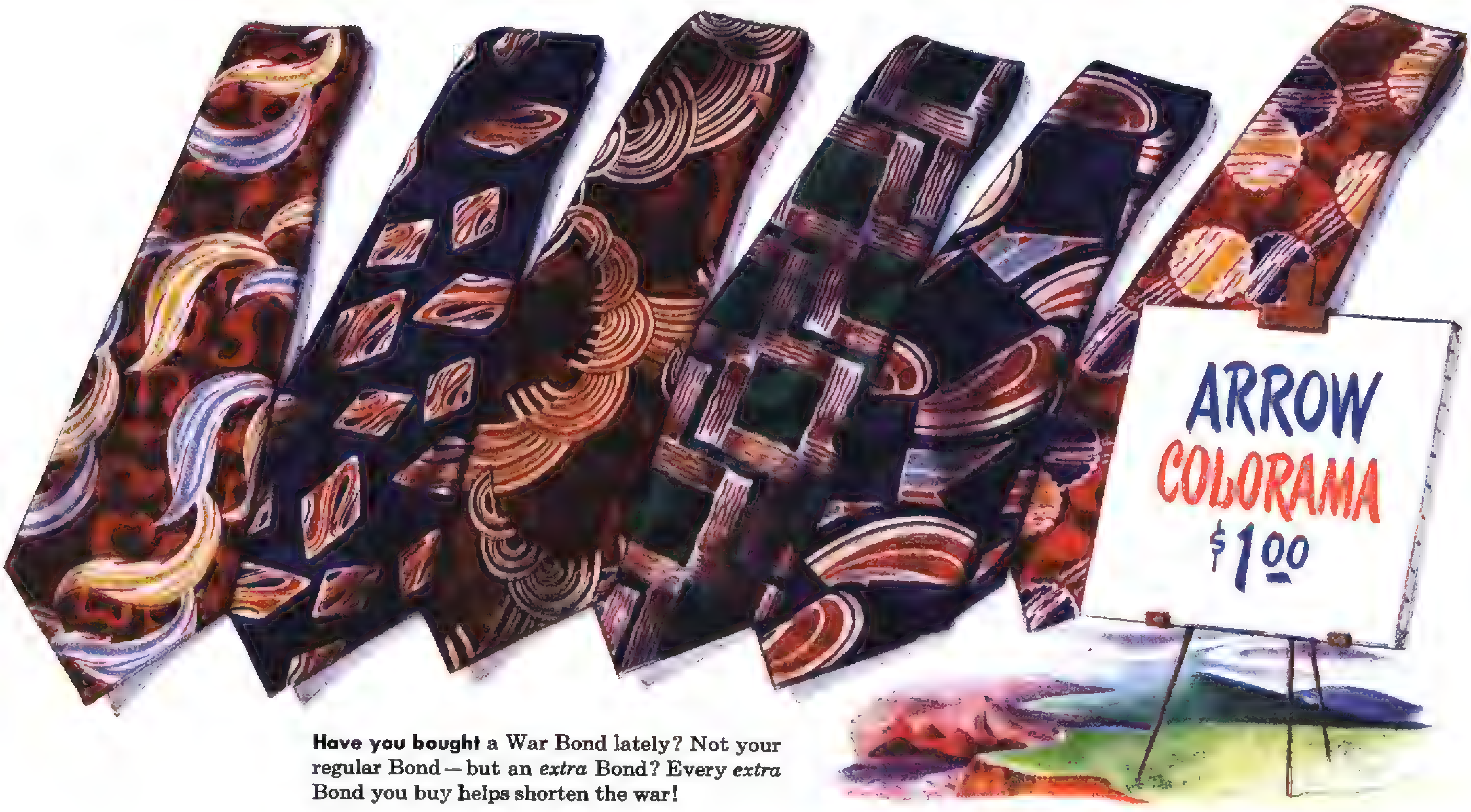
Ever watch the glorious, golden sun go down?

Remember what beautiful hues the clouds took on? The rusty browns . . . the regal blues?

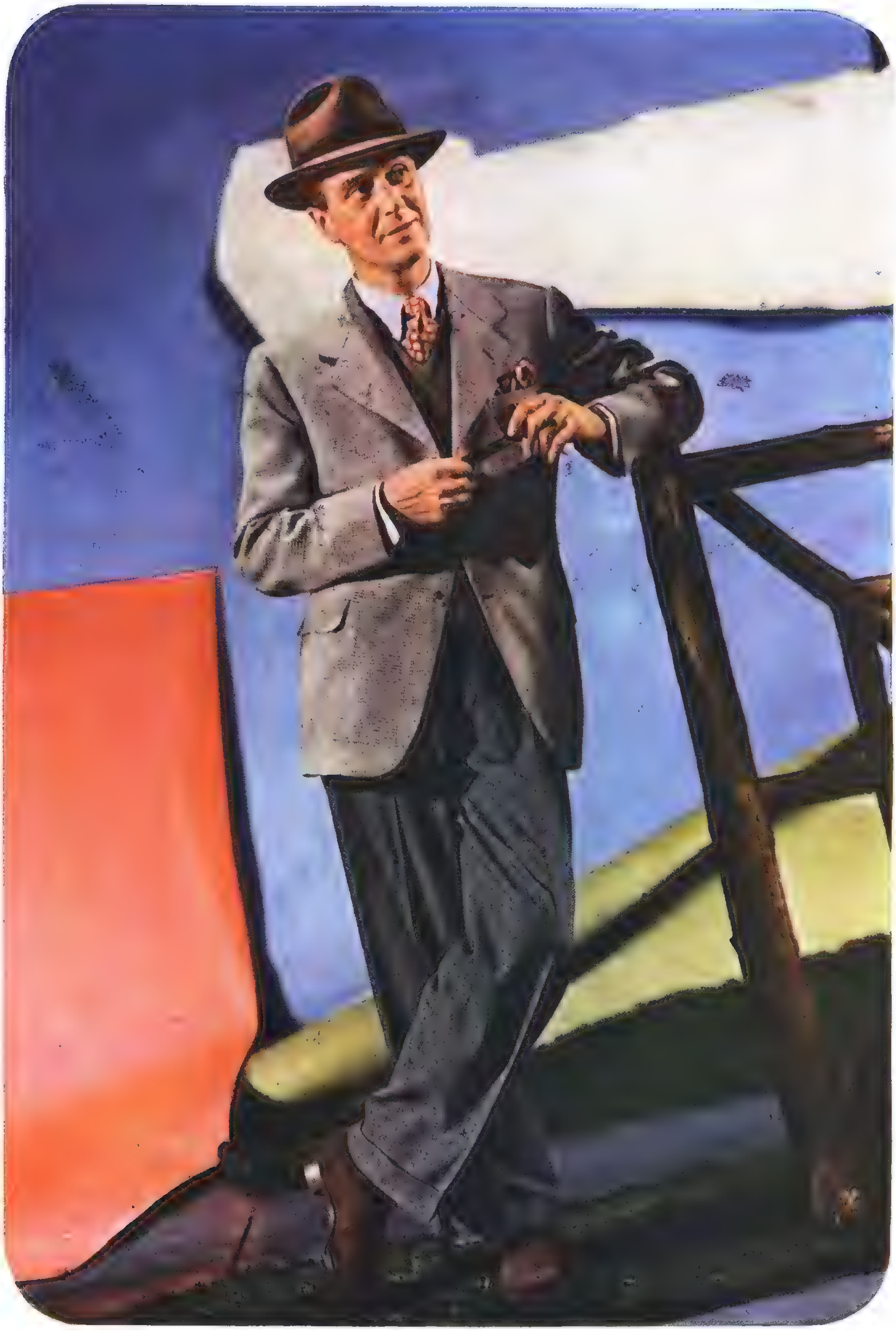
Bet you never thought we'd ever be able to capture those colors in a tie . . .

Well, we *did!* Look for yourself! Happy, happy combinations of magnificent colors on as fine a rayon fabric as you'll ever see! (Makes a wonderful knot every time!)

Arrow COLORAMA, we call this new pattern. And a more apt name you couldn't find . . . as you will discover when you see them at your Arrow dealer's. Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.



Have you bought a War Bond lately? Not your regular Bond—but an *extra* Bond? Every *extra* Bond you buy helps shorten the war!



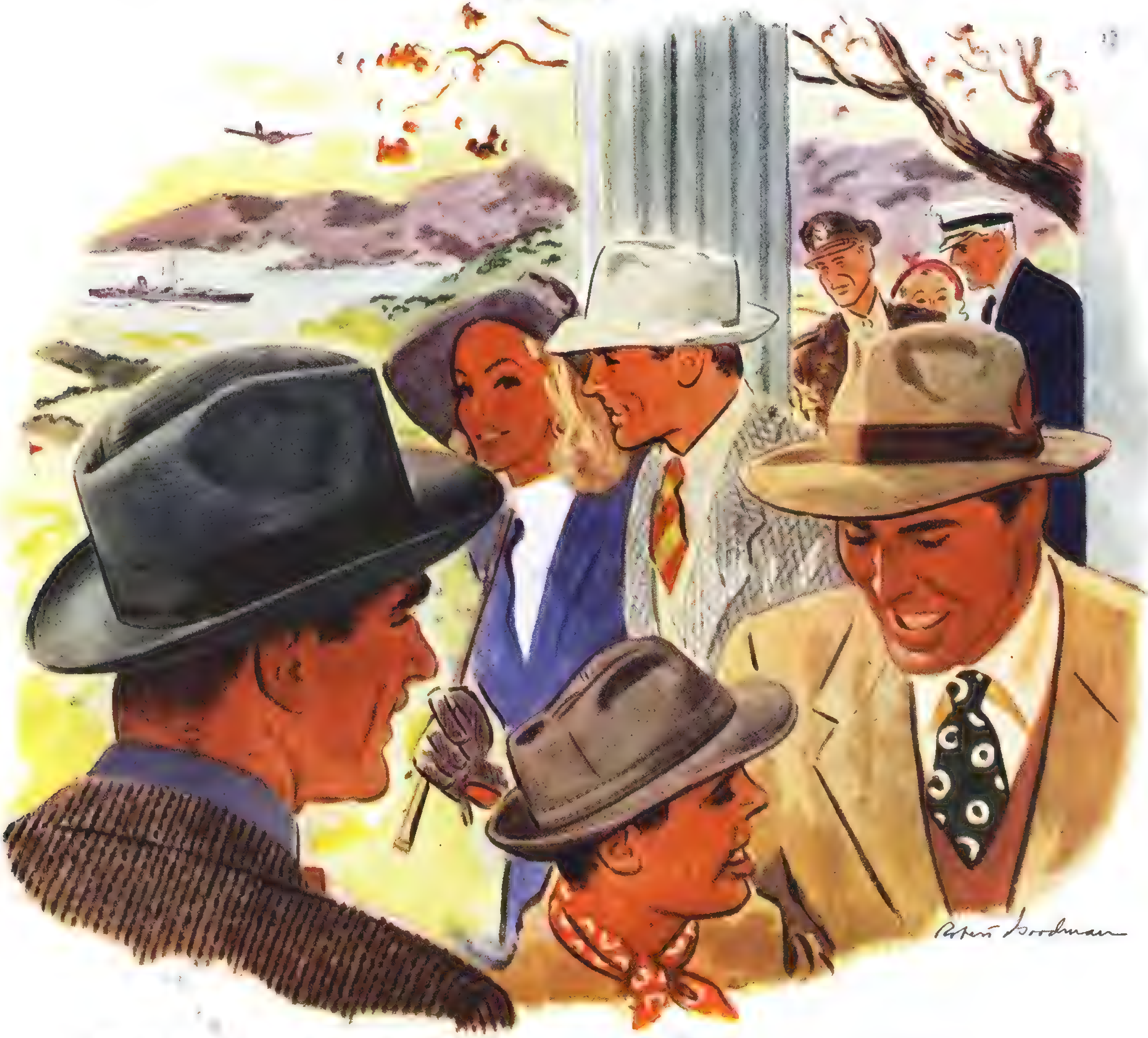
SANS BELLE DAME

Photograph by Hurrell

George Hurrell, whose photographs of cinema stars at ease on leopard skin rugs are preferred in some circles to Whistler's *Mother*, turns his lens to a new subject, men's fashions. Specifically, his theme is color in sportswear. The jacket is a smooth-finish tweed, showing the new screen-weave Glen plaid with brown and natural tone threads. Worn with it are dark grey flannel slacks, a striped Oxford short with button-down collar, a cashmere blend wool pullover. A red ground foulard tie and border striped handkerchief introduce color accents. The narrow brim hat is a brown mixture, rough-finish felt. The ankle heights of the ruddy brown shoes, called chukkas, convey a spirit of outdoors, as do the simulated turf and the big, blue sky.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.)

If the Label is KNOX *the Hat is Right*



TWEED FELTS . . . WHERE SOCIAL LIFE IS SMARTEST it's the KNOX "STITCHAWAY"

Now Knox creates a new, different hat . . . a hat for both town and country . . . in *stitched* felt, with the smart, casual look of fine Tweeds. At the left is the "Stitchaway" . . . a soft, rich felt you can shape to your individual taste, your personal requirements, pinching or filling-out the crown, setting the brim at any angle, up or down. Next, for boys, the "Cadet" . . . a man's Tweed Felt in youthful proportions. Then above, the grown-up "Suburban," with silk band and binding. And at right, the "Gotham"; welt-edged, silk-banded. All of these Tweed Felts are offered in a range of new mixed colors that will harmonize perfectly with the season's smartest fabrics. . . . Boys' Tweed Felt Hats start at $3.95 . . . Dads', at $5.00.

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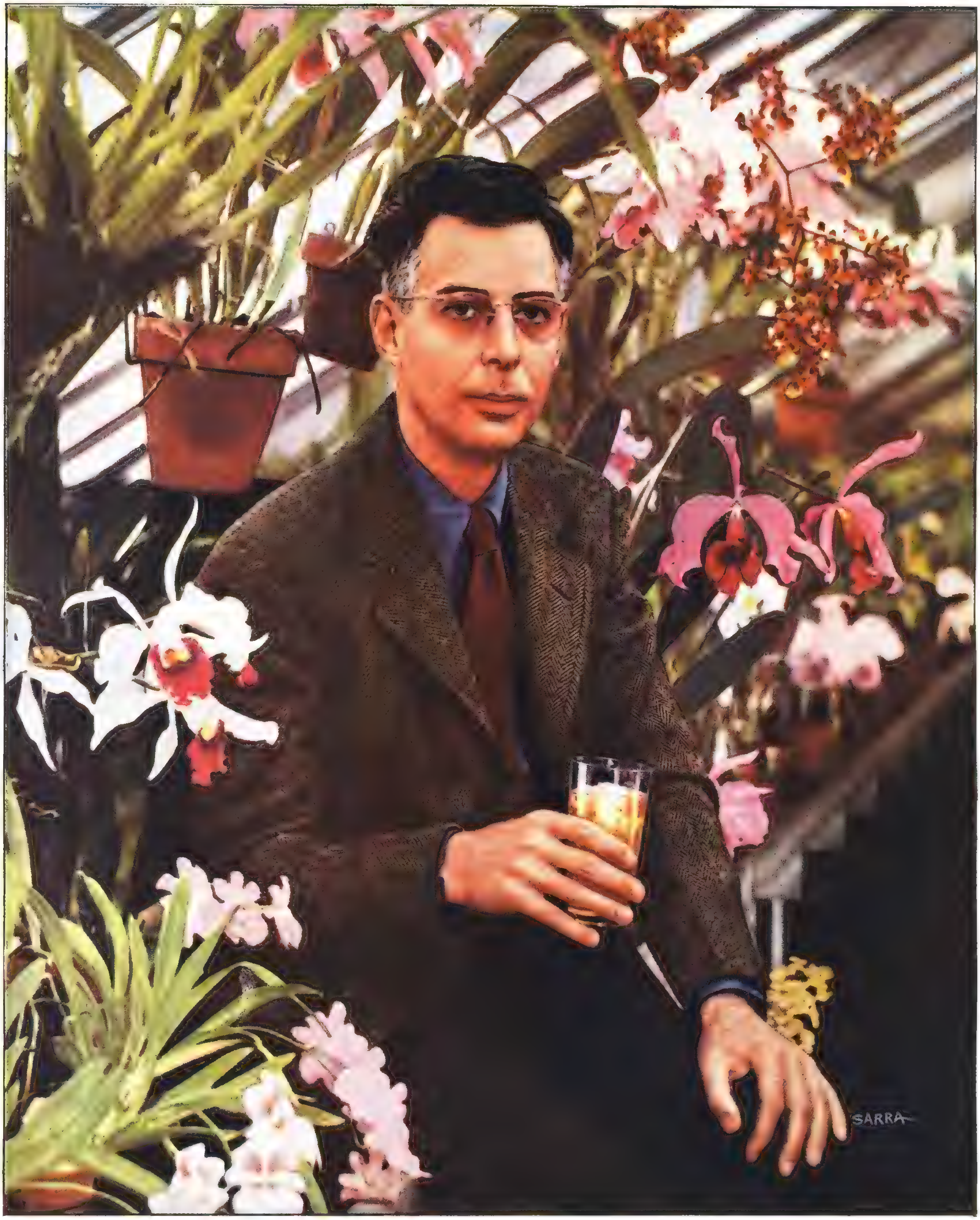

For Men of Distinction... LORD CALVERT

EACH bottle of Lord Calvert is numbered and registered at the distillery . . . for so *rare,* so *smooth,* so *mellow* is this "Custom" Blended whiskey that it has never been produced except in limited quantities. For years the most expensive whiskey blended in America, Lord Calvert is intended especially for those who can afford the finest.

LORD CALVERT IS A "CUSTOM" BLENDED WHISKEY, 86.8 PROOF, 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. CALVERT DISTILLERS CORP., NEW YORK CITY

On the GI Circuit

Actors, hoofers, baritones, do their stuff in USO-Camp Shows

by ROBERT GARLAND

No farther from Broadway than Mitchel Field, Long Island, I met the only GI I ever knew who didn't care a hell of a lot for a USO-Camp Show. As "The Man Who Came to Dinner," Moss Hart reminded him of his uncle. For a while, he was pretty sore about it. And Moss, stepping reluctantly out of character, was the first to extend the hand of sympathy. If Moss recalled painful memories of the GI's uncle, the show reminded thousands of other GI's of their "Uncle Sugar Able" and the generous American people who "angeled" its overseas tour.

USO-Camp Shows, the world's largest theatrical circuit, is National War Fund financed to provide entertainment for GI Joe. All kinds of entertainment, including the self-styled legitimate. Did Ruth Gordon's *Over 21* open the season in the South Pacific? Did Olsen and Johnson's *Jerks Berserk* follow the boys deep into the Philippines? Yes. And, in defeated Germany, did Noel Coward's *Blithe Spirit* wring plaudits from a Brooklyn boy? Yes, indeed!

These, aided and abetted by singers, dancers, magicians, jugglers, clowns, conscious and unconscious, and all sorts of erstwhile twice-a-dayers are why USO-Camp Shows gets the biggest hand from the biggest audience in the world. A Camp Show covers a multitude of things, from Charlie Butterworth entertaining four stray enlisted men on a minor New Caledonian road to Katharine Cornell exposing, somewhat grandiloquently, *The Barretts of Wimpole Street* to an Italian opera house overflowing with mixed Americans in uniform.

Since USO-Camp Shows was organized four years ago at the request of military authorities, more than 177,500 shows have been performed for over 100,000,000 men. In this Western Hemisphere, Camp Shows entertains only within Army and Navy installations. Overseas, both units and solo entertainers perform wherever and whenever the Commanding Officer of the area orders.

If you happen to be Louise Buckley having herself and her listeners a time in *Over 21*, you're funny when and where you're told to be. Along with your audience in uniform, you like it. If, by chance, you don't happen to like it, you, not your audience, goes on home. "But you always do like it," Miss Buckley adds, "and you never do go home."

As soon as Americans take a base they make a home for themselves. With whatever facilities are on hand, they build theatres, chapels and living quarters, as Miss Buckley says, "taking wonderful pride in fixing things up, planting flowers around their barracks, naming streets and whatnot for hometown loves and landmarks.

"We played in theatres as picturesque or as streamlined as any 'little theatre' group at home can boast of. We 'opened' one called the Music Box and another called the Esquire. We played in theatres that were just a board platform supported by one stage manager's GI ingenuity.

"We dressed in tents with mud up to our ankles, and in dressing rooms graced with the now familiar parachute ceiling and a hastily constructed, make-up table. Surprisingly often, there were flowers in our dressing rooms. We played to audiences caked with mud, huddled under ponchos in pouring rain. It breaks your heart to see men so hungry for 'round' and ready entertainment.

"We played one-night stands to thousands of men, audiences spreading from our very feet to far up a dusty hillside, many sitting in the trees. Frequent 'audience wisecracks' became part of the show, and they never fazed us."

Camp Shows has brought back every type of entertainment: bull-whip specialists, magicians, mind readers, puppeteers, mimics, jugglers, ventriloquists, acrobats, cartoonists, animal acts—everything but a performing critic.

What is more, Camp Shows presents an opportunity for fresh theatrical talent.

These actors have gone here, there and everywhere, in Alaska, Australia, Bermuda, Brazil, Belgium, Burma, Canada, Central Africa, China, Egypt, France, Greenland, Germany, Great Britain, Hawaii, Iceland, India, Iran, Iraq, Italy, Labrador, Malta, the Netherlands, New Caledonia, Newfoundland, North Africa, Panama, Peru, the Philippines, Sardinia, Sicily—

Well, this gives you some idea. And all expenses, except those volunteer stars who number something less than three-and-a-half per cent of Camp Shows talent, are paid by money contributed by the people of America through their own Community War Funds.

Camp Shows has been given to understand that it will continue to be needed in Europe for at least two years after J-E day. It will be needed as a recreational outlet for men in the Army of Occupation, as well as those sweating out the tedious delays until transportation home is provided. And

Continued on page 114

ARISTOCRATS

OF STYLE AND DISTINCTION

You wouldn't believe there could be such a difference. Here is a suspender—so comfortable you don't know it's on—so sure it never skids off. Only Paris Free-Swings have an exclusive swivel action back that moves with every motion, gives with every gesture—"Can't skid off your shoulders". Ask for All Elastic Paris Free-Swing Suspenders, $1.50 to $3.50—at fine stores everywhere. • You will also enjoy wearing Famous Paris Belts, $1 to $7 and smart new All Elastic Paris Garters 55c and $1. A. Stein & Company, Chicago, New York, Los Angeles.

Trust Paris—a trade mark that has stood the test of time.

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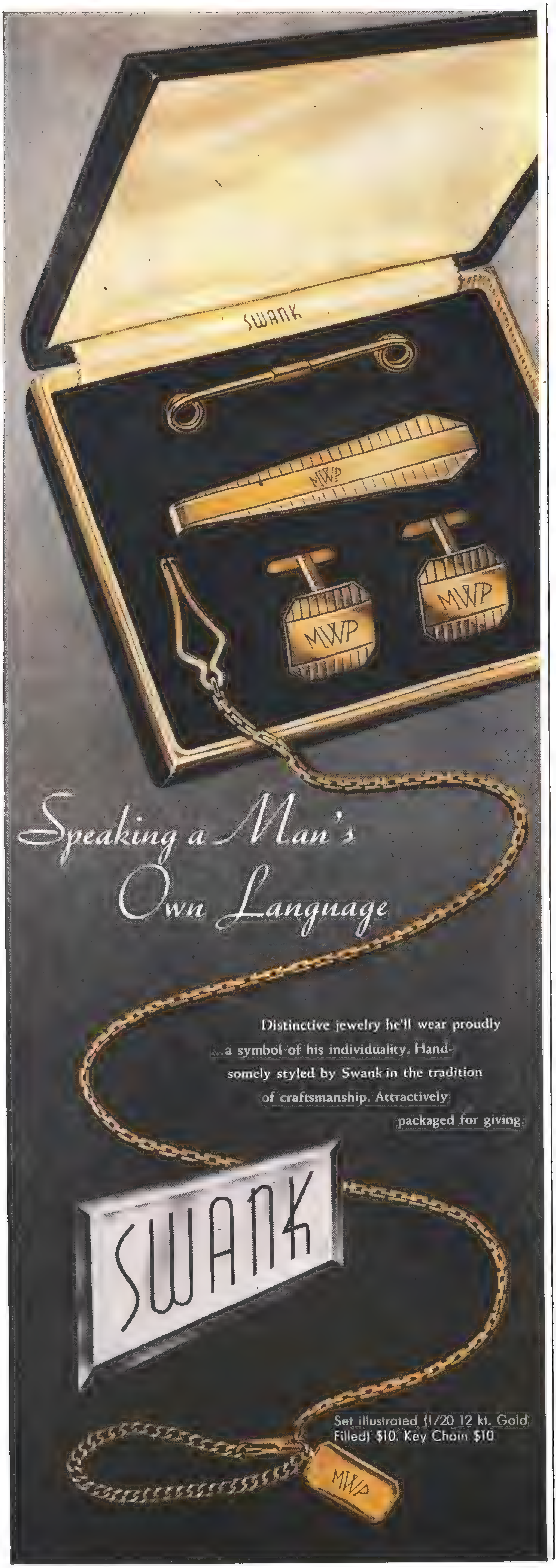

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Speaking a Man's Own Language
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Distinctive jewelry he'll wear proudly ...a symbol of his individuality. Handsomely styled by Swank in the tradition of craftsmanship. Attractively packaged for giving.

Set illustrated (1/20 12 kt. Gold Filled) $10. Key Chain $10

On the GI Circuit

Continued from page 113

no one can doubt that it will be a tough job to keep up the morale of men forced to remain in post-war Europe.

Of the four USO-Camp Shows circuits, the Victory Circuit was the first to be established. Its units entertain at Army posts, camps and Naval stations in this country with a troop population of 1,500 or more. The Hospital Circuit also operates only in the United States. It reaches more than a hundred and a half Army and Navy hospitals every fortnight.

In addition, major screen, stage and radio personalities have made independent "personal appearance" hospital tours. Then there's the Hospital Sketching Service, which provides much comfort to patients and their kin. Artists, at home and overseas, sketch wounded servicemen, and the original picture is sent to whomever the man designates.

The Foxhole Circuit is the most famous of them all. In June, 1,399 entertainers were making the rounds "out there" in 252 different shows, and the Army has asked for a stepped-up tempo next year. The units include vaudeville troupes, concert units, all-Negro entertainment units, sports units, bands and revues, and legitimate plays. Over 3,500 entertainers have, as the saying is, Foxholed it.

Returning Foxholers bring a thousand and three authenticated incidents. Of the 8th Air Force bomber crew which named its ship "Blithe Spirit," for the show its members had just seen. The week the show closed the "Blithe Spirit" was shot down in flames.

2
3
Matt Curzon

Of Helen Ford coming on-stage in luscious attire. So luscious that even a dog in the audience howled like a wolf, along with a thousand or so GI's. Of Honey MacKenzie playing to six thousand drenched Marines on Christmas Day. Right after the final encore they all left immediately for Iwo. The play was *Three's A Family*. The theatre was a shadow of a shed. The "props" and costumes were non-existent. But the boys loved it.

Of Erin O'Brien Moore, who headed one of the first shows to go overseas, giving a performance of *Over 21* against an enormous mural of *The Last Supper*. "Our traveling backdrop was set up and, in comparison with the mural, was about the size of a postage stamp," Erin says. That night the company gave its performance with "mixed emotions." And of *The Man Who Came to Dinner* and the surprised player who heard himself bring down the house with the innocuous line, "Here's to Maggie. Long may she wave!" Not until the show was over did he learn that the target signal waved whenever an unfortunate GI scores a complete miss is known, in camp slang, as "Maggie's drawers."

In the rubble of devastated Europe, in the grime of the Pacific conflict, many an American man is attending the same Broadway hit for which his folks back home are standing in line at the box office. Quite some time ago the Army requested—and you know what an Army "request" is—overseas replicas of from twenty to thirty-six plays, from six to eight musicals, all to be sent to Europe.

And "soon as possible." Volunteer producers are now preparing companies, or have companies already touring the war theaters, of *Oklahoma*, *Dear Ruth*, *Mexican Hayride*, *Up In Central Park*, *Junior Miss*, *Arsenic and Old Lace*, *Three's A Family*, *Blithe Spirit*, *Porgy and Bess*, *Our Town*, *Rosalinda* and the likes of them.

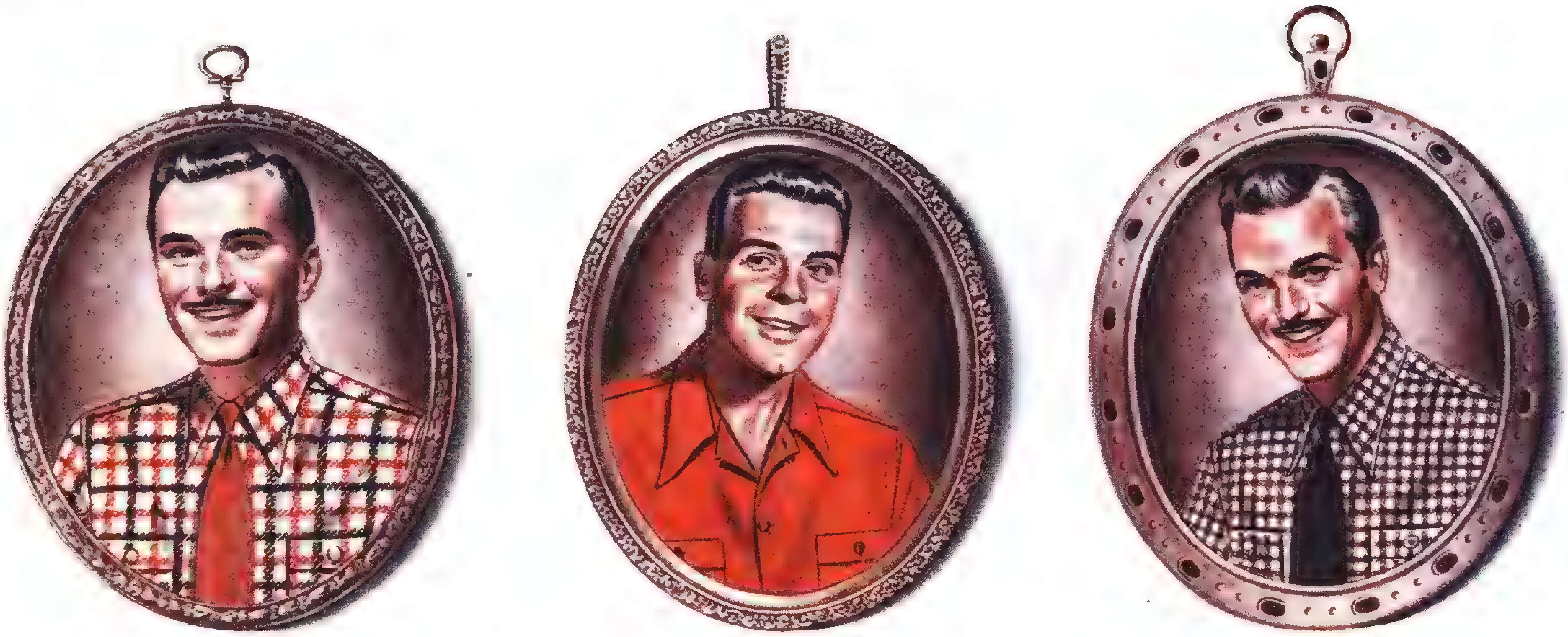
To these may be added the "special units," favorites with the fighting men, bearing the name of such Broadway night clubs as The Diamond Horseshoe and The Copacabana, such Broadway vaudeville and motion picture houses as the Radio City Music Hall and the Roxy Theatre, such roughhouse pandemonium as Olsen and Johnson's *Hellzapoppin'* and a version of *Jerks Berserk* even Broadway hasn't seen.

Camp Shows means new recognition of the theatre as not merely a spare-time filler, but as an activating force in civilization's greatest struggle. Col. Marvin Young, Chief of the entertainment branch of Special Services Division, expressed it this way:

"Only four years ago there was the official feeling that it was good for soldiers to fight like Spartans without too many pleasures. Today it is generally accepted that an entertained soldier is a more efficient one. There is not a command in the world which has not gone on record to this effect."

So, through the National War Fund, which is all of us, the show must go on. Players must continue their trek into places of danger and disease, to take diet as it comes, to take a bed or a sleeping bag, to accept the life of a fighting man while carrying on as an entertainer.

For sixteen actors, the price has been life itself! ⧺



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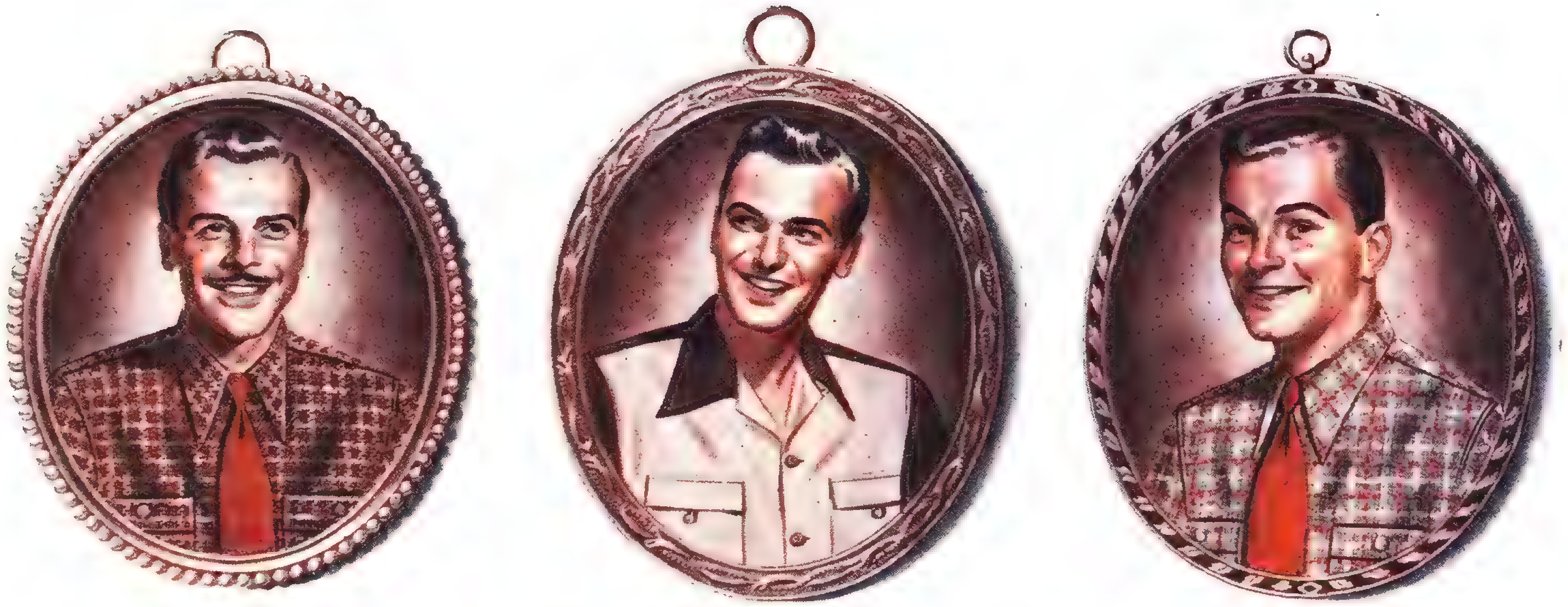

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We call them Sport Shirts, but there's almost no limit to the uses men make of these versatile Van Heusens for action and leisure. Many feature the exclusive California Lo-No collar that looks right worn open or with a tie. All feature the tailoring that makes every Van Heusen Shirt a standout for styling, fit, finish.

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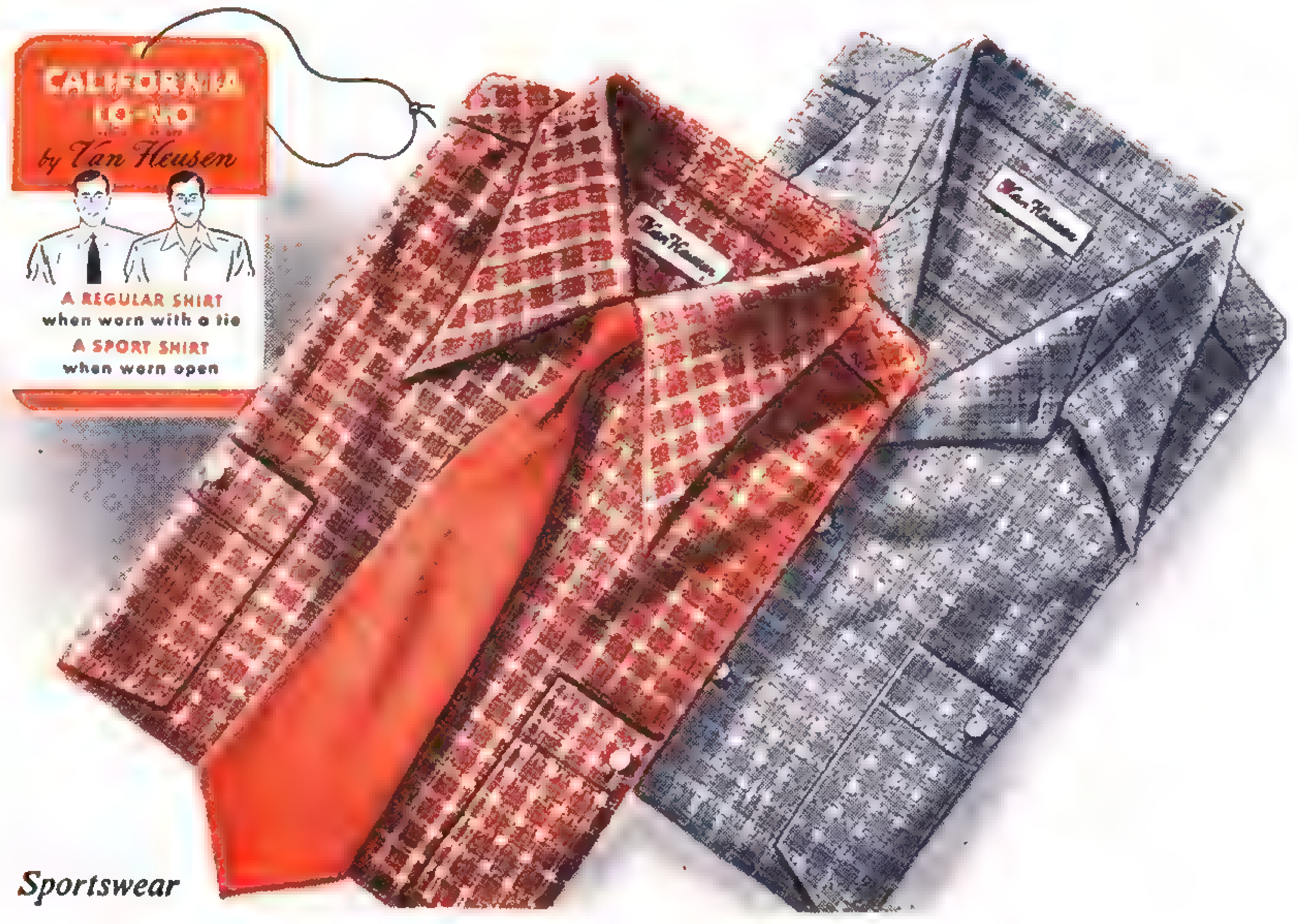
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Timber Tones are the definitely suitable, very complementary new colors in Holeproof Socks. Because quality is maintained . . . and prices are prewar . . . there's double value for you in Holeproof Socks. And it's all in the knitting . . . to the inflexible Holeproof standards—with finest obtainable yarns in smartly styled, colorful patterns. In regular length and Pacer Short at popular prices. Spun NYLON reinforced toes in many styles. Holeproof Hosiery Company.

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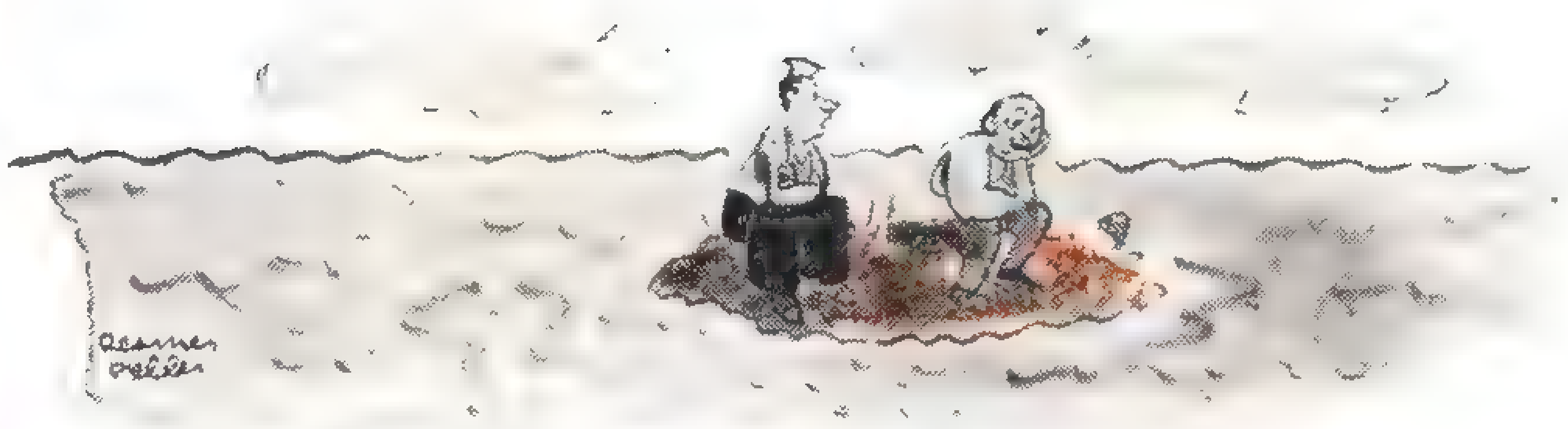
Going the Rounds with Esquire



"You're a psychiatrist. What do you make of my ham and egg dream?"

It was a muggy hot day. We had been in a blister trap by the name of Debdu—which is older than Mohammed—and were ordered to march to Taza. We were on the last leg of a twenty-mile march (full equipment, in case you are that interested) and each milestone seemed to grow further and further apart. We were, in a word, fatigued.

We saw a Frenchie seated alongside of the road and asked him: "Say, François, how far to Taza?"

"Deux kilos," replied the "native" who evidently had been asked the same question so many times and understood that much "Anglais" or "Bronx American."

Another hour dragged by broken only by a ten minute halt, and another native was accosted: "How far to Taza?"

And in darn near perfect Groton English the reply was: "Oh, a good two miles."

This seemed an intelligent answer and we felt we were really getting somewhere. Well, we knew we should eat up two miles in less than a half-hour, but still no town in sight . . . no highway signs, or billboards. So we hailed another Frenchie and asked: "Hey, how the hell far is it to Taza?"

"Deux kilos," replied the native holding up two fingers.

"Well," sighed our optimistic First Sergeant. "Thank God we are holding our own."

—*Col. R. Wood.*

•

First Recruit: "I'll bet that town you call home is one of those places where everyone goes down to meet the train."

Second Recruit: "What train?"

—*The Pelican.*

•

A Hungarian peasant was chided by the priest for not taking better financial care of his wife, according to S/Sgt. Bill Danch. The peasant attributed his indifference to the fact that he happened to be a true Magyar.

"Just what constitutes a true Magyar in your eyes?" asked the priest.

"A true Magyar, Revered Father . . ." explained the peasant, ". . . is a man who will fight for God or a woman . . . but will work for neither!"

•

Daffynitions

Burlesque queen: A gal who looks good in everything she takes off.

—*The Bulletin.*

•

Once upon a time a girl asked a friend how to make love. The answer was: "You don't, honey—you just stand still and defend yourself."

—*The Bealiner.*

•

I draw the line at kissing,
  She said in accents fine.
But he was a football hero,
  And of course he crossed the
    line.

—*Camp Howze Howitzer.*

•

Parachute troops tell this tale. During some particularly tough training, they went to an officer with a complaint.

"It's the new cook, sir," they explained; "he's trying to make us soft."

"How so?" asked the major.

"Well, sir," they said, "every time we have boiled barbed wire he puts sugar on it."

—*The Bealiner.*

•

"I am never well, I can't say why," said the G.I. "I get a sort of pain, I don't know exactly where, and it leaves me a kind of . . . oh, I don't know what."

"This is a prescription," said the medical officer, "for I don't know what. Take some I don't know how much, I don't know how many times a day, I can't think of how long, and you'll feel better, I don't know when."

—*The Gunner.*

•

Driver: I want a glass of water for the radiator, a thimbleful of oil for the motor, and a demitasse

Continued on page 118

Now...An Airline is the Shortest Distance Between Two Points!

A glance at the globe shows why NATS need more Martin Mars!

Look at the globe. Note the width of the Pacific. And remember, distance doesn't lend enchantment, where logistics are concerned!

How to get blood, vital supplies, or personnel across the Pacific *quickly?* That's a job for the NATS . . . the Naval Air Transport Service!

NATS Swarm Over Every Ocean

Thanks to the NATS, life-giving whole blood reached the Leyte beachhead 48 hours after leaving San Francisco. Thanks to the NATS ten *billion* letters were flown over the Pacific alone in 1944. And thanks to the NATS, our fighting men, from Rio to Okinawa, are receiving high-priority cargoes . . . ammunition, penicillin, radio parts, aircraft tires, etc., . . . in ever-increasing volume.

Bright Stars in Pacific Skies

Brightest stars in Pacific skies are the NATS' new 82-ton Martin Mars cargo carriers. The original Mars in its first year flew the equivalent of 9 trips around the world . . . carried more than 2,000,000 lbs. of cargo . . . averaged less than 2 days per round trip between California and Hawaii. And the new Mars flying freighters show higher performance.

A Promise to Tomorrow's Airlines

Martin flying boats will pay big dividends to tomorrow's airlines. Proved in service with NATS, both Mars and Mariner are known quantities. Both are in production right now . . . a fact which will mean prompt delivery, at minimum costs, of postwar commercial versions. So for speed, comfort and economy . . . plan to travel or ship, via Martin flying boat! THE GLENN L. MARTIN COMPANY, BALTIMORE 3, MD.

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This insignia is a welcome sight to our fighting men on every front.

NAVAL AIR TRANSPORT SERVICE

Martin
AIRCRAFT

Builders of Dependable Aircraft Since 1909

Going the Rounds with Esquire

Continued from page 116

of gasoline. I think that will be all.

Attendant: Couldn't I cough in your tires for you?

—*Terminal Topics.*

•

To an Upper Bunk

Oh, upper bunk, to you I turn
When barracks bulbs have ceased to burn,
To seek your solace after taps,
Like all the other weary chaps.
To me, you're eiderdown and stuff,
When days are long and tests are tough,
When worries ply from math and such.
Oh, upper bunk, I love you much.
You're nothing like a Blackstone suite,
No privacy, and just one sheet.
Your mattress sags; your springs are punk,
But how I love you, upper bunk!

—*The Ship's Log.*

•

He wanted to know how long the Japanese war would last, so I told him it wasn't a case of months, days, or hours, but rather a matter of Nimitz.

—*The Bull Horn.*

•

The Conference Habit

A reporter covering the recent United Nations Peace Conference in San Francisco sidled up to a gentleman wearing a Homburg hat, according to Philip Beaton.

"What do you think, sir, of the chances for the success of the conference?" the reporter asked.

"Well," said the man in the Homburg, importantly and with deliberation, "there are many things involved. The complexities are innumerable, the pitfalls abundant, and by the same token, the opportunities to scale the heights are here."

"May I quote you on that?" the reporter asked.

"Indeed you may."

"And what is your name, sir, and from what delegation are you?"

"Joe Doaks—but I'm from no delegation. I sell Homburg hats."

•

Mary had a little wolf.
She fleeced him white as snow.

—*Bainbridge Mainsheet.*

•

A sergeant of the Command Public Relations Office is now known as "Snake Hips." Returning to the base on a crowded Mars Hill bus recently, the sergeant was holding onto an overhead bar when he took a deep breath as the bus rounded a sharp turn, and his trousers dropped to the floor. Having learned to keep cool in emergencies, he calmly pulled up his trousers, turned to some ladies seated near him and said, "Pardon me."

—*The Fielder.*

•

Nurse: "You wish to see the young man injured in the auto accident? Are you the lady he was with?"

Girl: "Yes, I thought it would be only fair to give him the kiss he was trying for."

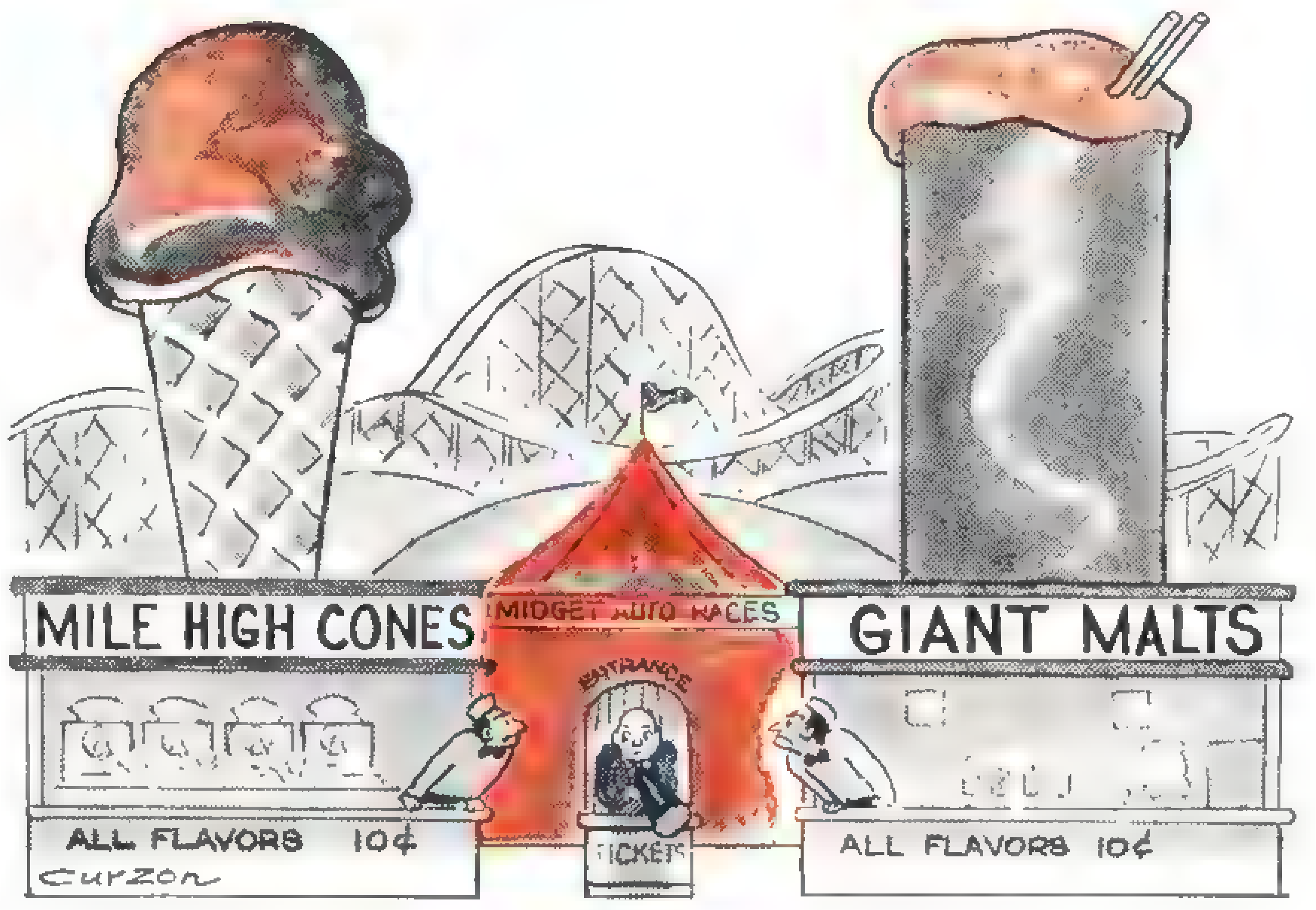
—*Bainbridge Mainsheet.*

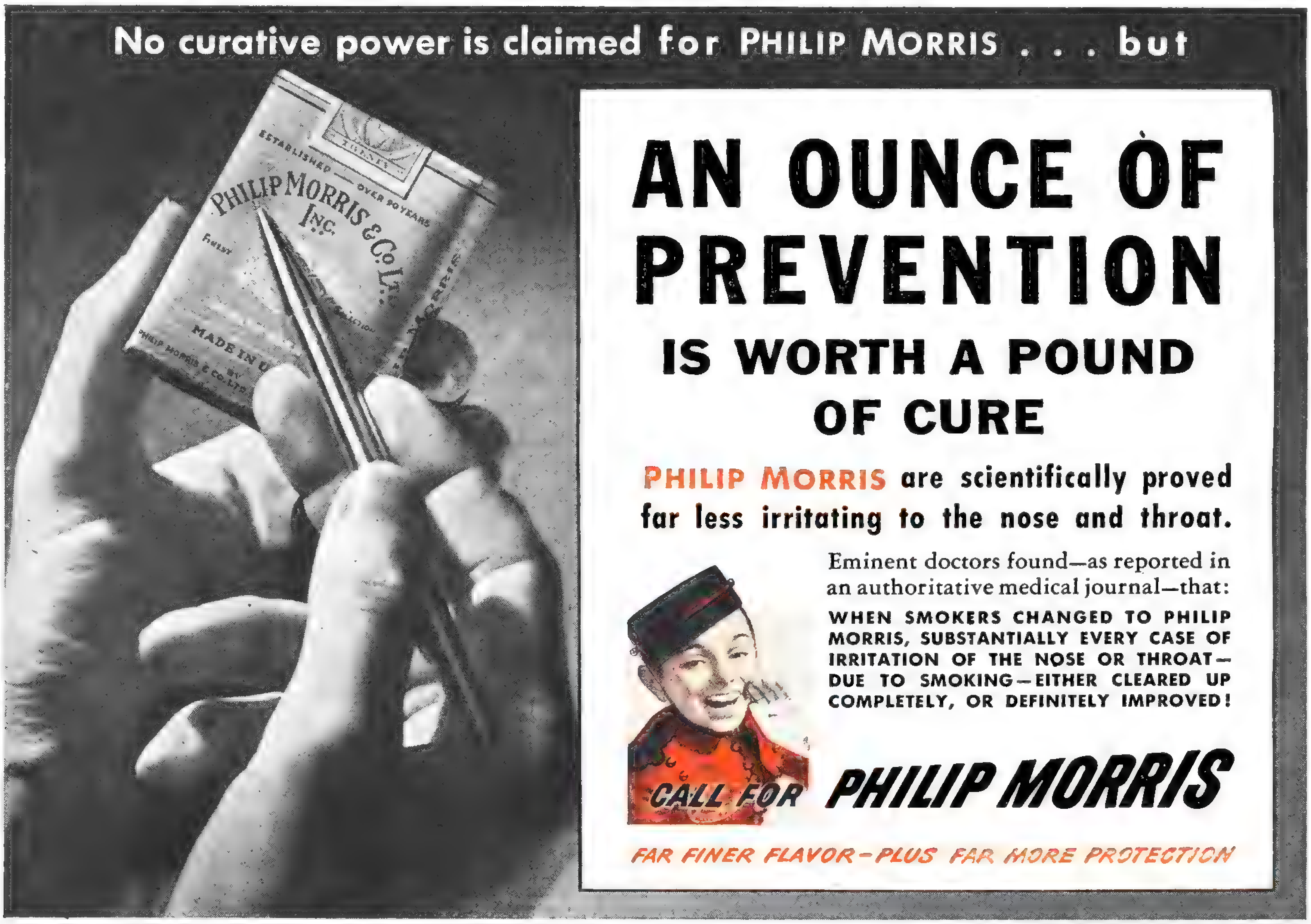
•

Occupational Therapy for Middle-Aged Warriors

Oh, happy the day, and happy the hour,
I'm off again to the ivory tower.
To the cloistered hall, and the ivied wall,
To the Junior Prom, and the Senior Ball.
I'll improve my mind and sharpen my wit
With a bit of Trig, or Italian Litt.
A golden chance for my mental muscles
At the U. of Rome, or Prague or Brussels.
Philosophy II at Old Louvain
Is just the thing for an addled brain.
With lots of books, and a nice apartment
Expenses borne by the War Department.
I'm occupied while I occupy

Continued on page 120




No curative power is claimed for PHILIP MORRIS . . . but

AN OUNCE OF PREVENTION IS WORTH A POUND OF CURE

PHILIP MORRIS are scientifically proved far less irritating to the nose and throat.

Eminent doctors found—as reported in an authoritative medical journal—that:

WHEN SMOKERS CHANGED TO PHILIP MORRIS, SUBSTANTIALLY EVERY CASE OF IRRITATION OF THE NOSE OR THROAT—DUE TO SMOKING—EITHER CLEARED UP COMPLETELY, OR DEFINITELY IMPROVED!

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FAR FINER FLAVOR—PLUS FAR MORE PROTECTION

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This is it! The phonograph-radio you've dreamed about. The automatic phonograph is a musical instrument that brings the concert hall and the theatre right into your living room. A featherlight touch and out comes Motorola's exclusive ROLL-O-MATIC* record changer. Over half an hour of musical entertainment of your own choosing . . . without annoying interruption for record changing. The radio is an electronic marvel . . . from the laboratories of the Motorola engineers who originated and developed the battle-famous "Handie Talkie" and "Walkie Talkie". The radio and phonograph control panel is uniquely designed for comfortable TOP-VUE† tuning. For better living and listening, see and hear the new Motorola Radios. You can depend on it—there'll be none finer!

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FOR HOME AND CAR

Deluxe Automatic F-M Phonograph Radio

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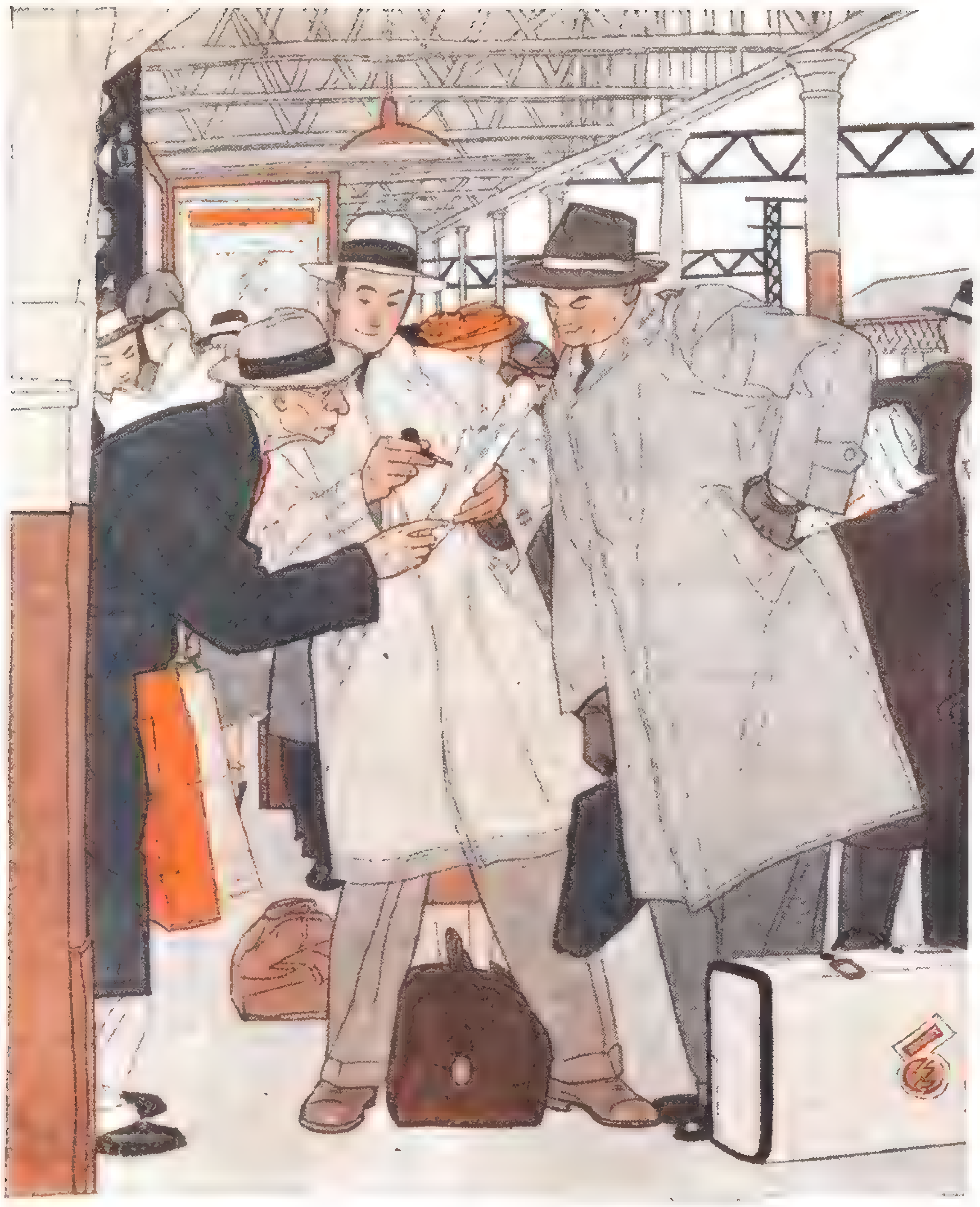


Topcoat Smartness plus Showerproof Protection

Super-fabrics with tailored-in Smartness that lasts the long Life of the Garment

By the thousands men are now adopting a double-duty coat. A garment that's as handsome and correctly styled as a topcoat yet is ready for rain.

For now come smart RAIN TOPCOATS by Rainfair, each a gem of style. Made from softly draping fabrics processed to keep out the wind and rain yet tailored like the finest topcoat for the sunny days. In a variety of colors, fabrics and styles so that you can be individually dressed to personal taste.

The eyes of thousands appraise you 122 rainy days a year*, so plan to own a dual purpose coat—a rain topcoat by Rainfair—the most practical garment in a man's wardrobe.

Tackle Twill . . . $16.75—*(shown at right above)*—styled like the smartest topcoat with comfortably fitting raglan shoulders. Made from Skinner's fine quality, lustrous Tackle Twill. Trim-fitting convertible Balmacaan collar, fly front. Open-through pockets permit easy access to inner clothing pockets. Yoke and sleeves lined with long-wearing silky rayon adds to smartness and comfort. Colors: Tan or Eggshell.

*28 largest cities in U. S. average 122 rainy days a year.

RAINFAIR

An unexpected shower is no excuse for a bedraggled appearance

RAINFAIR storm coats showerproof

FREE BOOKLET . . . How to make your raincoat last . . . our new free booklet gives you detailed instructions, and illustrates the popular Rainfair styles. Write for it today.
RAINFAIR, INC., Racine, Wis.

Dealers everywhere are supplied as often as our military obligations permit civilian shipments.

For that future rainy day BUY WAR BONDS

Going the Rounds with Esquire

Coninued from page 118

With another fling at the college try.
Take hope, my pet, and remember please,
I'm working homeward by degrees.
And when I come you can sound the tocsin,
A slightly middle-aged B. A. Oxon.
The time is now; I had better ask
For my coonskin coat, and my pocket flask,
For my recipe on bathtub gin,
My cap and gown and fraternity pin.
My morning's free for a course in Psych.,
And the afternoons to police the Reich,
All this I'll do with the gladdest heart;
Oh, it's all for love and it's all for art,
For the rights of man, and the Magna Carta,
The Freedoms Four, the Atlantic Charter,
For the youngest tot to the fastest stepper,
For Henry Wallace and Senator Pepper.
It's a brave new world that we boldly enter,
On a road a little bit left of center.
I'll keep the faith and I'll watch the Rhine
At Heidelberg U. Class of '49.

—*James Menzies Black, Jr.*

•

ONE VERDICT

The two Irish parishioners were leaving church after hearing a fine sermon on the beauties of married life, according to Philip Beaton.

Said one: "Sure, and 'twas a fine sermon his riverince gave us on marriage."

Agreed the other: "It was, indade—and I wish I knew as little about the subject as he does."

•

SCOTCHED

Sandy was working in a defense plant; he was a good worker and was making good money and was generally liked. But he had a very bad habit. He was continually boasting about how much better everything was in Scotland.

One day, goaded by an uncomplimentary comparison between Scotland and America, one of his co-workers asked pointedly, "Sandy, if it was so wonderful in Scotland, why did you come over here? Why didn't you stay there?"

Sandy smiled his crinkly grin and replied, "In Scotland, each body was as clever as meself. But here I get along verra well, thank you." —*John E. Donovan*

•

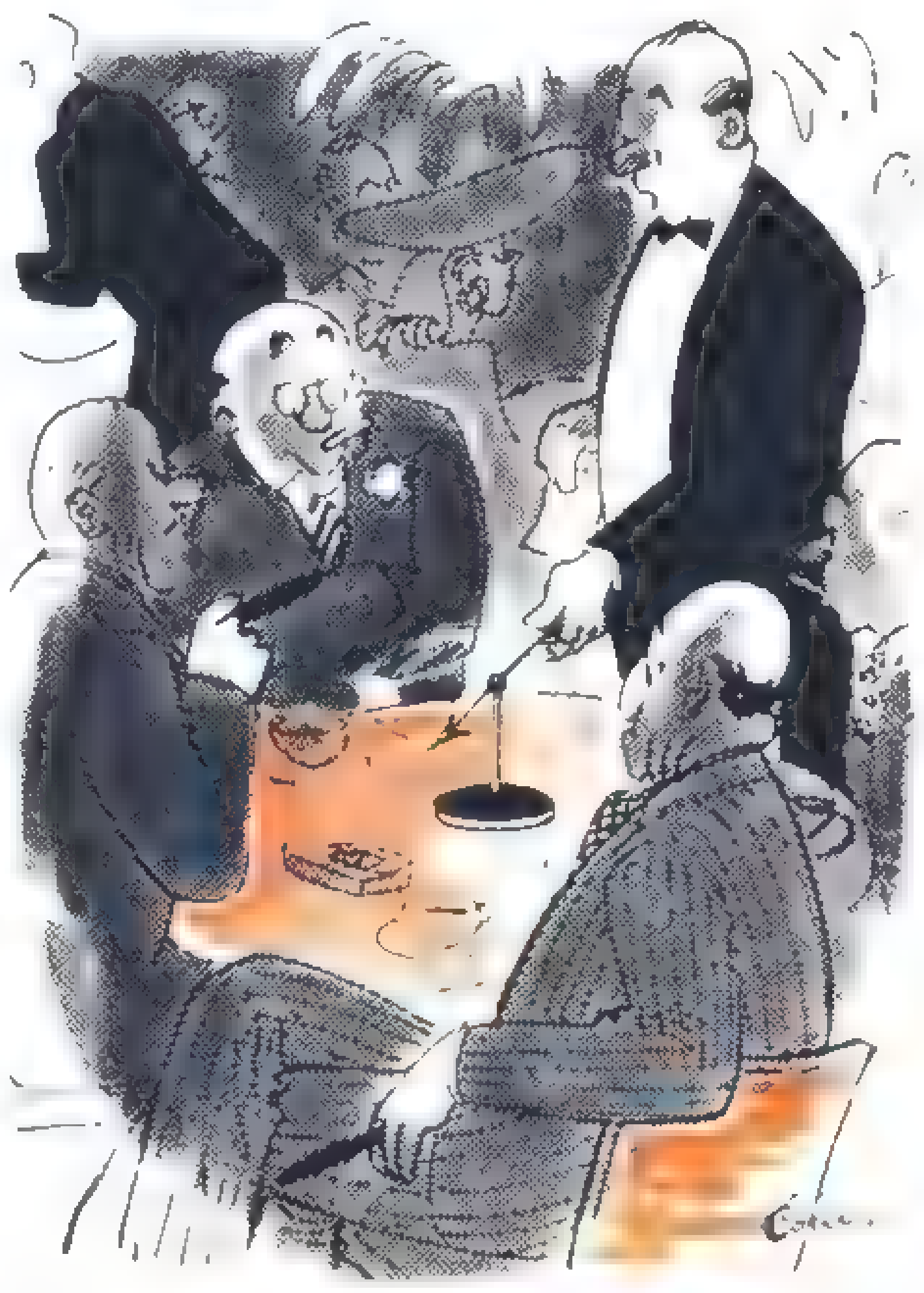
Fred Russell tells this story in *I'll Go Quietly* (McQuiddy).

The star of a North Carolina team had to take a history test to be eligible for Saturday's game. The professor asked him one simple question: "What is the capital of North Carolina?"

"Pikeville," the athlete replied.

"Well," said the professor, "if you had answered correctly, you would have had 100. Since Pikeville is only 15 miles from Raleigh, I will give you 85 and pass you."

•



"Suppose we spin this—I just can't stand here holding this check!"

CLOCK WATCHER

Jimmy Dykes likes to tell this one about the time Mrs. Dykes brought their small son to see Jimmy play for the Athletics.

During batting practice Jimmy smacked one, but the kid just looked bored.

"What's the matter," asked Mrs. Dykes, "didn't you see your father hit the ball?"

"Yeah," replied the boy, "he hit it all right—at two o'clock. The game starts at three."

—*The Bull Horn.*

•

A psychiatrist was examining a selectee:

Psychiatrist: "What's your occupation?"

Selectee: "I'm a gag writer for radio."

Psychiatrist: "Let's see you invent a gag."

Selectee (rising slowly, goes to the door and looks down at the long line of other selectees). "Okay, you guys can go home now, the job's taken."

—*The Great Northern Goat.*

•

En route to play the University of Washington, the Minnesota squad stopped overnight in a Montana city. That night, fire broke out in the hotel. Flames were shooting all around and some of the boys couldn't decide what to do.

"Shall we jump or take the fire escape?" one of them yelled.

Through the smoke came the answer: "Subs go ahead and jump, Varsity use the fire escape."

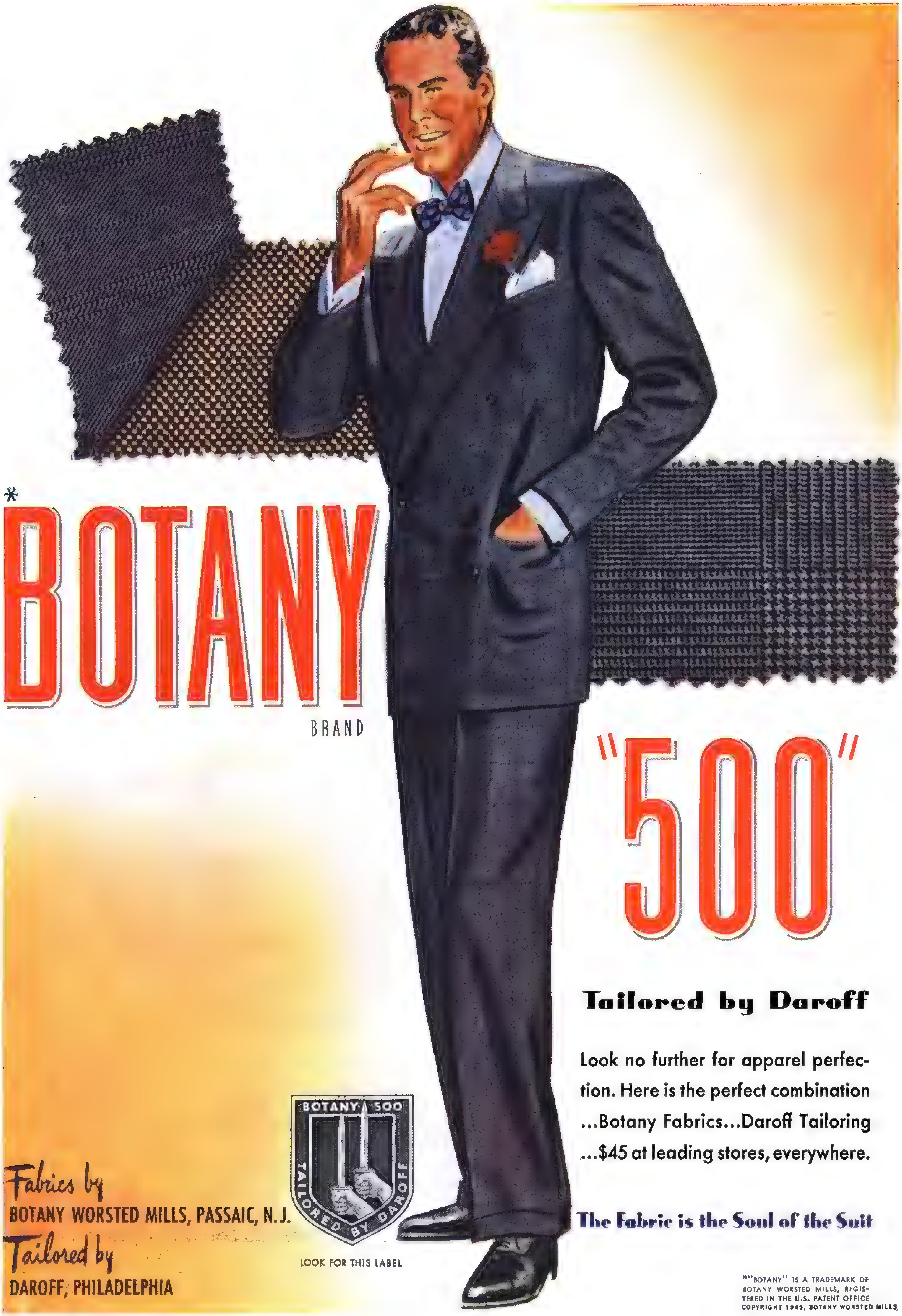
—Fred Russell in *I'll Go Quietly.*

•

A suspicious golfer was keeping an eagle eye on his opponent in the rough, and when he returned to the fairway, asked, "What do you lie, three?"

"No, just two," he answered. "That was a practice swing I took over there."

"Okay," said the other gentleman with a shrug of his shoulders. "But you're the first person I ever heard curse after a practice swing." ⌗



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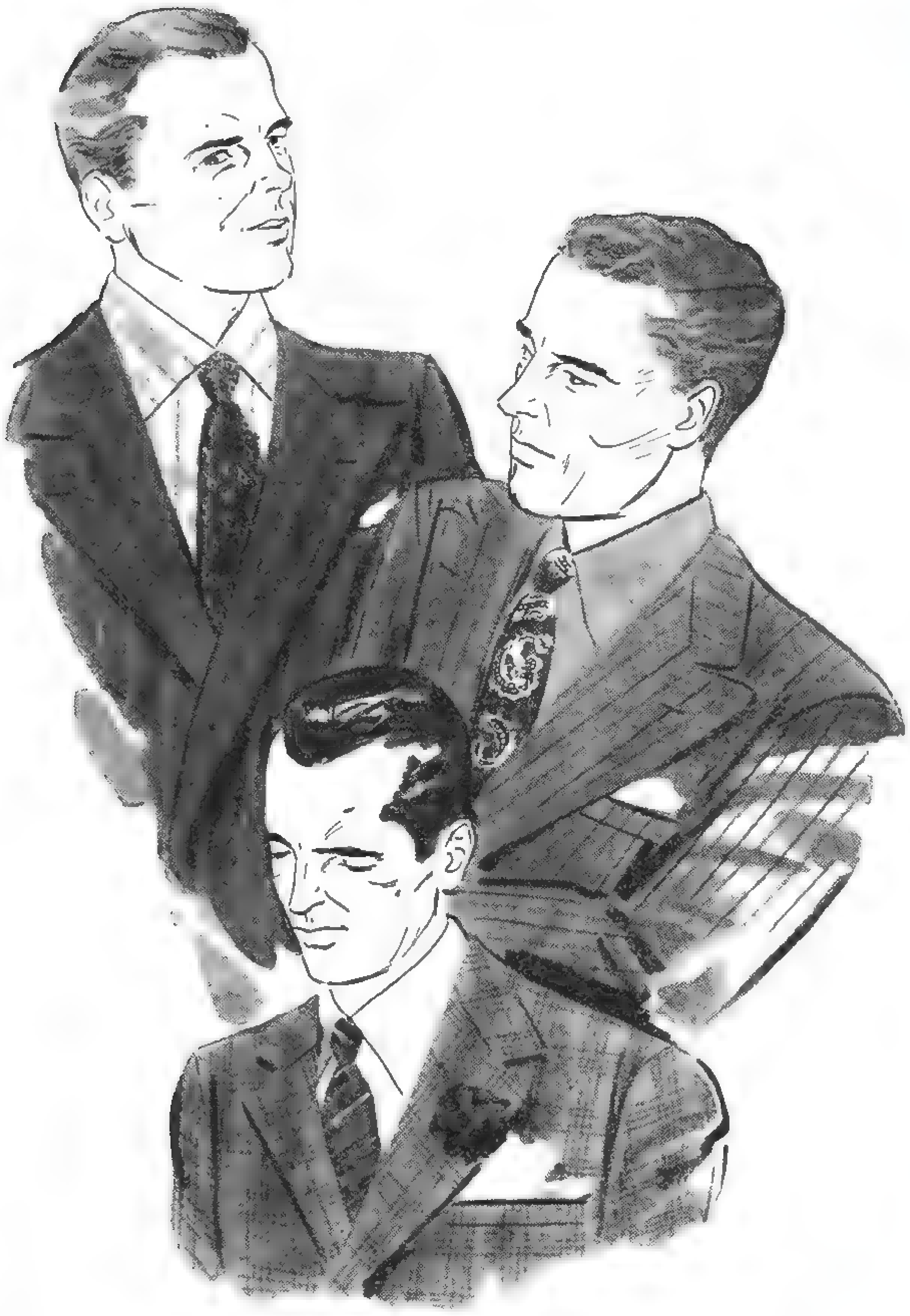
What a saving grace is in solid color combined with bold design

On Picking Patterns

by O. E. SCHOEFFLER



SUCH polite and knowing guzzlers as my colleague Lawton Mackall can tell you that learning to choose the right wines for specific occasions is as easy as learning the Table of Dry Measure—and a lot more fun. Tradition suggests, for example, that sauterne, Rhine or Chablis wines blend with seafood, chicken or white meat, while claret, burgundy or cabernet enhance red meats and wild fowl.

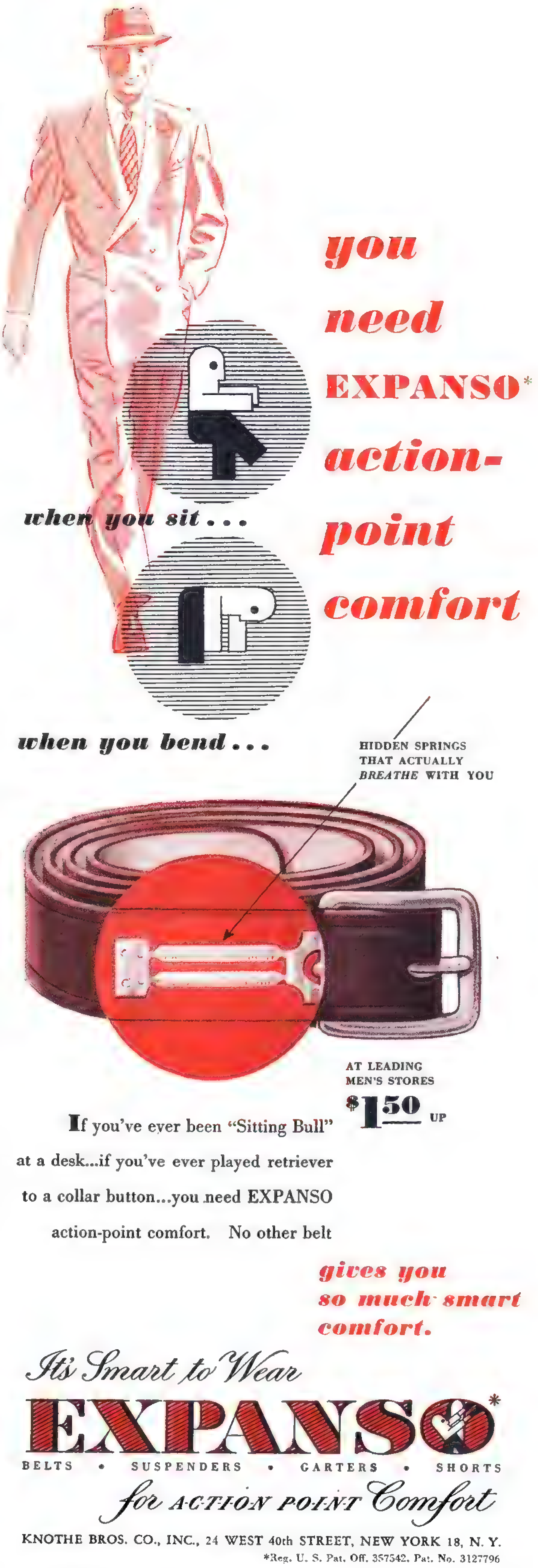
However, selecting the best accessories for certain suits poses more of a problem. There are infinite variations of color and design to confuse the male shopper, and the customs affecting his choice are less clearly defined than in the case of potables. Yet most men are uneasily aware of the fact that certain combinations, like beer after whiskey, are risky.

In general, a strong pattern in a shirt, tie or suit, should be offset by a solid color or modest design in the other articles of the outfit. For example, if a man feels the urge to wear a striped shirt and a striped suit, a tie with modest figures would help to mitigate the monotony of stripes, and, might even avert a case of hysterics on the part of jittery female companions. If a man is brave enough to wear a striped tie with such an outfit, its marking should be indefinite. When a big-figured tie is selected, the shirt which forms a background for the tie should be either white or solid color. This combination teams up nicely with a striped suit. Here the design emphasis is on the tie and to a lesser degree on the stripes of the suit, while the plain shirt tends to neutralize both.

A Glen plaid suit has a fairly arbitrary effect on the selection of appropriate accessories. Obviously, the safest choices are a plain shirt and either an inconspicuously striped tie, or a small-figured tie. If, however, a striped shirt is chosen to wear with a Glen plaid suit, then a solid color tie is the logical complement.

Applying the same theory of patterns to other ensembles, a Glen plaid shirt may introduce the element of design with a plain grey flannel suit, for example, as a quiet accompaniment. A conservative striped or small-figured tie would be a happy choice with this combination.

Bold Argyle plaid socks are to plain flannel slacks as mustard is to ham. With plaid slacks, however, plain rib or small-patterned socks are naturally preferable. ⌗



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when you bend . . .
HIDDEN SPRINGS THAT ACTUALLY *BREATHE* WITH YOU

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$1.50 UP

If you've ever been "Sitting Bull" at a desk...if you've ever played retriever to a collar button...you need EXPANSO action-point comfort. No other belt gives you so much smart comfort.

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Another name that gains lustre with the years is *Nettleton ...the famous name in shoes.* For wherever smart men gather ...Nettletons meet up with Nettletons. But their original styling is not the only factor which accounts for this popularity. They give real mileage...with comfort every step of the way. *A. E. Nettleton Company, Syracuse 2, N.Y.*

Nettleton Shoes

$9.95 TO $20

THE FAMOUS NAME IN SHOES... AT BETTER STORES, COAST TO COAST

In this Corner—the Ghost

Continued from page 86

lightweight champs, when they appeared in exhibitions in St. Paul. He also went a few rounds with Packey McFarland, whom he later fought officially.

The clincher came in 1910 when Mike fought a ten-round draw with Jimmy Potts, the veteran Minneapolis boxer. Then we knew we had something. Mike himself seemed to be aware of his possibilities and he began originating the style that was later to serve as example to his brother, Tommy.

He'd feint with his left, drawing a counter from his foe which either missed altogether or glanced off harmlessly. Then Mike would flash in and play blows on the adversary's unbalanced frame.

Drawing leads from his opponents, he would take two quick steps to his right, a vanishing act that sent sluggers stumbling across the ring after pink elephants. On the assault side of the ledger, Mike developed a wicked left hook which he generally followed with a right cross and an uppercut.

It was this sort of blast that he turned loose on Jimmy Clabby in the last of their four fights in Milwaukee in 1915 with comic results. Clabby had two front teeth on a removable bridge. In each of their three previous fights he had put up with it just so long—usually the fourth or fifth round—then danced over to his corner and tossed the bridge to his seconds. With that, he would whirl back into action wearing a toothless snarl and growling, "Come on, you s. o. b. I mean business now." In the fourth round of the Milwaukee bout Mike charged in. Somewhere in the melée a vicious left hook parked on Clabby's mouth and the bridge went flying across the ring.

"Saves you the trouble of taking it out," Gibbons muttered with a grin.

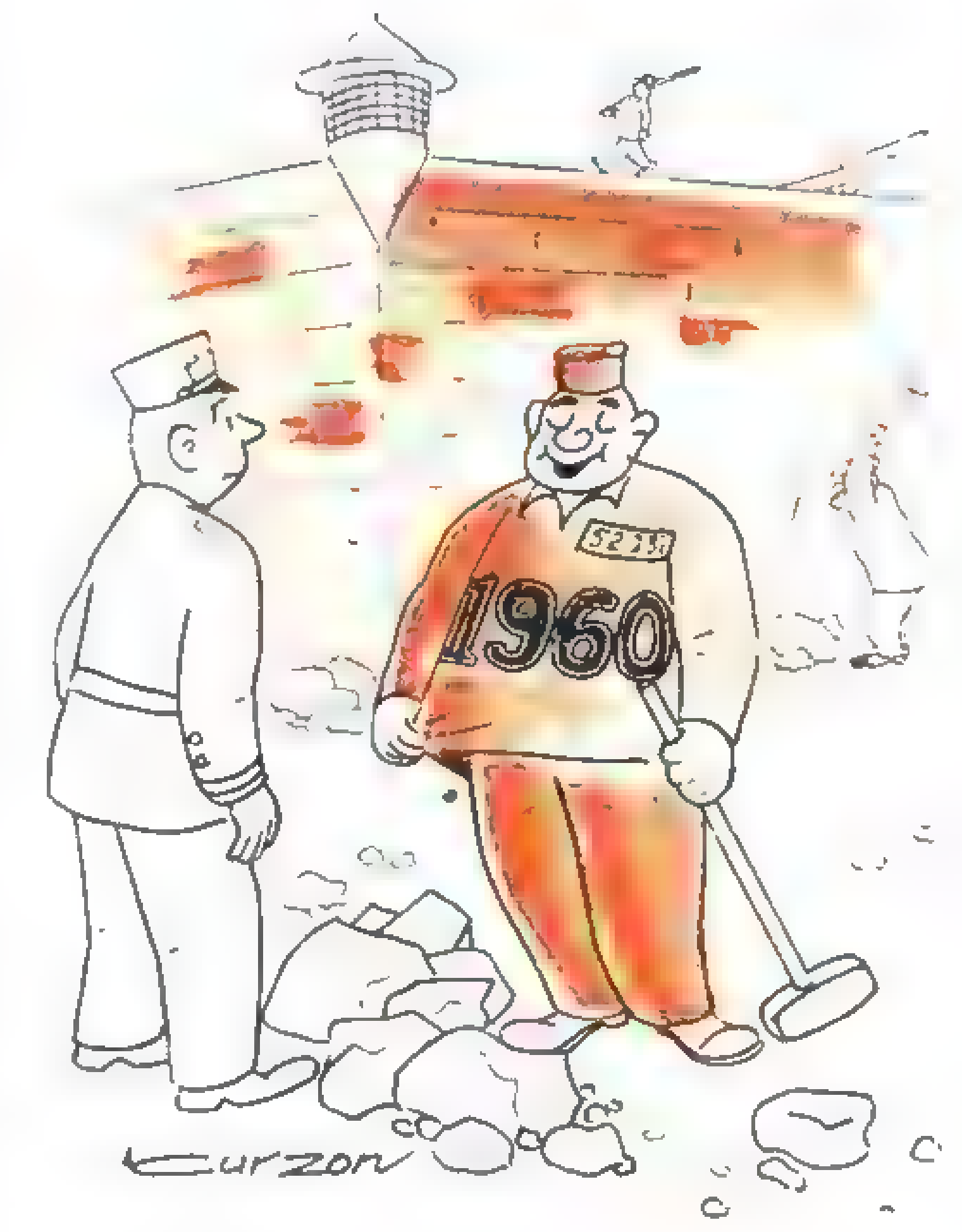
It was Clabby, incidentally, who gave Mike the inspiration by which he climbed to the big time. Clabby's contribution was negative. Twice (in 1910 and in 1911) he slugged out decisions over Gibbons. Instead of losing heart, Gibbons was encouraged. Both times he had made a good showing against the clever Hoosier welterweight and when they met for the third time he boxed him to a fifteen-round draw. By this time Clabby, too, was convinced that Mike was championship material. He pointed out a few of Mike's mistakes, showed him methods of getting more power into his punches, and instructed him in the artful brutalities of infighting.

When Mike was working out around the St. Paul Y, and for the first several years of his professional career, prize fighting was a felony in Minnesota. Sneak bouts were staged in small halls and barns around the centers of population, but participants were subject to a year in prison, a fine of 1,000 dollars, or both.

So it was in an atmosphere of the hunted criminal that Mike cut his pugilistic teeth. It almost ruined his career. A St. Paul promoter with more ideas than money matched Mike against Herb Catherwood, another aspiring young boxer from Minneapolis. The fight went for fifteen clandestine rounds in a barn just outside of St. Paul. About 200 fans gathered to witness the nefarious doings, which, after some savage slugging, ended in a draw.

Mike and Catherwood went to the promoter for their share of the gate and found that he had collected only ninety dollars. Seems that more than half of the crowd had become unaccountably hard of hearing when asked for admission fees. Mike left the barn with a cauliflower ear, a broken nose, twenty-two dollars and fifty cents and a decision never to fight again.

As if this weren't enough, Trouble came back for an encore. Some malcontent had seen the bout and reported it to the law. A sympathetic judge—probably a fight fan himself—let Mike off with a disorderly conduct offense and fines totaling thirty-two dollars and fifty cents instead of whacking into him for the 1,000 dollars decreed by the anti-prize fight law. A physician charged Gibbons fifty dollars for repairs to the mangled nose and ear.

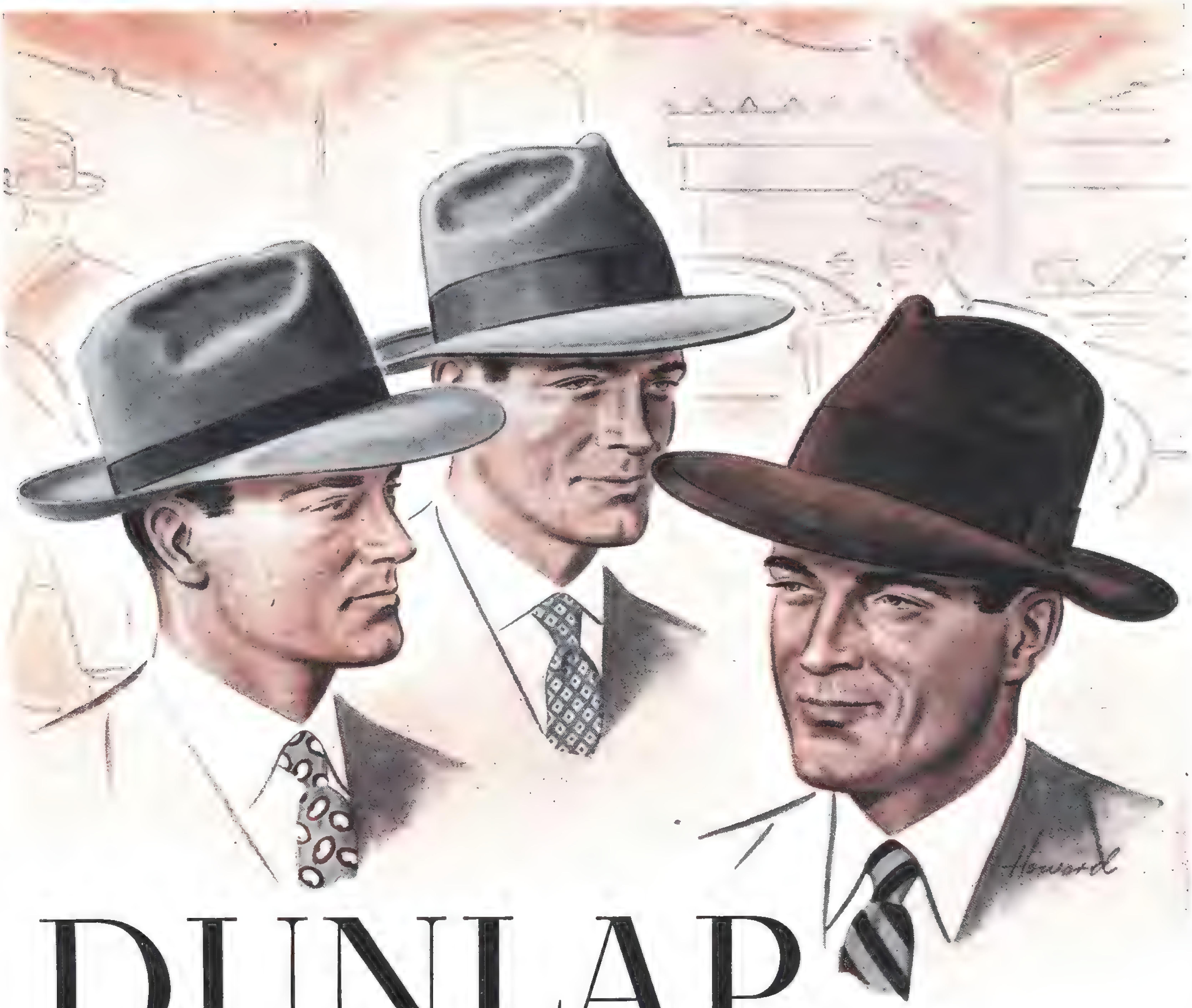


"They do it in college, don't they?"

Mike returned to his job in the railroad yards at sixty-five dollars a month. It seemed lush after the disappointing incident in the barn. But Mike was just as subject as the next Irishman to the adage that the Irish are at peace only when they are fighting. The urge to box kept prodding him back to the gyms. He indulged in a few more bootleg battles, then went to New York in 1911 for a bout with Willie Lewis. He won and became an overnight sensation.

Four years later Mike came back to Minnesota a famous and respected athlete. His reappearance automatically renewed the old struggle to have prize fighting

Continued on page 126



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The man who wears a Dunlap Hat is recognized, today, as a member of a special group which, for more than four-score years, has included some of the most famous men of America. Dunlap's fine quality, skilled workmanship, have not changed. Only in the distinction of their styling do these celebrated hats reflect their harmony with the contemporary trend.

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Few households keep an assortment of table wines. Many choose Burgundy because they like its flavor best. So—forget the "do's and don'ts" you've heard about serving wine and just remember that "Valliant Burgundy is good taste with any food."

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Under Vine Since 1849

In this Corner—the Ghost

Continued from page 124

legalized. Friends and admirers of Mike's in the legislature argued that things had come to a pitiable pass when a fighter of Mike's skill and reputation was denied the right to perform in his native state. "Look," they said reproachfully and pointed to thousands of Minnesota sports fans streaming across the state line to Hudson, Wisconsin, to watch Tommy, Mike and other topnotch scrappers do their stuff without fear of the law. Money and fame were leaving the state.

The legislators traded in their prudery for a dose of realism and passed a bill putting the stamp of legitimacy on the manly art for dough. This, together with Mike's ring successes, inspired a flood of young hopefuls to take up the gloves in pursuit of a now honorable dollar. The Saintly City became one of the leading boxing towns in the world and within ten years had delivered to the ring such men as Mike O'Dowd, middleweight; Billy Miski, heavyweight; My Sullivan and Jock Malone, welterweights; Bobby Ward, lightweight, and Johnny Ertle, bantamweight.

Mike's sense of timing extended beyond the ropes. He was at the peak of his career when America went to the mat for the first time in behalf of a free Europe. He was ready to enlist, but waited just long enough for an offer to come through from Dr. Joseph Raycroft, head of the Army's athletic program. Mike was assigned to Camp Dodge, Iowa, as a civilian boxing instructor with an opportunity for a commission.

Teaching a field full of khakis the rudiments of feinting, footwork and punching, he was impressed by the similarity between boxing and bayonet fighting. In his spare time he stabbed away with a bayonet in the orthodox manner, noting the corresponding parries and lunges with which he was professionally familiar. The results of this study of the relations between the two activities were published in a manual with illustrations by a camp artist.

He turned it over to his captain and from there it climbed the brass hat hierarchy all the way to the bestarred gentlemen in the War Department. All were impressed. Soon the manual had been adopted as standard text for all Army camps, and other civilian instructors found themselves on the way to Camp Dodge for lessons in the Gibbons' system.

One of the most unhappy of his ring experiences was his bout with Packey McFarland at Brighton Beach, L. I., in September, 1915. Paradoxically, it was the biggest purse of his life—17,500 dollars—but in melting down from 154 pounds to McFarland's demand of 147, Mike so impaired his health that he was forced into six months of involuntary retirement.

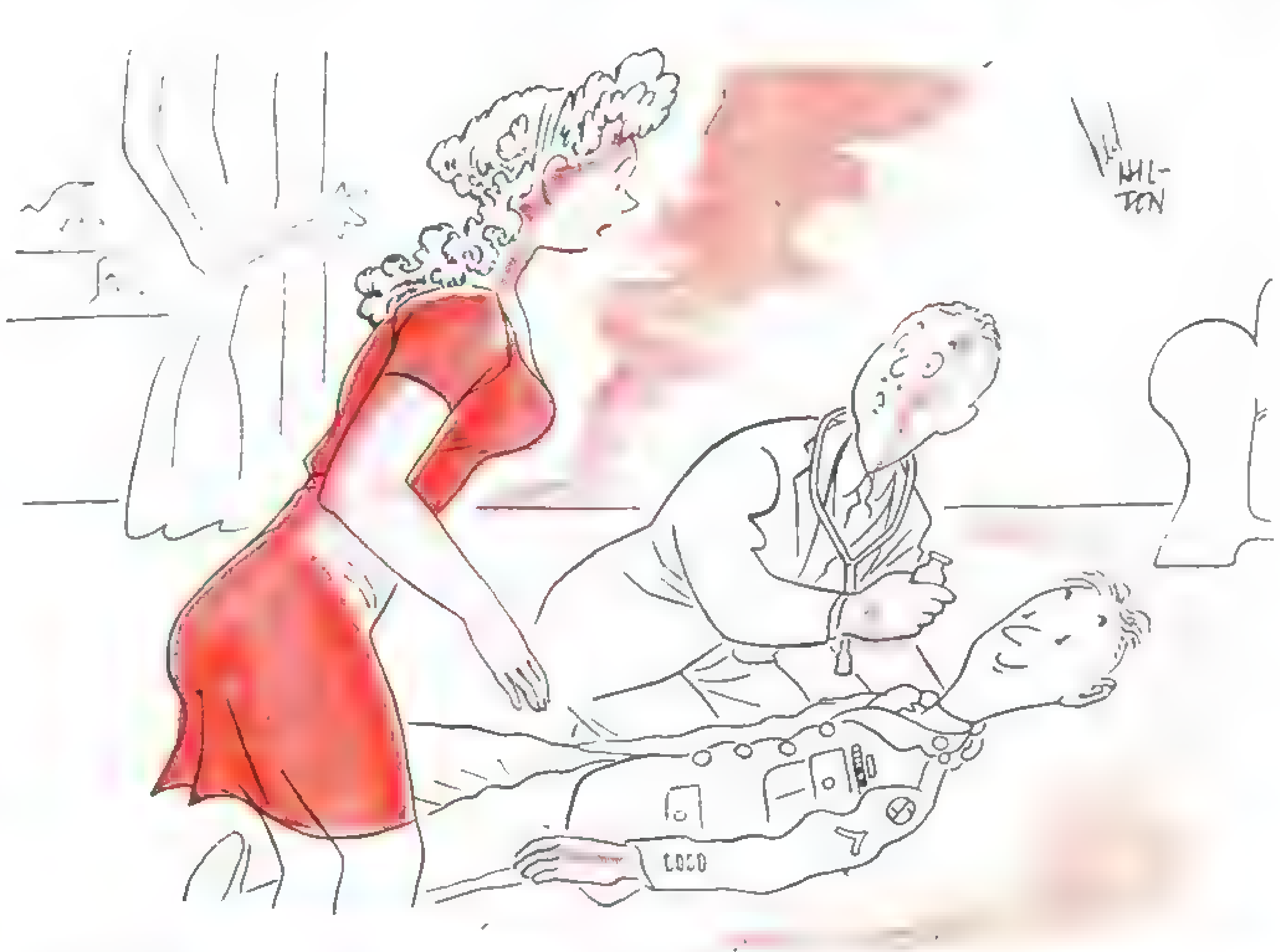
McFarland, driving a hard bargain, required Mike to post a 2,500 dollar forfeit, threatening to grab it if Mike was so much as a quarter of a pound over 147. The first four pounds came off easily, but the last three clung like barnacles. Miles of road work in heavy clothes, six poached eggs a day and abstinence from all liquids for two days before the fight, managed to remove a pound and a half. The remainder was taken off just before weighing in by boxing with a sparring partner in a Turkish bath.

Mike was dizzy and wobbled about unsteadily as he weighed in, but he made it and headed straight for the biggest steak in town.

"I was famished. I asked the waiter to bring me a small glass of warm water while I waited for the steak. Instead he came back with a large goblet of ice water. Foolishly, like a man dying of thirst, I grabbed the glass and gulped it down."

Five minutes later he was retching. He became so violently and convulsively ill that he was forced to forego the meal and spend the hours before the fight lying down in his quarters. He climbed into the ring that night weak and lightheaded. It took limitless stamina to go the ten-

Continued on page 128



"You shouldn't have put all your affection in one hug"

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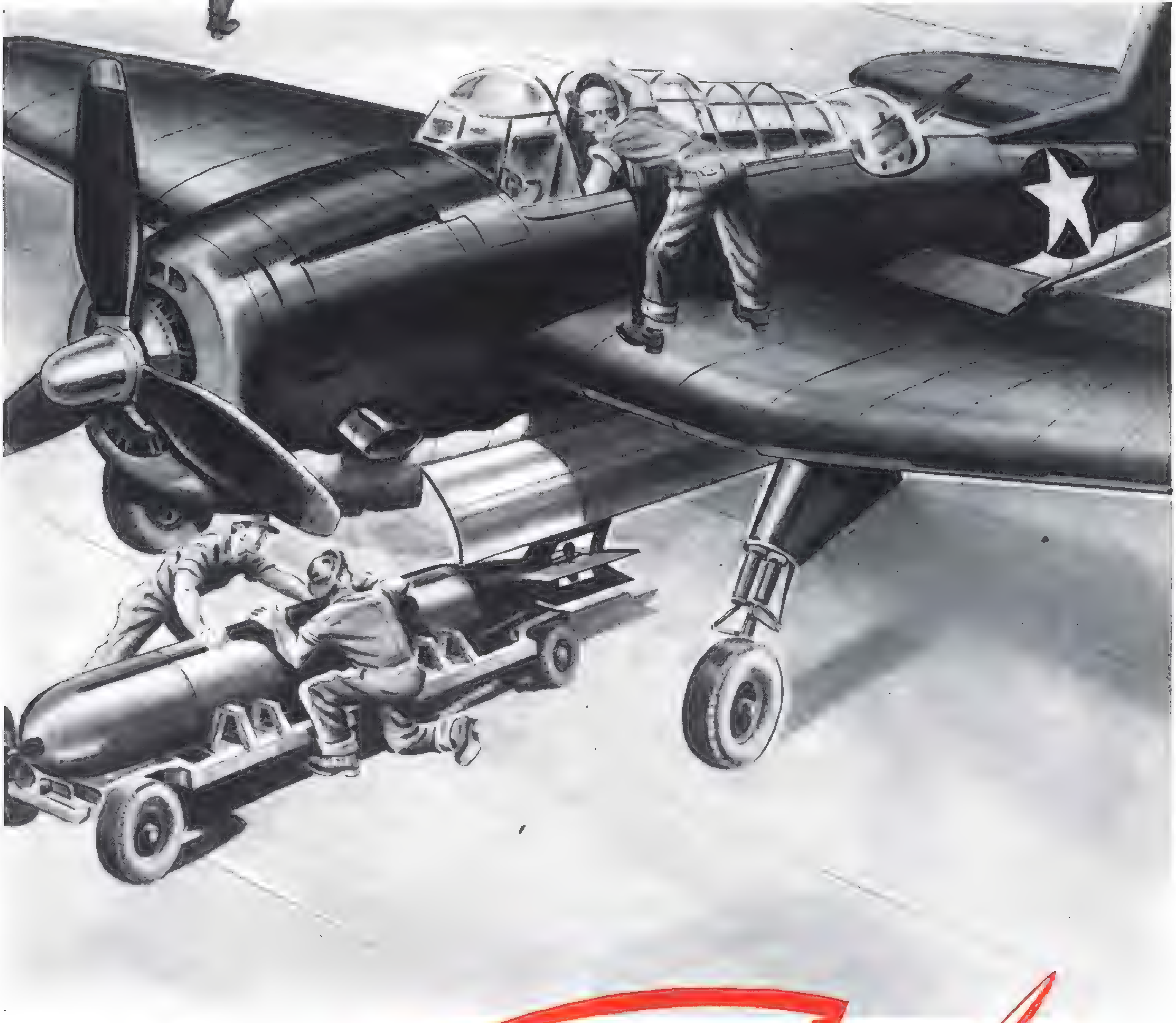
Until the last mission is flown . . . until complete Victory is ours . . . SOUTHERN heeds the call to serve our armed forces with torpedo bay doors for the Avenger, wing sections and tail groups for the Hellcat and the new Grumman Tigercat. Post-war, the call for industrial and civilian aeronautical needs will be answered with the same dependability by . . .



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CORDOVAN BRACES
Genuine shell Cordovan, handsomely custom-crafted. At your favorite men's wear counter. $2.50

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Elastic webbing, in comfortable easy stretch. Varied smart patterns $1

PIONEER

BELTS • BRACES
GARTERS • WALLETS
"FOR MEN WHO CARE WHAT THEY WEAR"

PIONEER
PHILADELPHIA 1, PENNA.

In this Corner—the Ghost

Continued from page 126

round limit and hold the formidable McFarland to a draw.

Mike is still mystified about it today and doesn't know how he did it. To me, the answer is simple. Whether on the battlefield or in the ring, the hearts of heroes are extendable.

The beginning of the end came in 1921 when the gloved thumb of a spar mate accidentally gouged Mike's eye. The pain was terrific and for the first time in his life the Phantom was unable to finish the round. His vision was blurry, but he carried out a planned series of fights.

He found himself being shellacked by inferior men. For the first time in 13 years of boxing he was knocked off his feet by Happy Littleton. In Boston, Tommy Robson floored Mike for a nine-count in the third and took the decision. In both cases the blows came from the right. Mike never saw them.

In 1922 Mike went to an eye specialist who gave him the melancholy alternative of either retiring from the ring or spending the rest of his life in darkness. This was the hardest punch of all. Sadly, Mike swapped his gloves for a director's share in a bank and insurance business.

Things went all right for a few years, then Fate won another decision. Mike lost all his ring savings in the collapse of '29. I hardly need to say that he had the courage to come back from that, too. He's still in St. Paul, working as a brewery salesman.

If you drop out to see him these days and sit in the living room of his home overlooking Lake Como, you'll find it hard to keep his mind on the subject of boxing. You feel a quiet thrill to be in the presence of one of the greatest natural athletes of all time and you start asking questions.

"I have no regrets," he'll say. "Boxing was good to me. I made a lot of money, and though I lost most of it I had enough to raise and educate six fine children . . ."

And then he's off, like so many parents these days, talking about his sons overseas. Mike has three with the Marines in the South Pacific and a fourth in the Army. Jimmy Gibbons has been with the Marines at Tarawa, Saipan and Guam; Gene at Bougainville, Guam and Okinawa; Danny at Marshall Islands, Bougainville and Iwo Jima; and Bob with General Douglas MacArthur's army in the recapture of the Philippines. A fifth son, Jack, was rejected because of ulcers.

Mike keeps pulling out their letters and wishing he were with them, deprecating the things he's done compared to the things his sons are doing.

And he's probably right. A shell travels faster than the fastest fist ever thrown. But when the Gibbons boys get a chance to do any infighting in the manner of their famous Dad, the foe becomes painfully acquainted with some effective demolition tactics that come straight from the American ring. ⧺

Continued from page 86

Jazz Is Where You Find It

IN SWING—In case anything you've read may have confused you concerning any alleged differences between jazz and swing, the following excerpts from a letter I received from Louis Armstrong should help to clear the mist:—

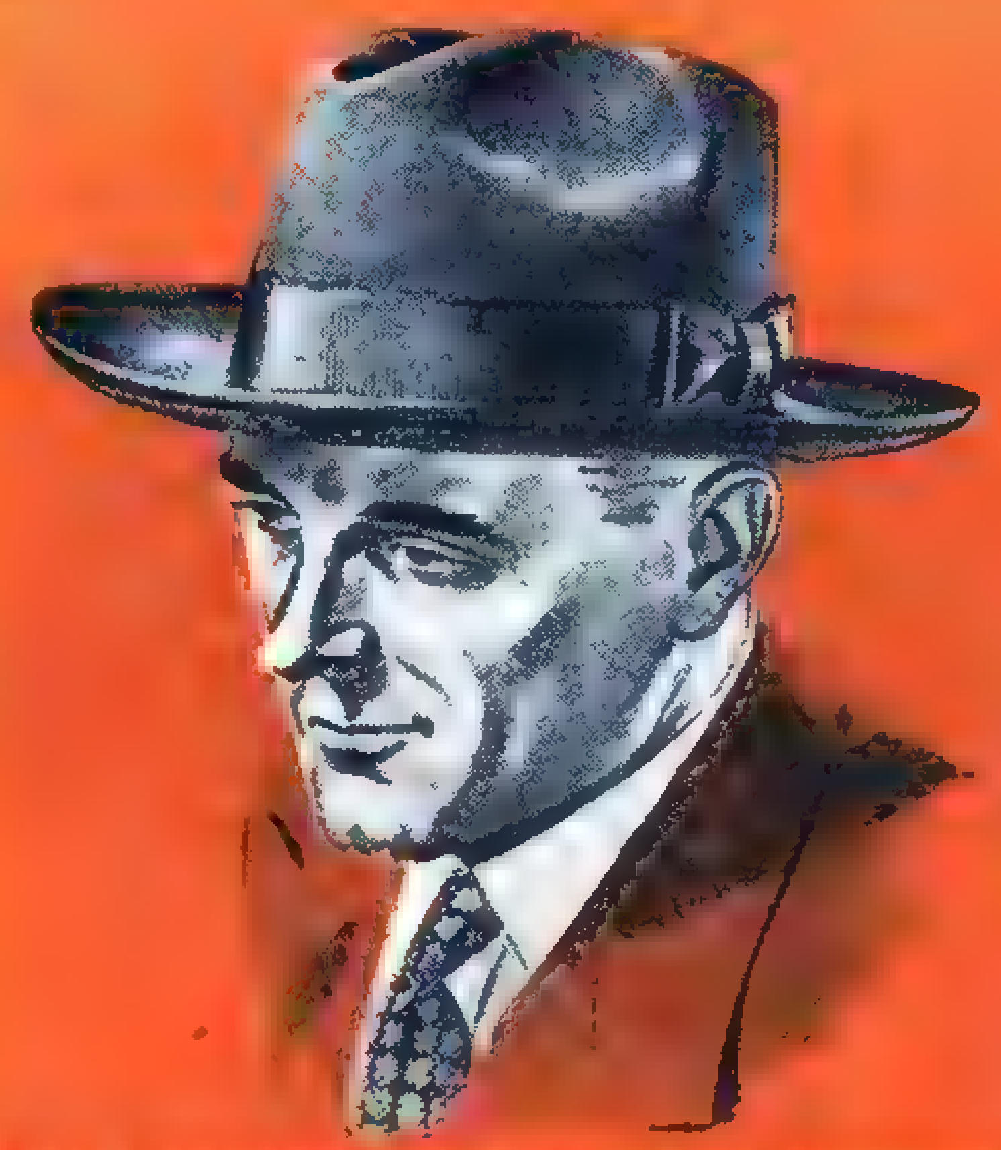
"To me as far as I could see it all my life—Jazz and Swing are the same thing . . . back in 1900 it was called Rag Time Music . . . Later on in the years it was called Jazz Music—Hot Music—Gut Bucket—and now they've poured a little gravy over it, called it Swing Music . . . Haw haw haw . . . No matter how you slice it—it's still the same music . . . Yours and Mr. Ulanov's opinion is perfectly right." (Barry Ulanov is editor of the music magazine *Metronome*, to which this writer contributes, and which reflects most closely the musicians' own views on music.)

Which reminds me that an album has been issued by Brunswick, described as "Louis Armstrong Jazz Classics." With the exception of the first two sides (*Wild Man Blues*, *Melancholy*), which were way ahead of their time and have some fine work by Louis and Earl Hines, the records sound just like what they are—records made two decades ago. As Armstrong says, "Music's better now than it used to be, it's *played* better now. We've advanced a lot since the early days . . . If there are people who want to omit arrangements, omit scored backgrounds, omit any kind of music, you tell 'em I said, 'Omit those people!' "

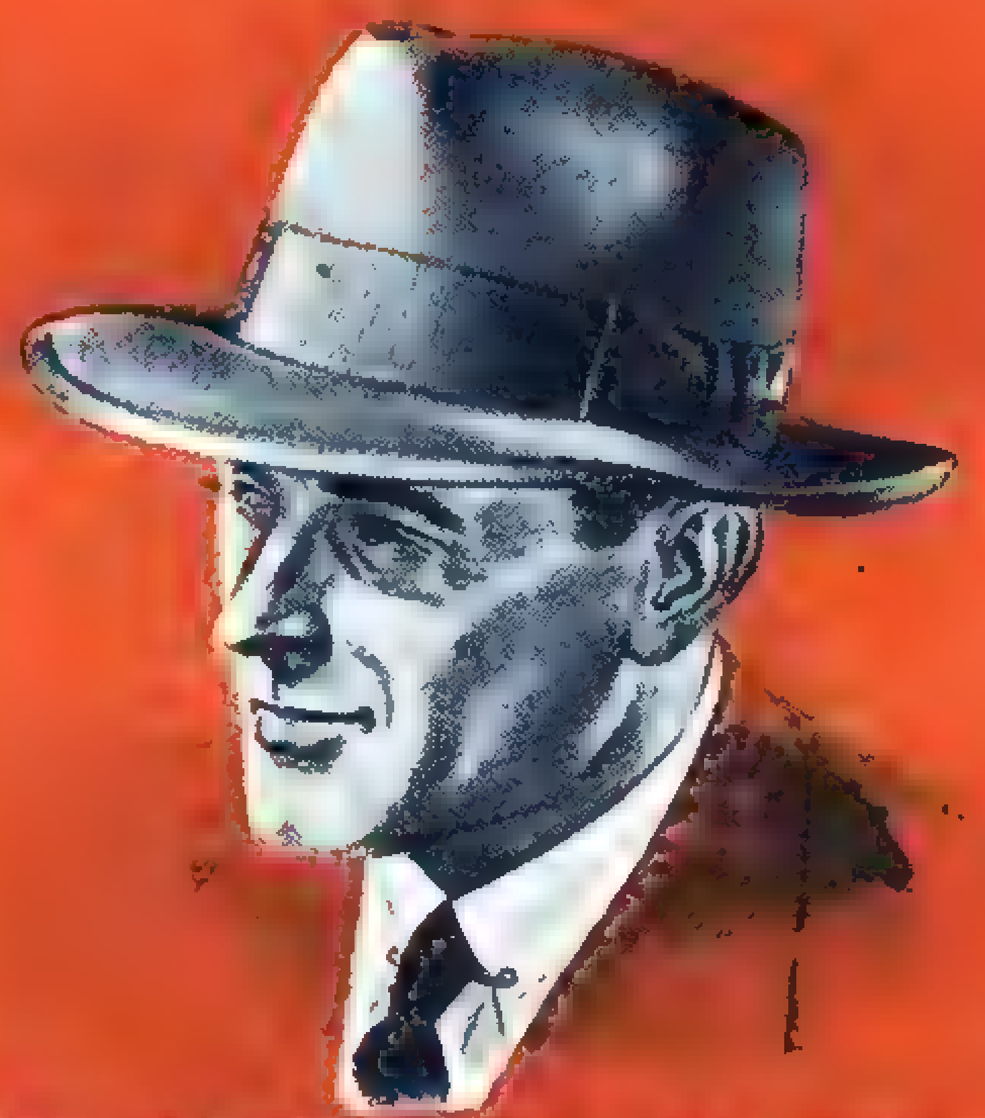
If you want to see what Louis means, get his most recent recording, the wonderful *I Wonder*, on Decca. And if you happen to run into that album anyway, and read in the leaflet a claim that one "Bunk" Johnson was Armstrong's musical mentor, just remember that Louis himself said:—"If there's anybody who should get any credit . . . please give it to Joseph King Oliver . . . Someone's trying to make a mess out of the issue as to who taught me and who did this and that."

ON RECORDS—Goodman Sextet, *Slipped Disc* (Col.); Buddy Johnson, *That's The Stuff you Gotta Watch* (Decca); Erroll Garner, *Moving Around* (Black & White); Joe Marsala, *Southern Comfort* (Musicraft), head an interminable list of worthy additions to any jazz library. Our man of the month, Dizzy Gillespie, can be heard in Trummy Young's *Seventh Avenue* on Continental and in his own *Be-Bop* on Manor. Another new firm, Duke Records, has put out some discs by Freddie Greene, Trummy Young and Frankie Socolow. —LEONARD FEATHER

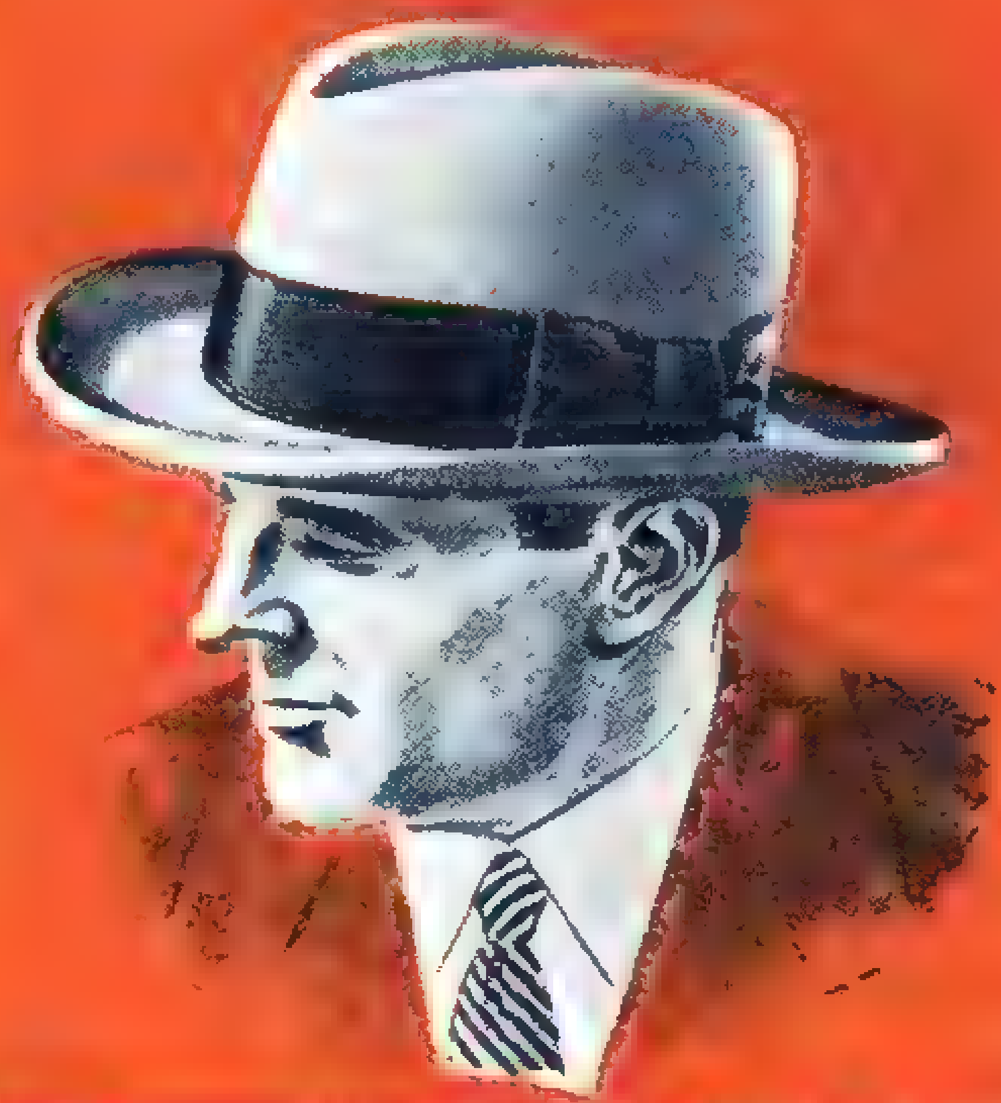
distinctive hats bearing a distinguished name



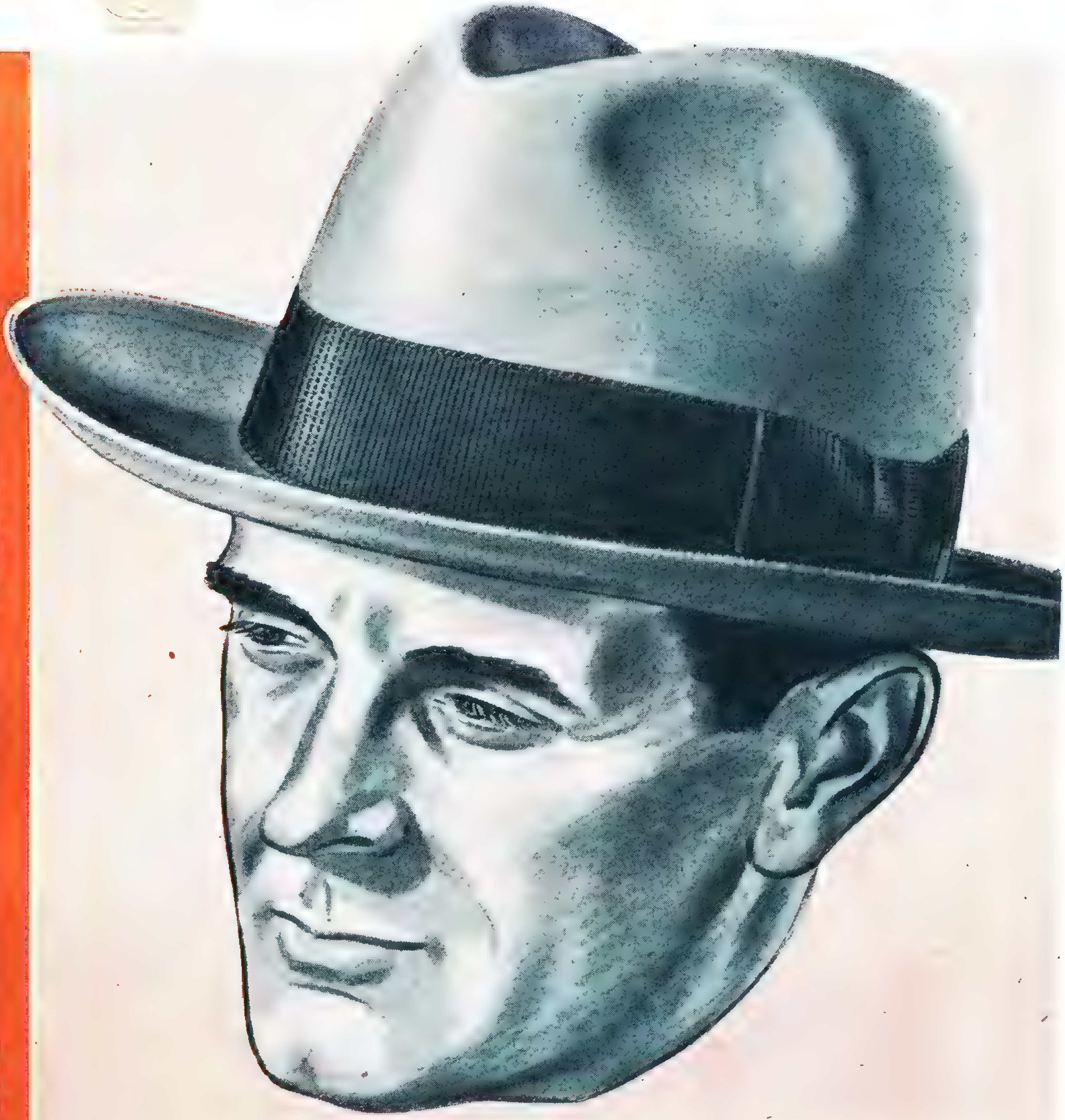
THE DELMAR—Typical of Disney styling and craftsmanship; its soft, velvety-smooth texture takes time and skilled hand-work to develop. You'll like its graceful, casual lines. Try it on.



THE NEW TREND—It's different because of Disney's subtle styling. Short brim in front for a youthful look . . . wide at the sides for casual, sweeping flair . . . Try it on today.



THE HOMBURG—You'll like the way you look in the Disney version of this classic hat. Add to Disney's styling the exclusive Disney Gloverex finish, and you've got a great hat.



Brims up!

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ESQUIRE ON THE RECORD

BEST SELLERS

***Compiled by* GILBERT SELDES**

Special Event

On a Note of Triumph
(Columbia—Norman Corwin)
(A recording from the repeat broadcast with Martin Gabel as narrator, original score by Bernard Herrmann, conducted by Lud Gluskin—12 sides, 12-in.)

More and more, the spoken word is being recorded, and more and more the problem for recording companies is to discover a proper style. This album of Corwin's V-E Day broadcast, is by its nature at one extreme—it is radio. It takes no advantage of the special conditions of studio recording and ignores all their limitations. I think this is the direction to be followed. We are so accustomed to sound effects and the techniques of radio, that anything else, for the spoken word, sounds half-done. The broadcast was the most notable original creation of V-E Day and extremely popular. To me its high points were the report to the sunken submarine (sound effects) and the reproduction of an international meeting done with interpreters in the manner of the Molotoff address at San Francisco. A memorable, if not immortal, work.

Pianism

Piano Music—Debussy
(Victor—Artur Rubinstein)

Polonaise in A Flat—Chopin
(Victor—José Iturbi)

Two of the most sensitive of our pianists cross international borders, the Spaniard playing the work of a Pole, the Russian that of a Frenchman. The Debussy Album includes the popular pieces like *The Goldfish* and less known ones like the *Slow as Possible* waltz.

Doing Their Stuff

That Drummer's Band—1
(Columbia—Krupa)
Old Chisholm Trail
(Musicraft—Dick Thomas)
On the Atcheson, Topeka & Santa Fe
(Decca—Bing Crosby)
All at Once
(Columbia—Calloway)
Triflin' Gal
(Okeh—Al Dexter)
I Got Rhythm
(Decca—Ethel Smith)
If You Are But a Dream
(Columbia—Sinatra)
Runnin' Wild
(Musicraft—Teddy Wilson)
Slipped Disc
(Columbia—Goodman)

One of the defects of the system that brings good things to everyone ("nothing too good for the average man," also known as quantity production) is that it makes people repeat themselves. A good "effect" makes a singer or drummer popular; the buyers want it over and over again; the producers love it, as a form of insurance. All of these records are exactly what you would expect from the people that made them—which doesn't mean they are at all bad, but are not novel. The Goodman *Slipped Disc* is specially mentioned because the old master always gets something good in; and Wilson's *Runnin' Wild* because it is another successful effort to bury one of the best rhythm jobs of our time. *Runnin' Wild* and *The Darktown Strutters' Ball* are both unfortunate victims—and deserve better.

Separate Mention

Religious Songs
(Victor—Jeanette MacDonald)

Beloved Comrade
(Decca—Josh White)

Always—Berlin
(Victor—Grace Moore)

Like the above, these are characteristic works. Miss MacDonald's choices include the *Battle Hymn of the Republic* as well as the *Panis Angelicus*; Miss Moore gives to both *Always* and *You Are Love* a rich semi-operatic treatment, and I'm not sure either needs it—I'm pretty sure *Always* can't take it. Josh White used to record songs of bright social meaning for Asch; it will be interesting to watch him under a quantity-production banner.

Roumanian Fantasy
(Columbia—Kostelanetz)

How High the Moon
(Musicraft—Chittenden)

Andre Kostelanetz picked up gipsy music in Cairo, had it written down, and his delivery is brilliant. The Chittenden trio brings back a good number from an out-of-the-way source, a nice revue called *Two for the Show*.

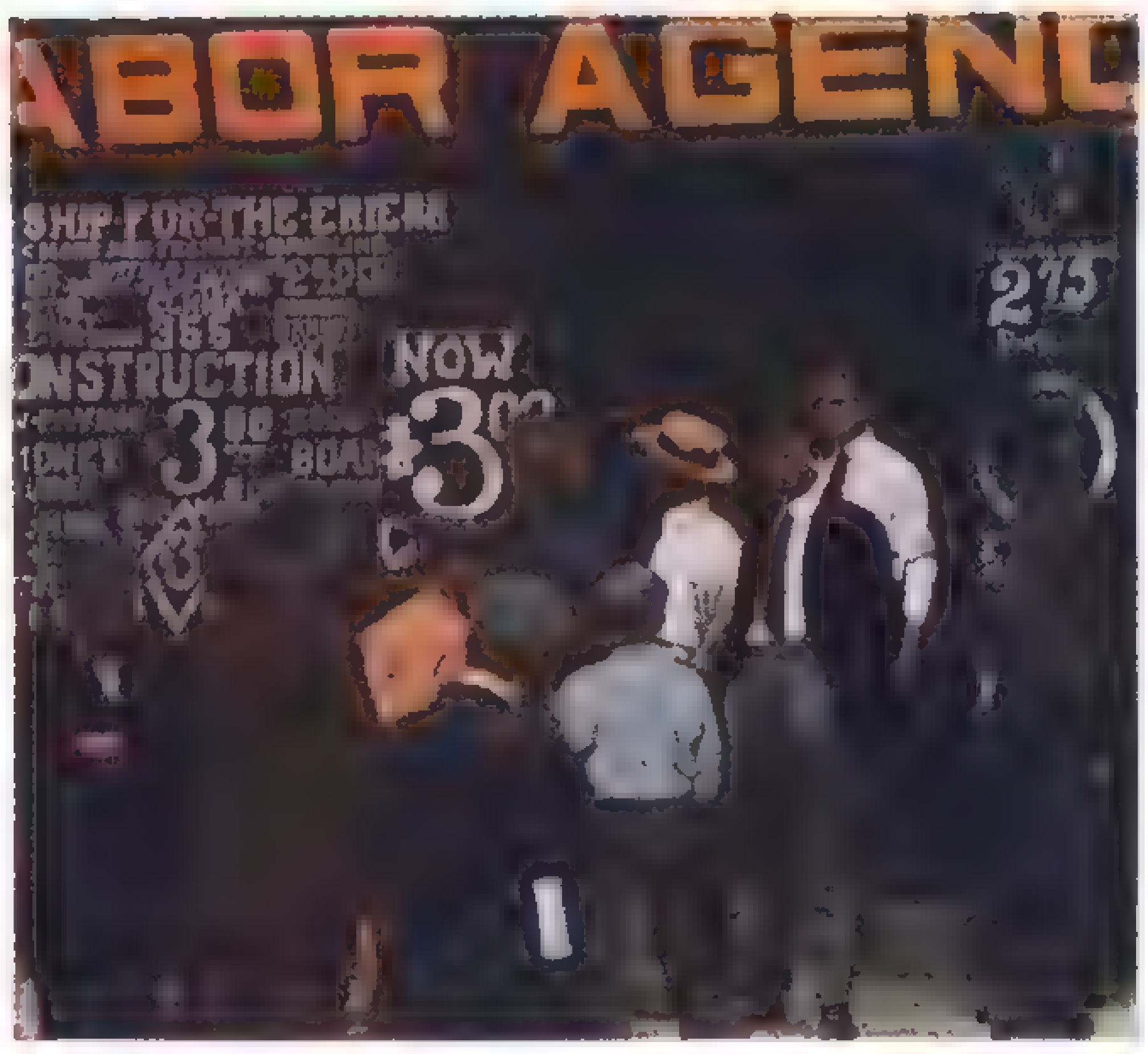
Big Ones

I am passing by the classic 12-inch albums this month (in favor of "summer reading" although it won't be summer when you read this). I'll review them soon, because new ones will pile up, the re-making of classics being an inexhaustible industry. Note that Columbia has issued a *Boris Godounov* with the fine basso Ezio Pinza almost simultaneously with Victor's *Boris Godounov* (reviewed before) and Villa-Lobos, whose light piano music was played by Rubinstein for Victor, is on Columbia's list with Jennie Tourel's rich mezzo voice in the *Serestas*, which are Brazilian serenades. Also a lot of Gershwin is already re-issued or re-recorded, because of the movie which didn't do a bad job of the music itself.

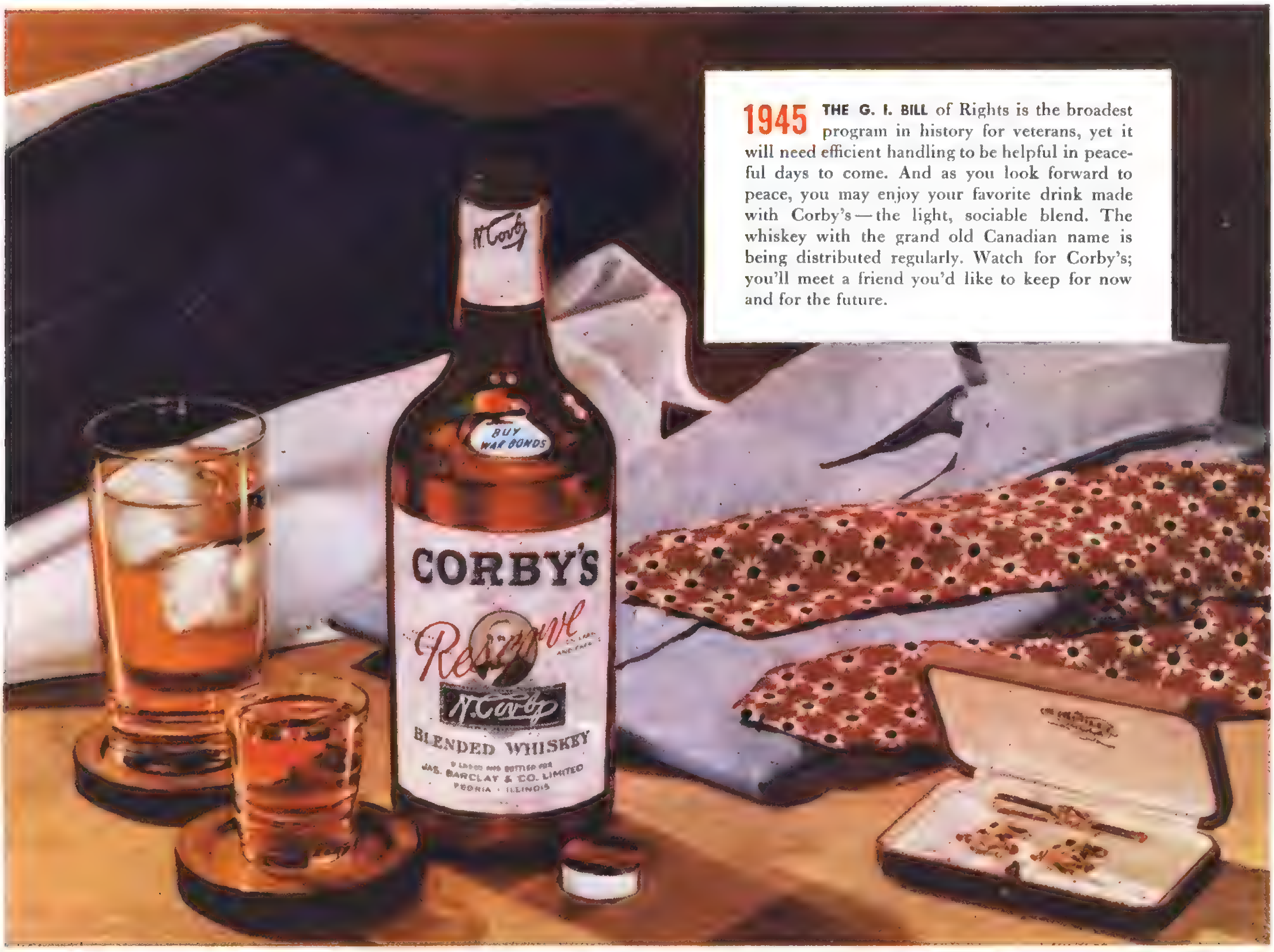
How do we treat returning vets?

1865 **SEVEN HUNDRED** thousand veterans of the War Between the States got their $60 to $100 mustering-out pay and went home to look for work. America was a land of boundless opportunity in this seventh year after Corby's was introduced in Canada.

1898 **SPANISH-AMERICAN** War veterans (250,000 of them) got no bonuses. Pensions for wounded were small, no continuing medical attention was provided. But once again America was heading into years of peace and plenty, as Corby's saw its 40th year of Canadian fame.



1919 **VETERANS OF** World War I went job hunting. Lifetime medical attention, paid-up endowment insurance, free education for ex-students—these were some of the rewards for 2 million victors over Germany, as Corby's became a 61-year tradition in Canada.



1945 **THE G. I. BILL** of Rights is the broadest program in history for veterans, yet it will need efficient handling to be helpful in peaceful days to come. And as you look forward to peace, you may enjoy your favorite drink made with Corby's — the light, sociable blend. The whiskey with the grand old Canadian name is being distributed regularly. Watch for Corby's; you'll meet a friend you'd like to keep for now and for the future.

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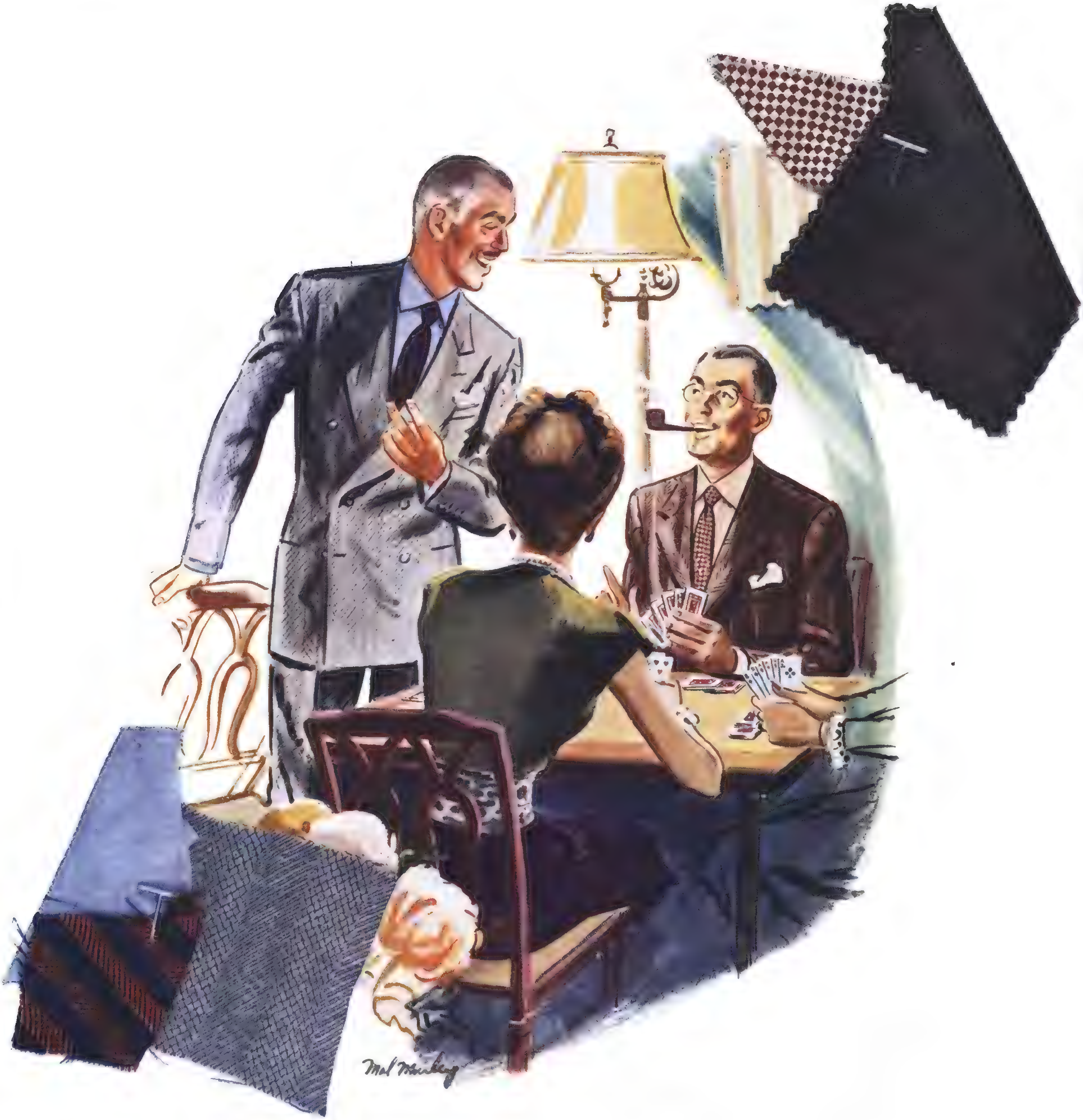
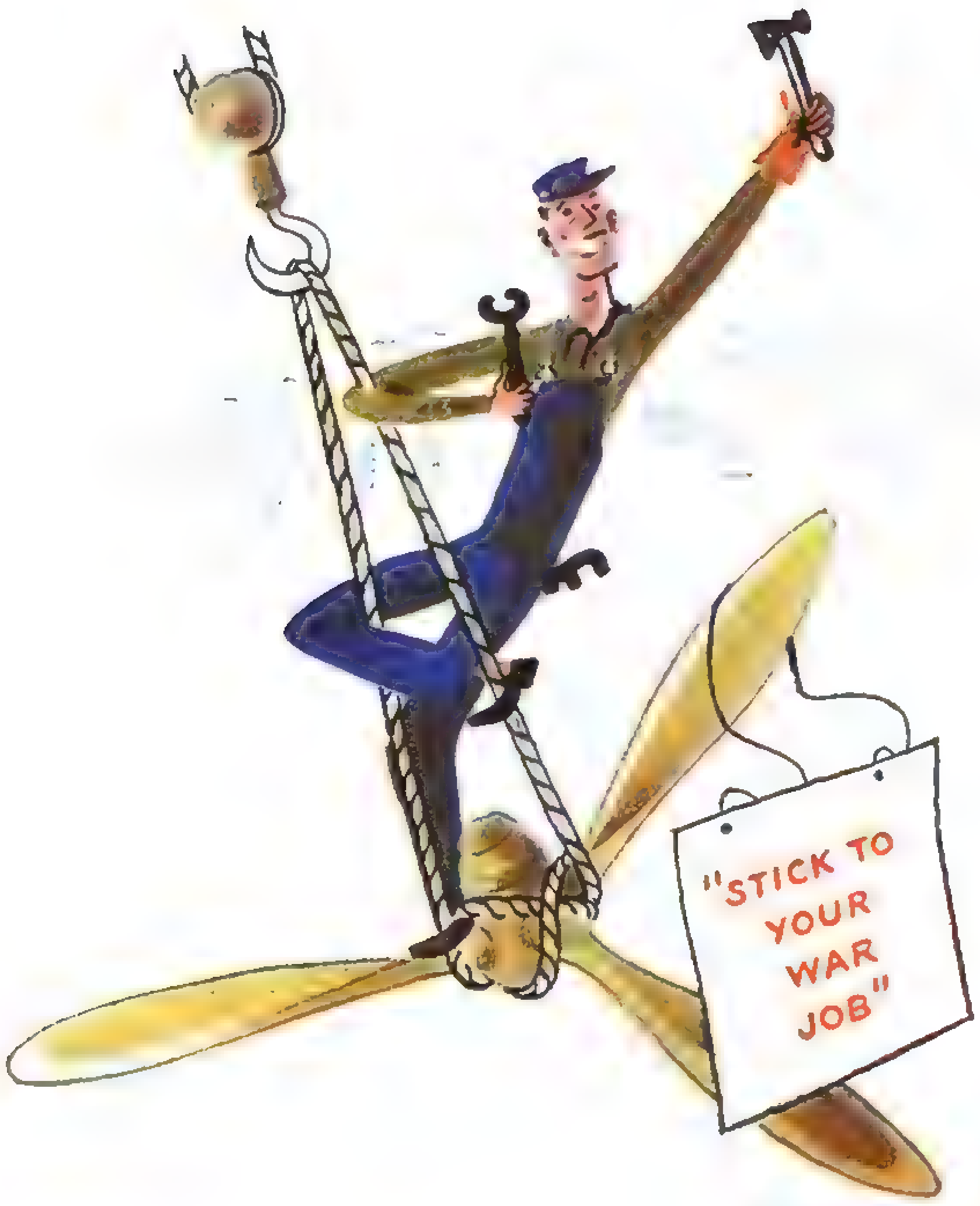


THE UNRELUCTANT DUMMY

Drawing by M. Murley

A contract bridge game is like the Army; some men volunteer, others are drafted, the rules are many, the penalties, tough; in fact, our hero above would rather write Gray's *Elegy* or do any damn thing than endure his partner's reproachful glance. So he rises to mix the drinks, affording a good view of his suit, which is a panel-stripe grey worsted. A swatch of the suiting shows the twill effect, alternating with panel stripes in a small diamond weave. His jacket is double-breasted, with long rolled lapels. The materials of his rayon tie and broadcloth shirt appear in swatches at left. His male opponent wears a grey-brown worsted suit, with harmonizing stripes, a checked white warp rayon tie and and group-striped broadcloth shirt.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.)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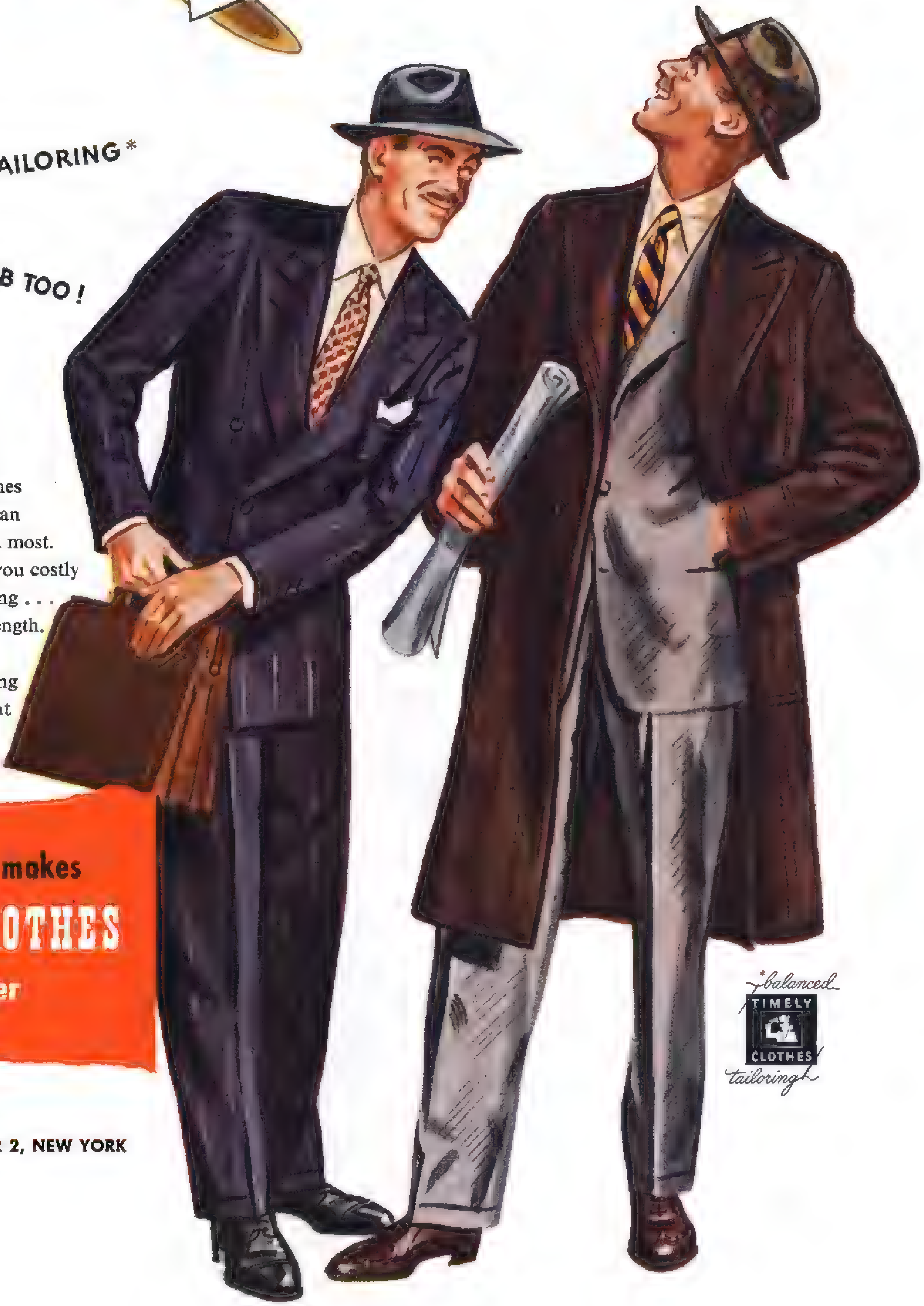

Balanced Tailoring isn't letting down either! Its job is to *keep* your Timely Clothes in trim. And this Fall, when war needs mean fewer Timely Clothes, you'll appreciate it most. Because this needlework technique gives you costly hand-tailoring and sturdy machine stitching . . . wisely blended for maximum give and strength. So don't worry about overworking your Timely Clothes . . . Balanced Tailoring will see them through! About $35 to $75 at good men's stores.

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Time to Wake Up Now

Continued from page 49

tired. Frightfully tired. I had a frightful time getting back to Paris, frightful trouble with transportation. All the damn fools there are in the world ... I'm sick of this bloody war. Aren't you?"

He put on his pajamas and got out the medicine with which to dose his ear, and went into the bathroom. I picked up a cold cigar butt on the ash tray beside my bed, lighted it, and lay there with my hands behind my head, until Stan came back and began to turn down the other bed. He said, "We counted one hundred and ninety-six bodies."

"In High Holborn?"

"Yes," he said, crawling into bed. "It was about noon, and all those old clerks and little office girls were just going out for their bite of lunch. The street was full of them when the thing came down."

It was the girl in the light blue dress that bothered him more than the others, I think. He kept talking about her after we switched out the light, and we lay there marked only by the orange stare of our respective cigar and cigarette.

It was the little girl in the blue dress, and she had a kind of pink bow on the dress—rather like a necktie—and her hair was brown.

Stan said that they hurried to High Holborn after they had gulped back their breath; and they stood around and watched—they watched the ARP's and the ambulances—watched London taking charge of its dead and its living in that kind of fumblingly, bumblingly efficient manner which London employed in such matters all through the war. Stan said that many of the bodies didn't have a mark on them. No blood, no wounds, no nothing.

That's what happened if you were within a certain radius of the spot where a V-2 came down. You died quickly and explosively, but it was only air which killed you; blast air. If a building fell on you, you would be squashed flat, but this blast air came just as hard as a building falling on you. It crushed your chest and still it didn't leave a mark.

So all the prissy, middle-aged clerks, shabby grey bookkeepers in their shiny office coats, were laid out in rows on the sidewalk, and so were the women laid out. The fat old dame with straggly hair, who'd just stepped out of that milk bar around the corner, and the trim young upper-class mother in her rough tweed suit, and the two little kids who had been tripping along the street with her, and had tripped into infinity, fresh-faced and capable, by their mother's side. And all the little Waafs and Ats who had errands in the neighborhood, they were laid out, too—the Ats with the ugly yellow-ribbed stockings which would never worry them again, the blue and khaki uniforms softened by slow-settling plaster and brick dust.

The two-day-old carnation in the worn lapel; the shabby, well-mended shopping bag; the Malacca walking stick; the crumpled pink handkerchief that it cost a coupon to buy. They were all there on that sidewalk in High Holborn, said Stan Grammer; and distant bells pealed the cry of noon, and dust drifted on everyone who came into the area.

And there lay the girl in the blue dress, the one whom Stan admired, the one he talked about so much. I guess that maybe he fell in love with her after she was killed. Heaven knows he never knew her before.

She had brown hair and long lashes, and her eyes were properly closed. They weren't open and staring. They weren't the peeled-grape kind of eyes that dead people have so often. They were just pretty sleepy-time eyes with soft heavy lids and lovely long lashes; and the girl in the blue dress was sound asleep.

He said that she might have lain that way on a couch. You could imagine that you loved her, because she was so very young and had such a candy-flower smell about her, and her legs were very pretty too; the knees were especially nice. You could see her knees because the dress was pulled up rather high as she lay there amid the powder of window glass.

You could imagine that she was on a couch, and you both had gone to sleep, and then you awakened and looked over and saw her. She was still asleep—brown hair and white little ears and slim throat and everything.

So you stood beside her and you said, "Wake up, dear. Please wake up." You said it very softly so as not to awaken her too abruptly; but she didn't stir, and you had to keep whispering it and whispering it with your lips and in your mind.

"She was very beautiful," Stan said, there in the dark; and then he turned over and rubbed out his cigarette in the ash tray. "Just as if she were asleep. You couldn't believe that she was dead. God," he said, "I do hate the Germans, don't you?"

"Yes," I said, "I hate the Germans."

"Just as if she were asleep," said Stan, turning over in his bed and flouncing around until he made himself comfortable. "You wanted to ask her to wake up. You wanted to say, 'Wake up, dear. You've been asleep a long time. It's time to wake up now.'"

The smoke arose from his cigarette ash a few minutes longer; I could smell it; I had put out my cigar sometime before. Finally I heard Stan snoring, and then I turned over and went to sleep calmly and righteously. I wasn't worrying about a gang of mythical Germans in Olpe any longer. I have never worried about them since. ⧺

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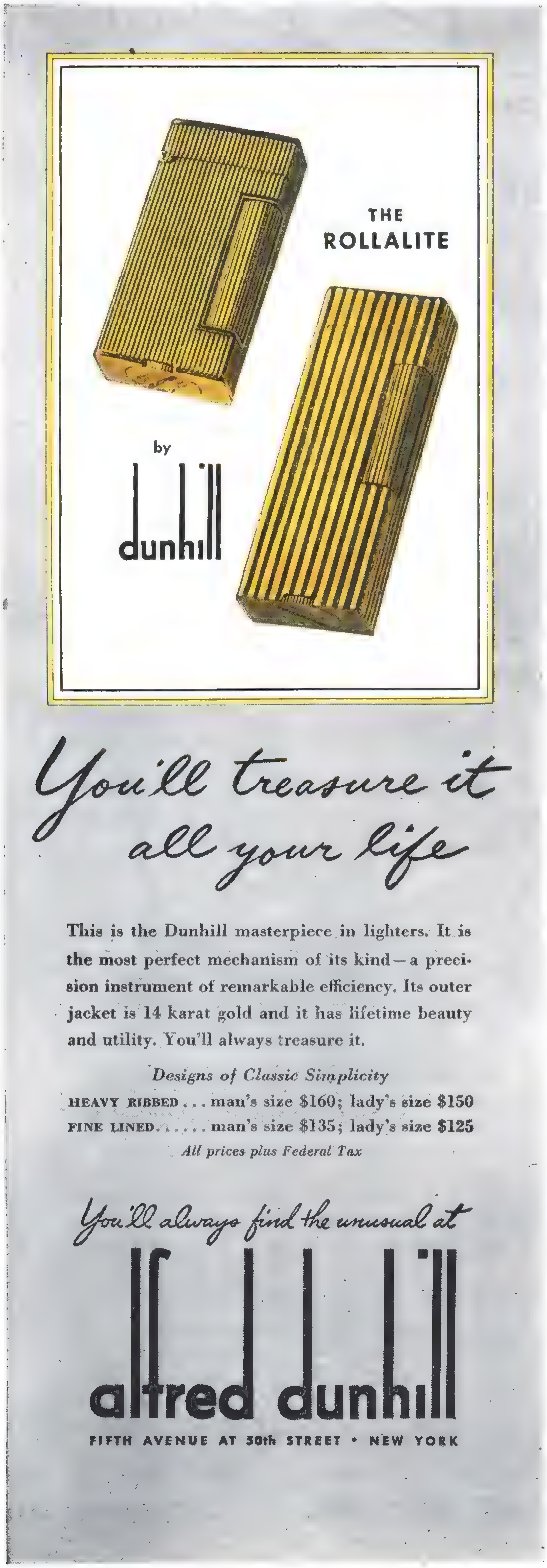
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FIFTH AVENUE AT 50th STREET • NEW YORK

Esquire's Own Short Guide to Etiquette

Continued from page 95

off his head, then descending in a wide arc-like flourish to the ground where he kneels and salaams as rapidly as possible.

Under formal circumstances, a lady is expected to bow to a gentleman first, but since it has become more and more difficult to find a real lady anywhere, the habit has largely been discarded in favor of the simultaneous snort upon the part of both the "lady" and the gentleman, accompanied by a slight inclination of the head.

A gentleman lying underneath his automobile in overalls, repairing or greasing some part, is not expected to climb out from underneath and bow graciously when a lady acquaintance passes.

Correspondence:

When writing letters and notes, the goal should always be to give the appearance of simplicity without lucidity, force without meaning. The letter you write, whether you are aware of it or not, is a mirror reflecting thumbprints and leaky fountain pen.

Writing paper should never be ruled or scented; neither should it be dragged for nearly half a mile before the train is brought to a stop. Many people prefer a small, uncolored paper for notes while, correspondingly, others simply prefer to use the brown paper that comes wrapped around the hamburger.

The writing paper of a gentleman should try to be conservative. White, deep blue, or tattletale grey are all correct colors for a man's writing paper. The paper should be stamped with his initials, address and telephone number. (A lady never has her address and telephone number printed on her stationery, but slips it to any interested gentleman, underneath the table.)

The flap of the envelope should be neither long nor short and should taste like the cookies grandma used to make. That is good taste. Envelope flaps must never taste like an old fish head rolled in oil. That is bad taste.

Closings:

A personal note may be closed with "Sincerely yours," "Sincerely," or in some circles it is permitted to say, "Seein' you soon, kid!" These circles, however, are generally broken up by the police.

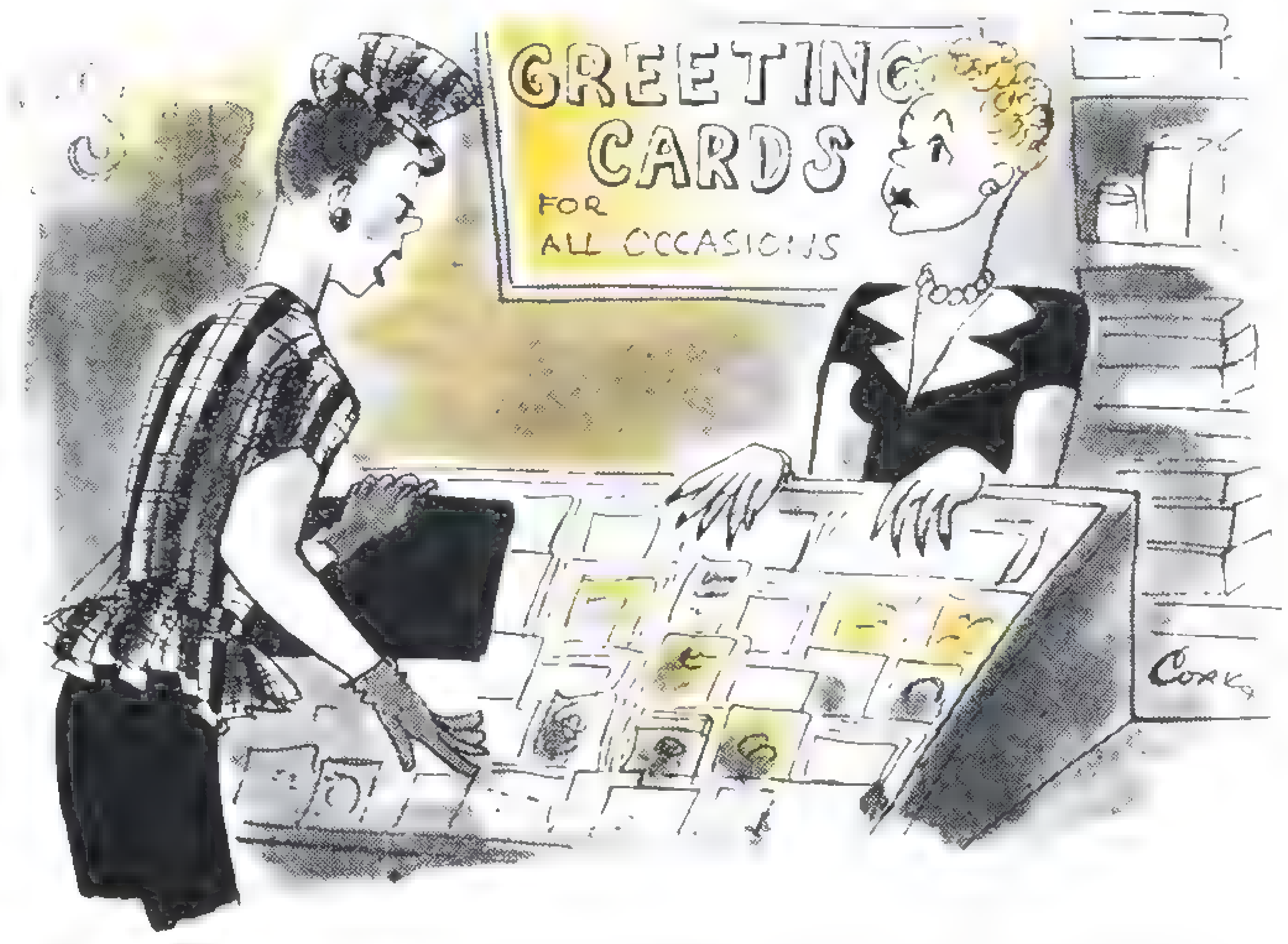
"Gratefully" is used in an ending only when some benefit has been received by the writer from the person to whom he writes, as to a surgeon who has just removed 16 feet of your lower intestine, or to a lawyer who has skillfully saved you from the electric chair, or to a friend who prevented you from climbing onto the table and singing "My Wild Irish Rose" at a formal dinner party.

Taking Leave:

Upon saying good-bye to a new acquaintance, it is customary today to shake hands and say, "I wish I could say it was a pleasure to have met you!" and accompany it with a resounding slap on the back and a loud, coarse laugh.

No matter whether a cyclone or a blizzard is raging outside, one should never introduce the weather as a subject for conversation when taking leave. This subject is so well-worn, patched and repatched that a guest is expected only to cough embarrassedly and glance the other way when a host attempts to strangle another guest for introducing the subject. The roof of the house may have blown off and the snow may have piled up 10 feet high in front of the door, but you are expected to leave as you would ordinarily and say nothing about Mother Nature.

In the case of a gentleman saying good-bye to a hostess, if the hostess politely asks the gentleman to spend the night, it is entirely up to the gentleman whether or not he accepts and hinges upon such items as: (1) How comfortable is the guest room bed? (2) Does the hostess furnish towels and sheets? (3) Does the hostess have a pet dog which will awake you by jumping on the bed and licking your face? (4) Fill in this one, yourself. ⧺



"Have you something that'll remind my ex that he's a bit behind on his alimony payments?"

Code letter from Dreamland

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The words say he's coming home. But between the lines the heart reads unwritten volumes. Two lives to live together. A whole family history ahead! Treasure every happy moment with U. S. Time. For U. S. Time will soon bring you the world's outstanding timers . . . in beauty, in accuracy.

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PHOTO BY RAWLINGS

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Man the Kitchenette

Continued from page 89

not become full-fledged master chefs for ten years, and sometimes never at all. In the meanwhile they go on experimenting, because cookery is an experimental art. For instance the virtue of an ancient chef was profusion; that of a modern one is economy, delicacy and refinement in cooking. And speed of course . . .

I want to gallop you through a very short history of chefs: In Rome and Athens cooks were waiting around the market place to be hired for the day, but there wasn't one chef sufficiently important to leave his name to posterity Yes, Scipio Metellus was the inventor of goose liver and the forcible feeding of the birds, but he was an amateur. Chefs really did not come into their own until the thirteenth century in France, when the time of the Jacques "Tournebroches" ("Jack Turnspits") began. Guillaume Tirel was the most famous among them, with the impressive title of Premier Turnspit of the Land. A century later the Italian chefs gained prominence, and especially Bartolomeo Scappi, Kitchen Master of Pope Pius V. But why mention a score of famous chefs' names when only five are really important?

These five chefs were extraordinary geniuses. Vatel was employed by the Prince de Condé during Louis XIV's reign, and it was a tossup between the king and the chef as to who was more prominent. The king had more equanimity though; he could stand failure. Vatel could not—one evening Madame de Sévigné came for dinner, which was not ready because the fish Vatel ordered had not arrived in time. The oversensitive chef took this so much to heart that he committed suicide.

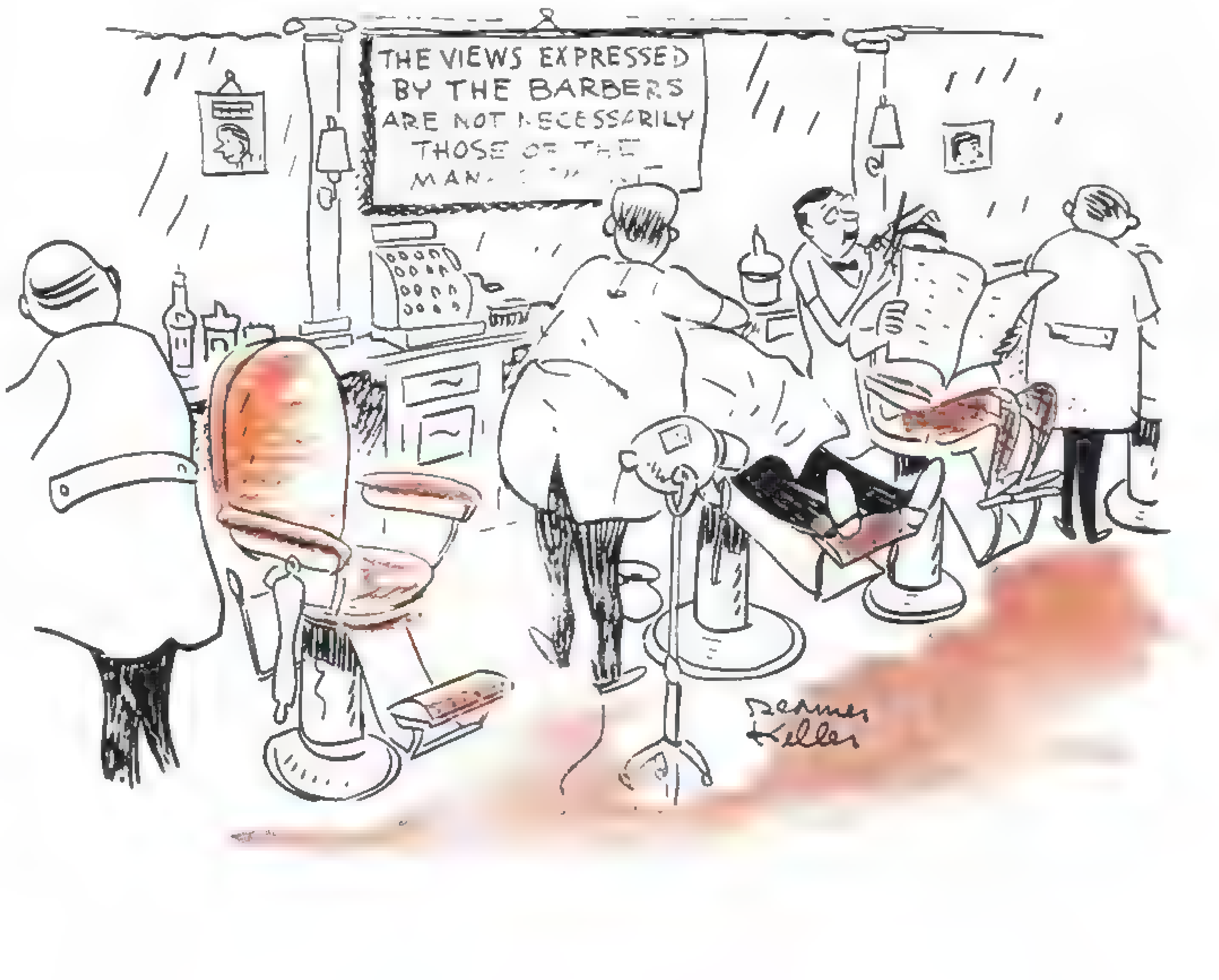
Next in line is Carême who was chef at different times to George IV of England, Tsar Alexander I, Prince Talleyrand, Prince Esterházy, Lord Stewart and the Parisian Rothschilds. Lord Stewart spent hours every morning with Carême in his kitchen, talking over the day's menu and gossiping about gastronomy in general, and the great British diplomat brought a costly present each day to the great chef. No one could afford Carême those days—not because his wages were so steep, but because he would use twenty fowl and ten pounds of beef just to extract enough juice to make a cup of soup.

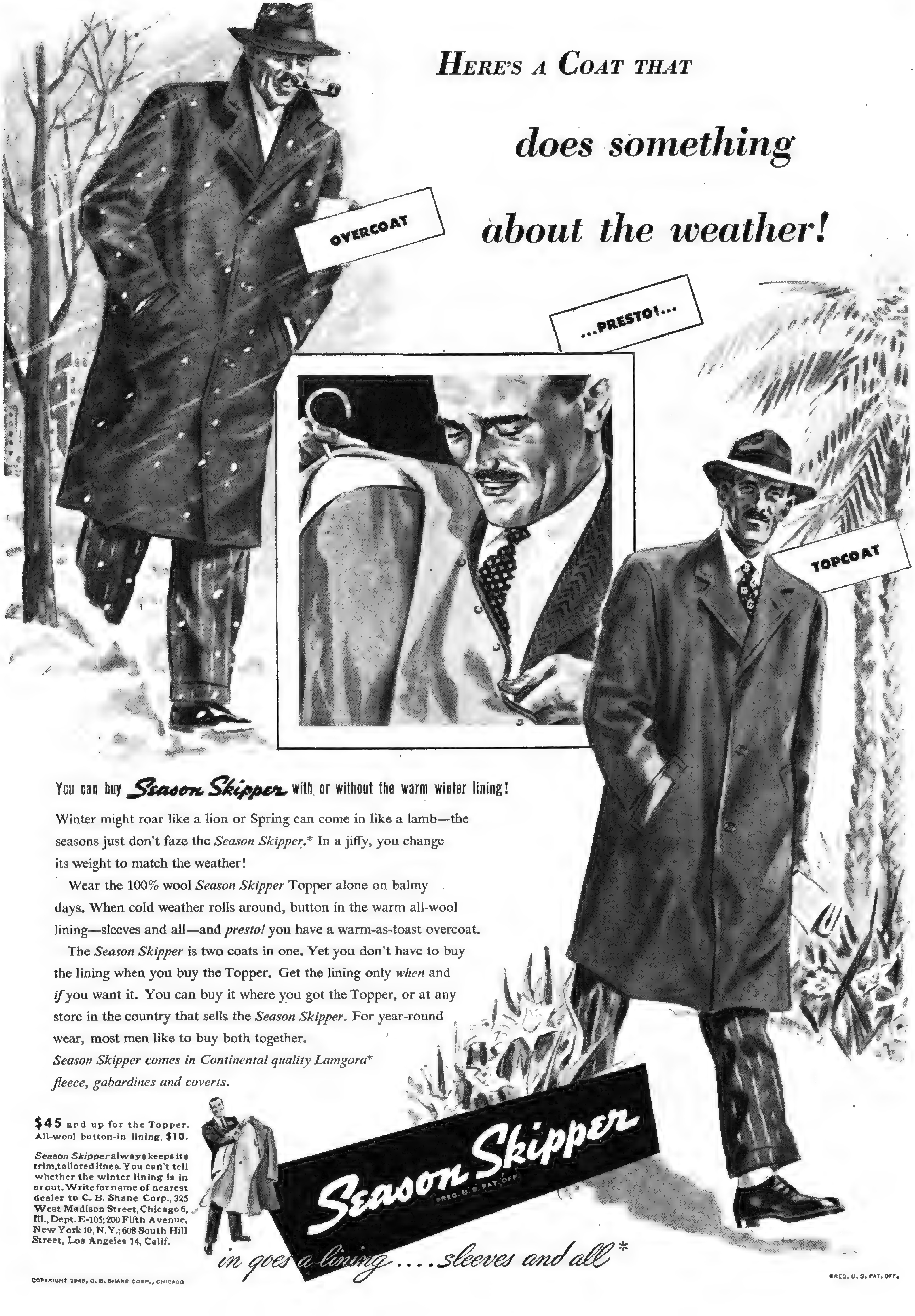
He ended up at the Rothschilds, and the time came when he wanted to retire. Baron Rothschild pleaded with Carême to stay on a few years longer, and promised to double his salary. Carême shook his head. He said that his old age was provided for by the sale of his books, *Physiologie du Goût*, and *Le Maître d'Hôtel Français*. The baron scoffed, "Oh, those few hundred francs a year won't get you far." When Carême told him that the books brought him an annual income of thirty thousand, the baron tried to sell him one of his castles.

Alexis Soyer was still another Frenchman, but he achieved fame in England, first as a chef, the best yet in that country, then as the culinary advisor of the British Army, and finally as an excellent food writer. There is an interesting book about him by Helen Morris, *The Life of Alexis Soyer*.

The two greatest chefs of modern times were Prosper Montagné and Escoffier, both Frenchmen, naturally, and the fathers of the simplified classique cookery. Escoffier, especially, tried to lighten the ancient methods.

Four qualities are absolutely necessary for a great chef—a most sensitive palate, creative ability, very good memory, and an individual touch. The last virtue is as important as the style of a writer, or the brush stroke of a painter, and if you tell ten chefs to make the same dish with exactly the same ingredients and the same amounts of measure, you'll have ten slightly different dishes. That's what I mean by "the touch." It's a spark, a gift, a talent, an intangible that separates one from the grey masses, the miracle that turns a boiled potato or an egg into a feast. #





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Six Tortillas

Continued from page 97

stove. She stared vacantly across the river to the little town. It was almost dark now and lights shone from windows of the houses. She scooped up a mouthful of the dark, steaming beans with a piece of tortilla and sniffed with self pity as she chewed.

"Your frijoles will be cold," she said.

The man sat up and looked for a moment at the lights of the little town and the silver streak of the river below. Then he picked up his saucer of frijoles, selected a tortilla and began eating.

"The candle is all gone," the woman said. "We will have no light until Saturday, and perhaps not then if I do not sell any jars or plates at the market."

"We need no light. The night was made dark so we could sleep. If the night was meant to be light the sun would shine and we would not need candles."

"And if you would work the night would change to day from surprise."

"There will be many lights for the fiesta." He selected another tortilla. "Memo says the Alcalde has ordered special colored lights from Vera Cruz. The Alcalde will need someone to put them up and he will pay. Perhaps he will ask me."

"The Alcade ask you! What do you know about lights? Nothing! The same as you know of anything else . . . nothing!"

"I know when they are burning. If they are burning at night, you see them so you do not need to know anything about them. If they are not burning, you turn the button and then you see. In the day it makes no difference if they burn or not. What more is there to know?" He picked up a third tortilla from the basket, ladled a few more beans from the bowl and scooped them into half the tortilla. "You will see," he continued, "when the fiesta comes. It will be the most elegant we have had. We will dance and be happy with the others and you will forget to suffer for a few days."

"Dancing is for people that are already happy. I have no shoes and no nice dress to dance in."

"You've danced before without shoes as many others do. Your dress will be clean and there will be music; what more do you want?"

"Concha has a pair of shoes that Señora Pepita gave her and she has a good dress to wear. She has a husband that works, too."

"Go ask Señora Pepita if she has another pair of shoes to give away. She may feel sorry for you if you suffer well. Perhaps she will give you a dress, too. Perhaps Chucho would give you a burro if you asked him."

"I have pride. That is something you will never have. If you would work I would not have to ask anyone for anything."

"I will ask the Alcalde to let us both ride in the truck to see about the bulls. You will like his truck. It is old, perhaps, but it runs well and looks very good."

"I have seen the Alcalde's truck," she sniffed.

"You have seen it but you have never ridden in it!"

"You have never ridden in the Alcalde's truck either."

"But I am going to. I will ask him to let us both go with him to see about the bulls. I will ask Don Guillermo to let us ride in his wagon at the fiesta. It will be filled with hay and he will let his friends all ride in it."

"When did you become one of Don Guillermo's friends? You are nobody's friend until you need something someone has."

"I am Don Guillermo's friend and we will ride on his wagon at the fiesta."

The dull glow from the coals in the two little stoves looked friendly in the dusk. A few stars shone in the evening sky and the silver in the river changed to water once more. A breeze danced through the river valley bringing a host of night music, the concert of the cricket symphony, the accompanying bass of the frogs and songs of the night birds. The woman sat on her heels, on the dirt floor of the porch. She held the last, cold bit of her second tortilla in her hand and looked at the lights of the little town.

"Of what are you thinking?" asked the man.

"It could be a very pretty fiesta."

"Aha! Now you think like a happy woman. It will be a very elegant fiesta. We will ride in Don Guillermo's wagon and in the truck of the Alcalde and dance on the Pabellón with the others."

"Perhaps Don Guillermo will pay you for assisting the drunken Paco with the bulls . . . it will be nice to have some money."

"We will have money. Don Guillermo will pay and the Alcalde will pay me for helping with the lights. We will have money and I will buy you something nice."

"What will you buy?" The woman looked shyly up, a faint glow of happiness creeping across her dark face.

"Something nice that you will like. I cannot tell you now because it will be a surprise. But you will like it . . . have you stopped eating?"

"There are no more frijoles . . . will it be something to wear or something for the house?"

"I cannot tell you for it will be a surprise. I will give it to you because you are a good woman and take good care of me. I have more beans so I will eat the other tortilla. You cannot eat it if you have no more frijoles."

"I have not had a present in a long time. You are very good to me to want to make me happy. We will dance at the fiesta and you will give me a nice surprise. Ai, qué bueno!"

She handed him the tortilla. #

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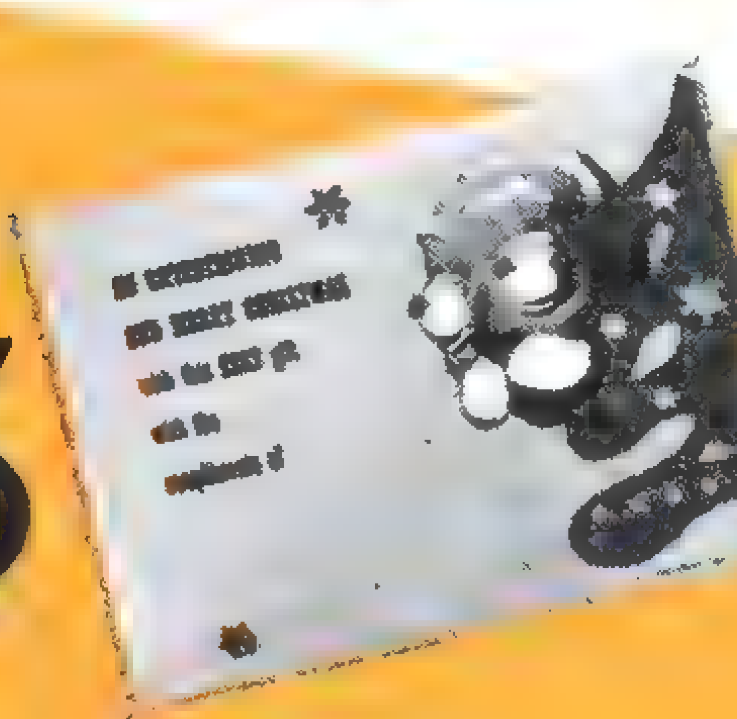

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The Devil that Troubled the Chessboard

Continued from page 41

he lived the scene over again.

"And didn't you ever see it?"

"Never. It is a coward. It waits until nobody is looking."

"So what did you do?"

"I ran away, and took another flat, in another quarter of Paris. I thought that the house, perhaps, was haunted. I did not believe in such things; but how is it possible to be sure? From the Rue Blanche, I moved to the Boulevard du Temple. There, I found that I had shaken it off. I sighed with relief, and settled down once again to my game.

"Then, when I was once again absorbed, happy, it came again.

"My poor books! Torn to pieces! My beautiful notes—savagely torn to shreds! My beloved ivory pieces—scattered. Ah, but they were too strong for it. It could destroy books and papers; it could destroy the calm detachment and peace of mind necessary to my chess—but my ivory pieces and my inlaid ebony board; those, it has never been able to destroy!"

"But what happened then?"

"I ran away again. I found that by moving quickly, I could avoid it. I took to living in streets which were difficult to find; complicated turnings; remote back-alleys. So I often managed to lose it for a while. But just when I thought I had shaken it off forever I would awake, in horror, and find my papers fluttering in tiny fragments; my pieces in chaos.

"For years and years I have been driven from place to place, all over the world like a leaf on the wind. It has learned my scent, and now it does not have to look long for my track. Two days, three days, then it is with me. My God, what am I to do?"

"Couldn't you, perhaps, consult the Psychical Research people?"

"I have done so. They are interested. They watch. Needless to say, when they watch, it will not come. I, myself, have sat up for nights and nights, waiting for it. It hides itself. And then—the moment comes when I *must* sleep—and in that moment—

"Coward! Devil! Why won't it show its face? How can I ask anybody for help? Nobody would believe. They would lock me up in an asylum. No, no, there is no help for me.

"Look, I ran away from it last night. I came here today. Yet it found me, this evening. There is no escape. It has caught up with me. It is on my heels. Even at this moment, it is sitting behind me. I am tired of running away. Yet I dare not go to sleep. If I do, it will creep in.

"Oh my God, what can I do? It is with me now, tonight. If you don't believe me, come and see."

Shakmatko led me to his door, and clinging to my arm, he pointed.

The chessboard lay in the fireplace. The pieces were scattered about the room, with pieces of paper torn as fine as confetti.

"What *can* I do?" he asked.

I picked up the chessmen, and, replacing the board on the table, arranged them correctly. Then, turning to Shakmatko, I said:

"Listen, you need some sleep. Come sleep in my bed. I'll watch."

"You are a man of high courage," said Shakmatko. "God will bless you."

I took him back, and covered him with my blanket. Poor old man, he must have been nearly dead for want of rest! He gave a deep sigh, and was asleep as soon as his head touched the pillow.

I tiptoed to his room and sat down. I did not really believe in ghosts; but, for all that, I kept my eye on the chessboard, and turned up the collar of my coat so as to protect my ears in the event of flying bishops.

An hour must have passed.

Then I heard a footstep. I clenched my fists and fixed my eyes on the door, my heart pounding. A floorboard creaked. The handle of the door turned, and the door opened.

I had already steeled myself to the expectation of some awful invisibility. What I actually saw proved to be far more horrible.

It was Shakmatko. His eyes were wide open, but rolled up so that only the bloodshot white was visible. His face was set in a calm expression, his hands were extended; he was walking in his sleep.

I meant to cry out: "Shakmatko!" but my tongue refused to function. I saw him walk steadily over to the table, sweep the pieces off the board with a terrific gesture, and fling the board itself against the opposite wall.

The crash awoke him with a shudder. His eyes snapped back to their normal positions, and blinked, in utter terror, while he cried:

"Damn you! Have you hunted me down again? Accursed—"

"Shakmatko," I cried, "you've been walking in your sleep."

His large, whitish eyes dilated. He brandished a skinny fist.

"You!" he said to me, "you! Are you going to say that too?"

"But," I said, "I saw you."

"They all say that," said Shakmatko, in a tone of abject hopelessness. "Oh, God, what am I to do? What *am* I to do?"

I returned to my room. The rest of the night was completely quiet, but it was nearly dawn before I managed to fall asleep.

I awoke at seven. I was drawn, as by a magnet, to Shakmatko's room. I went to his door and tapped very gently. There was no answer. Had he run away? I opened the door and looked in. Shakmatko was lying in bed. His head and one arm hung down. He looked too peaceful to be alive.

I observed, among the chessmen on the floor, a little square bottle labeled *Luminal*!

In that last sleep Shakmatko did not walk. ##

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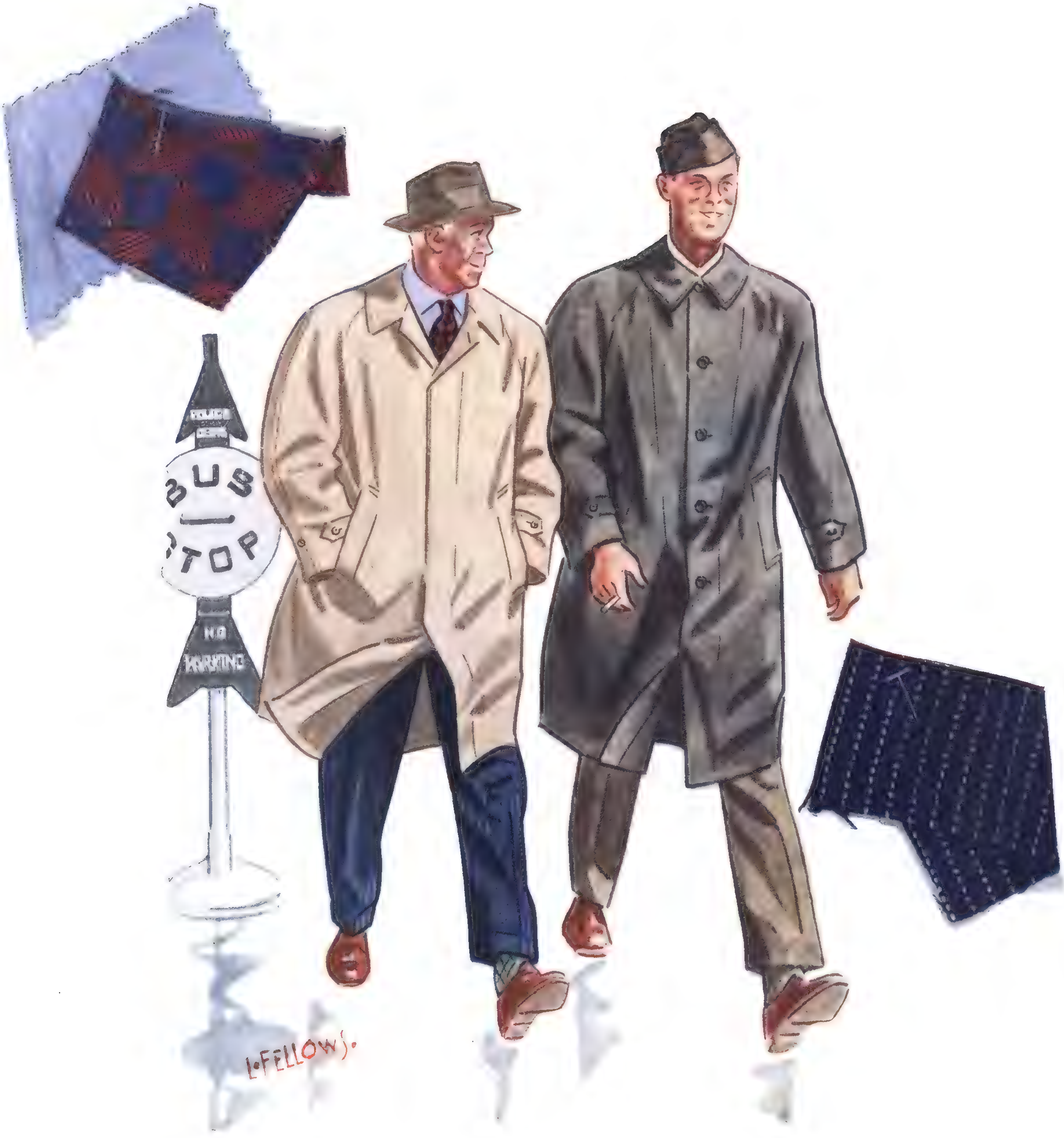

HUP, TWO, THREE, FOUR

Drawing by L. Fellows

It's a stout father who keeps pace with his dogface son, and the wry looking sire above has seen nothing so attractive as the handsome bus stop. He does keep in stride as regards raincoats, since civilian models have profited by military research. One improvement in raincoats consists in a processing of the fabrics that causes them to retain water repellent properties when dry cleaned. The model illustrated is the conventional raglan with fly-front, slash pockets and tabs at the sleeves. Cagily tagged as "showerproof" it repels a "reasonable" amount of rain. The rest of the outfit includes a dotted stripe worsted suit, end-and-end weave broadcloth shirt, diamond pattern tie, grey-brown snap brim hat and dark brown plain-toe shoes.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.)

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This Sandwich Has No Mayonnaise

Continued from page 56

Phoebe for her autograph and she socked him in the stomach, happy to see him, happy he was her brother. Then he said to me, *Let's get out of this educational junk. Let's go on one of the rides or something. I can't stand this stuff* . . . And now they're trying to tell me he's missing. Missing. Who's missing? Not him. He's at the World's Fair. I know just where to find him. I know exactly where he is. Phoebe knows, too. She would know in a minute. What is this missing, missing, missing stuff?

"How long's it take you to get from your house to Forty-Second Street?" Fergie wants to know from the Valentine Avenue kid.

Valentine Avenue thinks it over, a little excitedly. "From my house," he informs intensely, "to the Paramount Theayter takes exactly forty-four minutes by subway. I nearly won two bucks betting with my girl on that. Only I wouldn't take her dough."

The man who likes Memphis and Dallas better than Miami speaks up: "I hope all these girls tonight ain't chicken. I mean kids. They look at me like I was an old guy when they're chicken."

"I watch out that I don't perspire too much," says Fergie. "These here G.I. dances are really hot. The women don't like it if you perspire too much. My wife don't even like it when I perspire too much. It's all right when *she* perspires—that's different! . . . Women. They drive ya nuts."

A colossal burst of thunder. All of us jump—me nearly falling off the truck. I get off the protection strap, and the boy from Valentine Avenue squeezes against Fergie to make room for me . . . A very drawly voice speaks up from the front of the truck:

"Y'all ever been to Atlanta?"

Everybody is waiting for more thunder. I answer. "No," I say.

"Atlanta's a good town."

—Suddenly the lieutenant from Special Services appears from nowhere, soaking wet, sticking his head inside the truck—*four of these men must go.* He wears one of those oilskin covers on his visored cap; it looks like a unicorn's bladder. His face is even wet. It is a small-featured, young face, not yet altogether sure of the new command in it issued to him by the Government. He sees my stripes where the sleeves of my swiped raincoat (with all my letters) should be.

"You in chahge heah, Sahgeant?"

Wow. Choose yo' pahtnuhs. . .

"Yes, sir."

"How many men in heah?"

"I'd better take a re-count, sir." I turn around, and say, "All right, all you men with matches handy, light 'em up—I wanna count heads." And four or five of the men manage to burn matches simultaneously. I pretend to count heads. "Thirty-four including me, sir," I tell him finally.

The young lieutenant in the rain shakes his head. "Too many," he informs me—and I try to look very stupid. "I called up every orderly room myself," he reveals for my benefit, "and distinctly gave orduhs that only fahve men from each squadron were supposed to go." (I pretend to see the gravity of the situation for the first time. I might suggest that we shoot four of the men. We might ask for a detail of men experienced in shooting people who want to go to dances.) . . . The lieutenant asks me, "Do you know Miz Jackson, Sahgeant?"

"I know who she is," I say as the men listen—without taking drags on their cigarettes.

"Well, Miz Jackson called me this mawnin' and asked for just thi'ty men even. I'm afraid Sahgeant, we'll have to ask four of the men to go back to their areas." He looks away from me, looks deeper into the truck, establishing a neutrality for himself in the soaking dark. "I don't care how it's done," he says to the truck, "but it'll have to be done."

I look cross-eyed at the men. "How many of you did not sign up for this dance?"

"Don't look at me," says Valentine Avenue. "I signed up."

"Who didn't sign up?" I say. "Who just came along because somebody told him about it?"—That's cute, sergeant. Keep it up.

"Make it snappy, Sahgeant," says the lieutenant, letting his head drip inside the truck.

"C'mon now. Who didn't sign up?"—C'mon now, who didn't sign up. I never heard such a gross question in my life.

"Heck, we all signed up, Sarge," says Valentine Avenue. "The thing is, around seven guys signed up in my squadron."

All right. I'll be brilliant. I'll offer a handsome alternative. "Who's willing to take in a movie on the Field instead?"

No response.

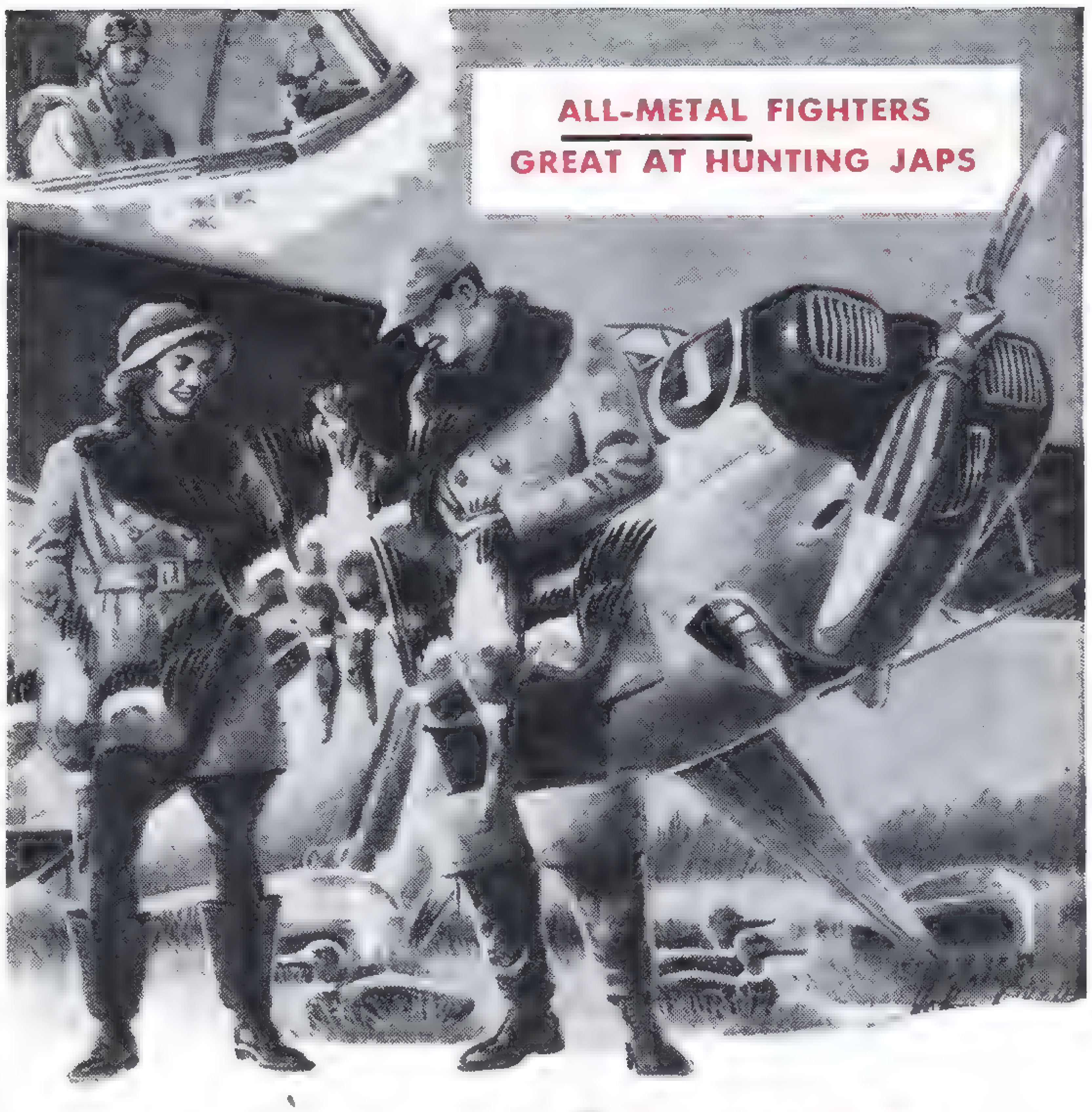
Response.

Silently, Porter (the Memphis-Dallas man) gets up and moves toward the way out. The men adjust their legs to let him go by. I move aside, too . . . None of us tells Porter, as he passes, what relatively big, important stuff he is.

More response . . . "One side," says Fergie, getting up. "So the married guys'll write letters t'night." He jumps out of the truck quickly.

I wait. We all wait. No one else comes forward. "Two more," I croak. I'll hound them. I'll hound these men because I hate their guts. They're all being insufferably stupid. What's the matter with them? Do they think they'll have a terrific time at this sticky little dance? Do they think they're going to hear a fine trumpet take a chorus of "Marie"? What's the matter with these idiots? What's the matter with *me*? Why do I want them all to go? Why do I sort of want to go my-

Continued on page 148



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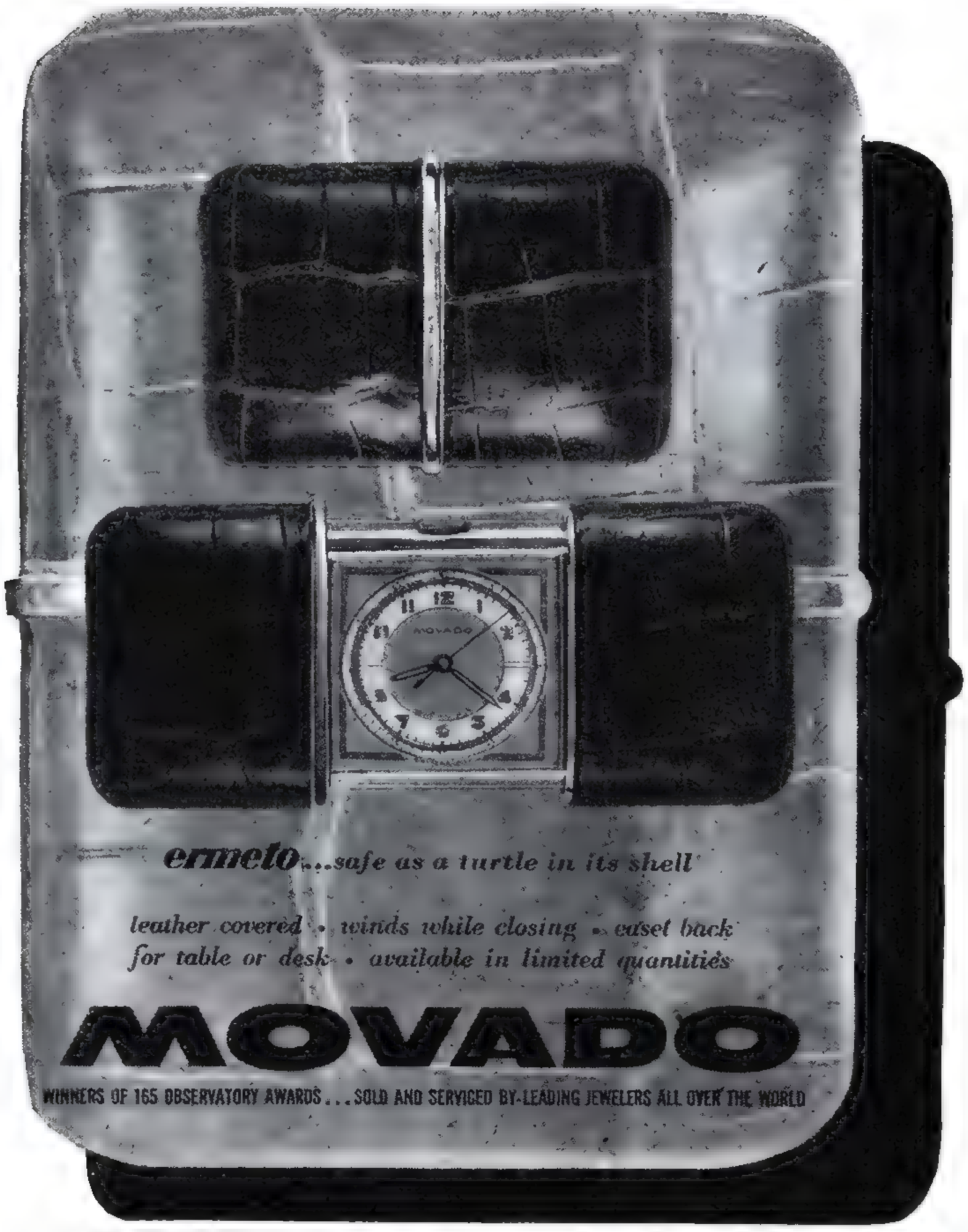

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This Sandwich Has No Mayonnaise

Continued from page 147

self? Sort of! What a joke. You're aching to go, Caulfield . . .

"All right," I say coldly. "The last two men on the left. C'mon out. I don't know who you are." —I don't know who you are. —Phew!

The noisy guy, who has been yelling at me to get the show on the road, starts coming out. I had forgotten that he was sitting just there. But he disappears awkwardly into the India ink storm. He is followed, as though tentatively, by a smaller man—a boy, it proves in the light.

His overseas cap on crooked and limp with wet, his eyes on the lieutenant, the boy waits in the rain—as though obeying an order. He is very young, probably eighteen, and he doesn't look like the tiresome sort of kid who argues and argues after the whistle's blown. I stare at him, and the lieutenant turns around and stares at him, too.

"I was on the list. I signed up when the fella tacked it up. Right when he tacked it up."

"Sorry, soldier," says the lieutenant. "—Ready, Sahgeant?"

"You can ask Ostrander," the boy tells the lieutenant, and sticks his head inside the truck. "Hey, Ostrander! Wasn't I the first fella on the list?"

The rain comes down harder than ever, it seems. The boy who wants to go to the dance is getting soaked. I reach out a hand and flip up his raincoat collar.

"Wasn't I first on the list?" the boy yells at Ostrander.

"What list?" says Ostrander.

"The list for fellas that wanna go to the dance!" yells the boy.

"Oh," says Ostrander. "What about it? I was on it."

Oh, Ostrander, you insidious bore!

"Wasn't I the first fella on it?" says the boy, his voice breaking.

"I don't know," says Ostrander. "How should I know?"

The boy turns wildly to the lieutenant.

"I was the first one on it, sir. Honest. This fella in our squadron —this foreign guy, like, that works in the orderly room—he tacked it up and I signed it right off. The first fella."

The lieutenant says, dripping: "Get in. Get in the truck, boy."

The boy climbs back into the truck and the men quickly make room for him.

The lieutenant turns to me and asks, "Sahgeant, wheah can I use a telephone around heah?"

"Well. Post Engineers' sir. I'll show you."

We wade through the rivers of red bog over to Post Engineers.

"Mama?" the lieutenant says

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into the mouthpiece. "Buddy . . . I'm fine . . . Yes, mama. Yes, mama. I'm fixin' to be. Maybe Sunday if I get off like they said. Mama, is Sarah Jane home? . . . Well, how 'bout lettin' me talk to her? . . . Yes, mama. I will if I can, mama; maybe Sunday."

The lieutenant talks again.

"Sarah Jane? . . . Fine. Fine . . . I'm fixin' to. I told mama maybe Sunday if I get off. —Listen Sarah Jane. You got a date t'night? . . . It sure is pretty bad. It sure is. —Listen, Sarah Jane. How's the car? You get that thing fixed? That's fine, that's fine; that's mighty cheap, with the plugs and all." The lieutenant's voice changes. It becomes casual. "Sarah Jane, listen. I want you to drive oveh to Miz Jackson's t'night . . . Well, it's like this: I got these boys heah for one of those pahties Miz Jackson gives. You know? . . . Only this is what I want to tell you: they's one boy too many . . . Yes . . . Yes . . . Yes . . . I know that, Sarah Jane; I know that; I know it's rainin' . . . Yes . . . Yes . . ." The lieutenant's voice gets very sure and hard suddenly. He says into the mouthpiece, "I ain't *askin'* you, girl. I'm *tellin'* you. Now I want you to drive ovuh to Miz Jackson's right quick—*heah?* . . . I don't care . . . All right. All right . . . I'll see y'll later." He hangs up.

Drenched to the bone, the bone of loneliness, the bone of silence, we plod back to the truck.

Where are you, Holden? Never mind this Missing stuff. Stop playing around. Show up. Show up somewhere. Hear me? Will you do that for me? It's simply because I remember everything. I can't forget anything that's good, that's why. So listen. Just go up to somebody, some officer or some G.I., and tell them you're Here—not Missing, not dead, not anything but Here.

Stop kidding around. Stop letting people think you're Missing. Stop wearing my robe to the beach. Stop taking the shots on my side of the court. Stop whistling. Sit up to the table . . . #

Continued from page 56

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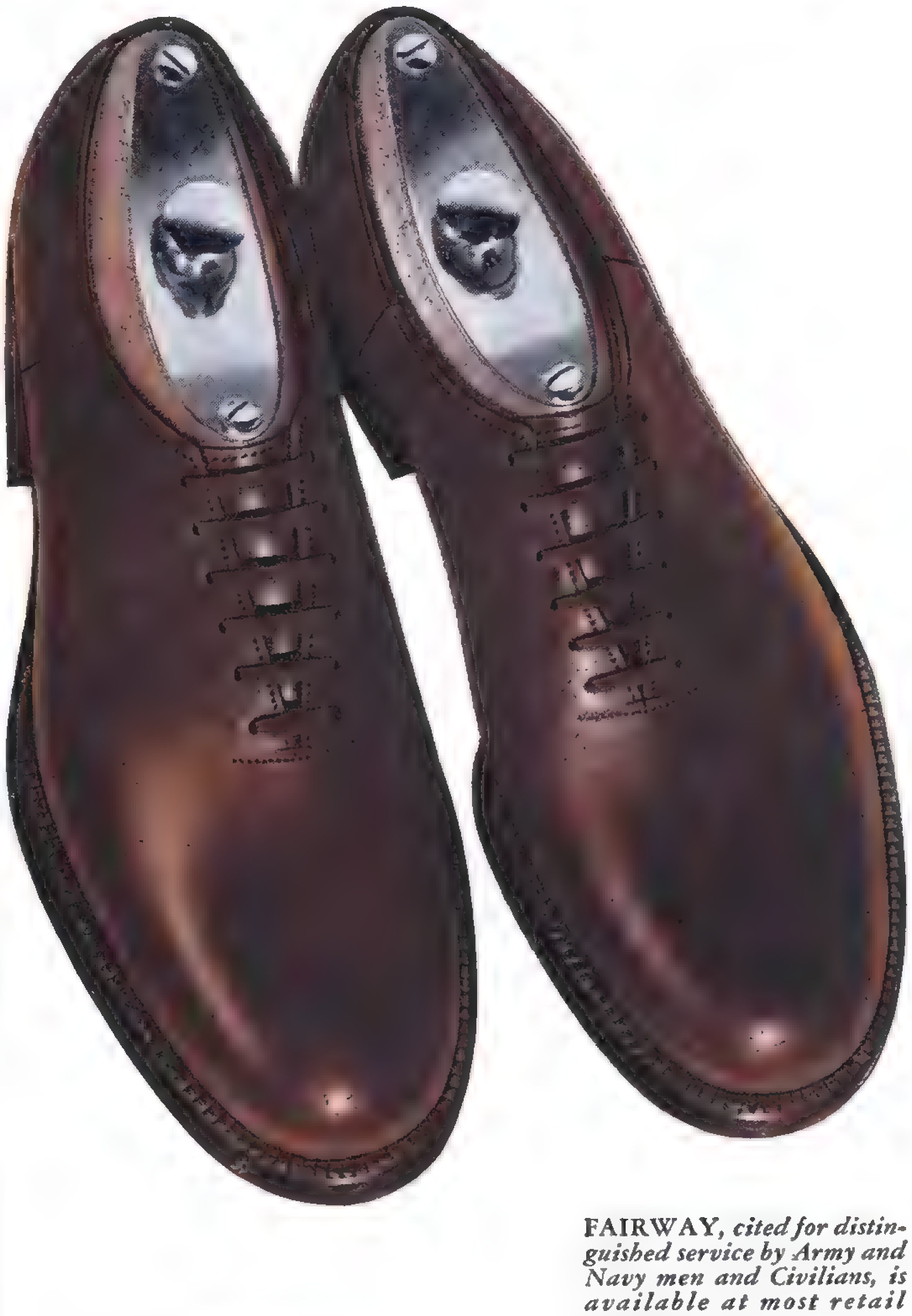

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Mr. Ducrot, Right Half

Continued from page 66

they would have sold a million and a half tickets to the Navy game last year, include that both Cadets and Midshipmen by the nature of their living conditions develop fine morale through close camaraderie and both academies are brimming with tradition.

A disadvantage existing at both Academies from the standpoint of athletics, Colonel Jones emphasized, is that all boys possessing the necessary physical and academic qualifications and wanting to come to West Point cannot receive appointments. All appointments are in the hands of Congressmen and Senators. The Academy exercises no rights of selection.

Although losing one backfield, Colonel Blaik will have another great one this fall with Glenn Davis, who ranked first in his class in gymnasium training with a remarkable score and may become the greatest athlete in West Point history, at left half; ruddy-cheeked, dark-eyed, 200-pound Felix Blanchard at full; Arnold Tucker at quarter, and John Sauer or "Shorty" McWilliams of Mississippi State at right half. At any rate "Shorty" will be a "Mr. Ducrot," the name applied to every Plebe as a sort of what's-his-name.

Only three of the regular linemen are back: Dick Pitzer, left end; Al Nemetz, left tackle; and Captain John Green, left guard. Hershell Fuson, who ranked first in his class in French, is slated for center. Right guard probably will go to Jack Ray or Roland Catarinella. DeWitt Coulter probably will become outstanding at right tackle; and Henry Foldberg, first in his class in military aptitude, is No. 1 right end.

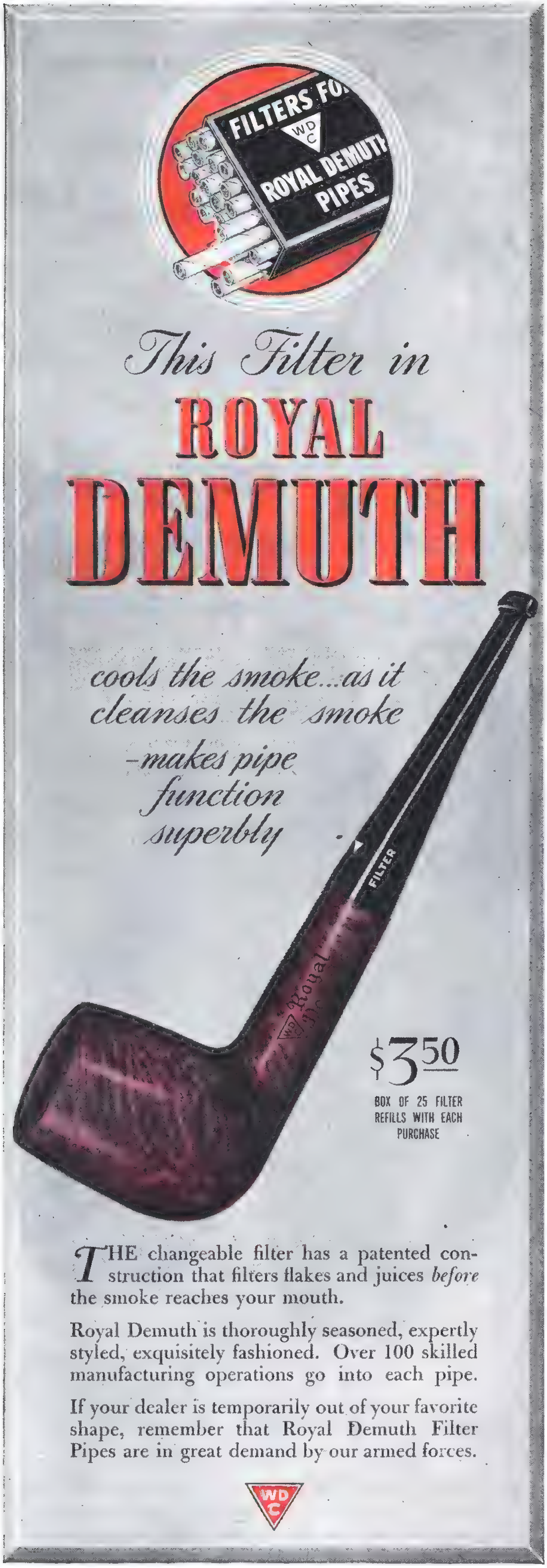
"Who's the greatest athlete in the history of West Point?" I asked Colonel Blaik.

"Just give me a couple more years and I'll tell you!" he replied.

The two greatest athletes and the two greatest pals at West Point now are Blanchard and Davis. They are "The Army team's pride and dream." They are inseparable whenever they are not in "the long grey line." Going on and off the practice field they are forever wrestling and playing pranks like kittens.

Davis first attracted nation-wide attention as a high school athlete in Claremont, California. At West Point he starred first as a halfback, but at the Academy they say he is greatest as a baseball player. As a center fielder he is a great hitter, thrower, fielder and base-runner.

Glenn's twin brother, Ralph,



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also is at the Academy, and a star in the shot put, competing alongside Blanchard. Both boys were started in sports early by their father, a banker and a great sportsman out in California.

Blanchard's father was a grid star before him, playing at Tulane. Felix has phenomenal speed for his 200 pounds, and is tremendous as a competitor. They are still talking about one of the open-field blocks he threw for his pal Glenn in the Notre Dame game. This tackle went down as if hit by a thunderbolt, and then staggered to his feet and headed straight for the bench, as General Montgomery laid it down to the Germans, "without any further argument or comment."

White-haired, kindly, twinkling Sgt. Marty Maher, Custodian of the gym, is West Point's "Mr. Chips." With just a twinge of Irish brogue in his words he'll tell you with delight of the time Pershing ordered him off the post "within five minutes"; yet he has been there for 49 years! All the Old Boys come back to Marty, whose middle name is betting on the Army teams.

Marty cleaned up on the 1914 Notre Dame game, which Army won, 20 to 7 (the year after the Dorais-Rockne game) making enough to take Mary, his wife, to Europe for a nice trip. He also went to town on the 1925 game, which Army won 27 to 0 for the highest-scored victory until last year's 59-to-0 game, when his friend Knute Rockne tipped him off before the game that he "wouldn't be able to keep his team on the field" that day.

Most of the great ones Marty has rubbed, or taught to swim. "If they were any good," Marty knows them, and they know him and love him. Brig. Gen. "Blondy" Saunders called him up from Dakota when he first got back from his great work in the air in those tough early days in the Pacific. Famed generals write or wire him all the time. Lieut. Gen. Robert L. Eichelberger wrote him telling about how they sat up in a hut in the jungle with Japs in the trees above them listening to

Continued on page 152

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Mr. Ducrot, Right Half

Continued from page 151

the Navy game at 2 o'clock in the morning. MacArthur is No. 1 on the list with Marty, and everyone else at West Point. He always had that magnificent carriage. Class and style always stuck out all over him.

"What was Eisenhower like in those days?" I asked Marty.

"He was a roughneck," Marty, who had rubbed him, replied with a twinkle. "Still is. Rough and ready. That's why he's a great man. You've got to be rough and ready to be a great man."

He remembers that Bradley, too, was "tough," and the man as left fielder on the nine who made the longest throw in West Point diamond history. "After he graduated, he got a bucket of paint and went out and helped paint the Bear Mountain bridge."

Stilwell? He ran the first mile on The Plain, going round and round the green in tennis shoes interminably. When he visited the Academy not so long ago, a Cadet asked him: "What part did horses play in the campaign in Burma?"

"They were good to eat!" replied Vinegar Joe.

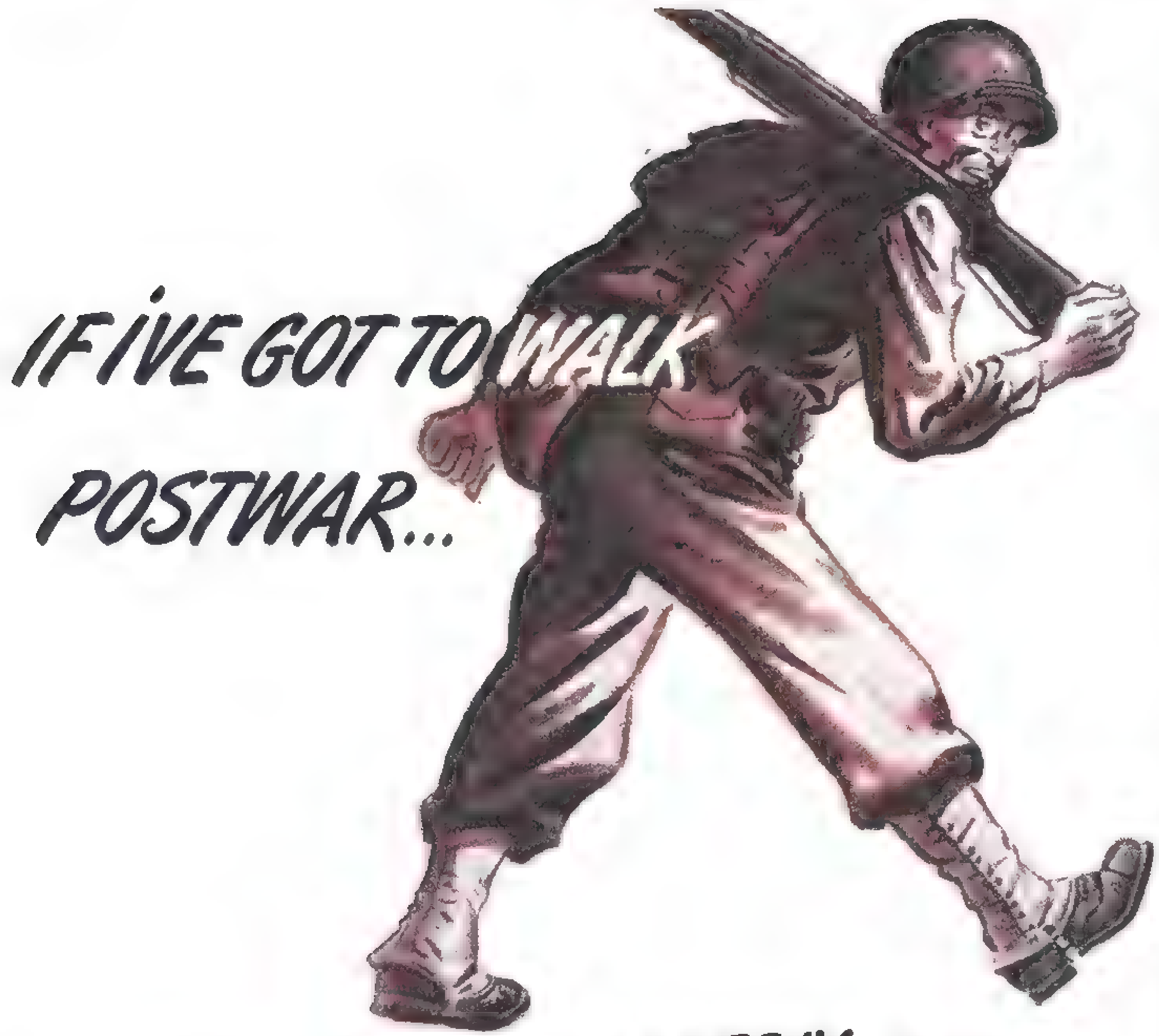
Tom Trapnell? Hero of the bridge at Rosario in La Union.

"Every time I think of Tom," says Marty, demonstrating, "I see him the day of the Syracuse game in '26 when his nose was smashed. He was in the dressing room, poor fellow, kneeling down bent over, and a red candle of blood reaching up from the floor clear to his nose."

Who was the greatest of all the Academy's athletes? "Gene Vidal," said Marty, "came the closest to living up to his prep promises." And he hopes "Shorty" McWilliams, coming in with the Plebes from Mississippi State where he was outstanding last year, may be another Gene Vidal, Class of '18. McWilliams, like Vidal, is part Indian.

Marty's choice of the boys to be remembered in the military future are Doug Kenna, quarterback, and G. H. Troxell, fullback, of the football team; and Robert E. Woods, First Captain of the class of '45.

When you look now at these trim Cadets—so slender, keen-eyed and eager—you have to think of them with admiration and respect: how they are consecrating their lives to the job of keeping sound those ugly, utilitarian and obtuse stanchions that support entirely all the gleaming superstructure of Civilization. They look so boyish, you think, and inadequate—but so did all those others in their Cadet days, studying hard and learning sound military ideas and tactics, or play-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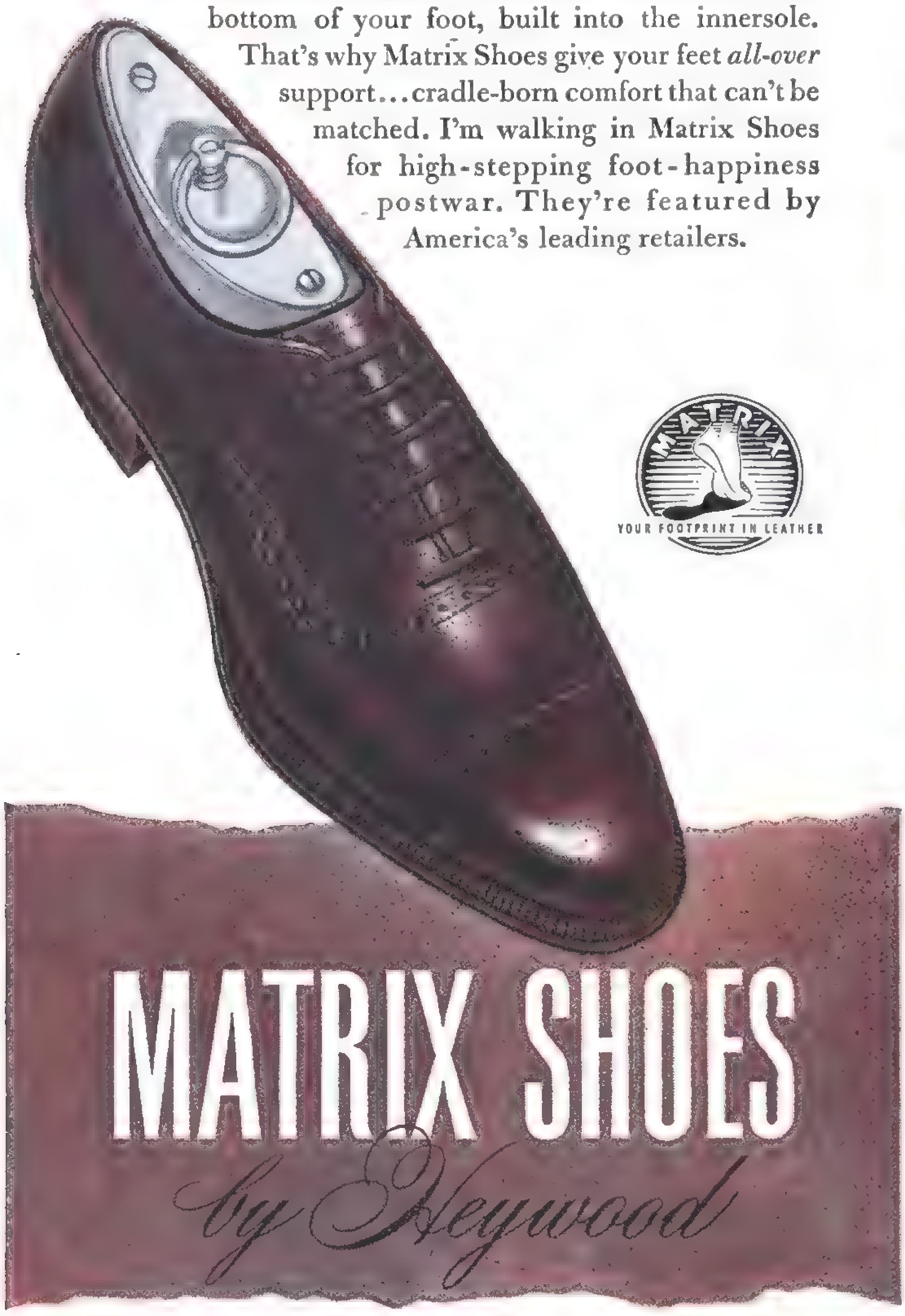

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KEEP ON BUYING WAR BONDS

ing in their moments of released tension on The Plain.

On Wednesday afternoons when the Corps is having its athletics, West Point is a different place. It is not then a grim and rigid place, laden with the weight of the past, looking back; it is instead a young and joyous place, forward looking, looking into the future with a fillip and a sense of pride and style . . . style epitomised by a man of whom it can be said, to use the words of Sidney Lanier:

> *"Until the future dares forget the past,*
> *His name shall be a lantern and a light unto eternity"*

. . . a man named Douglas MacArthur.

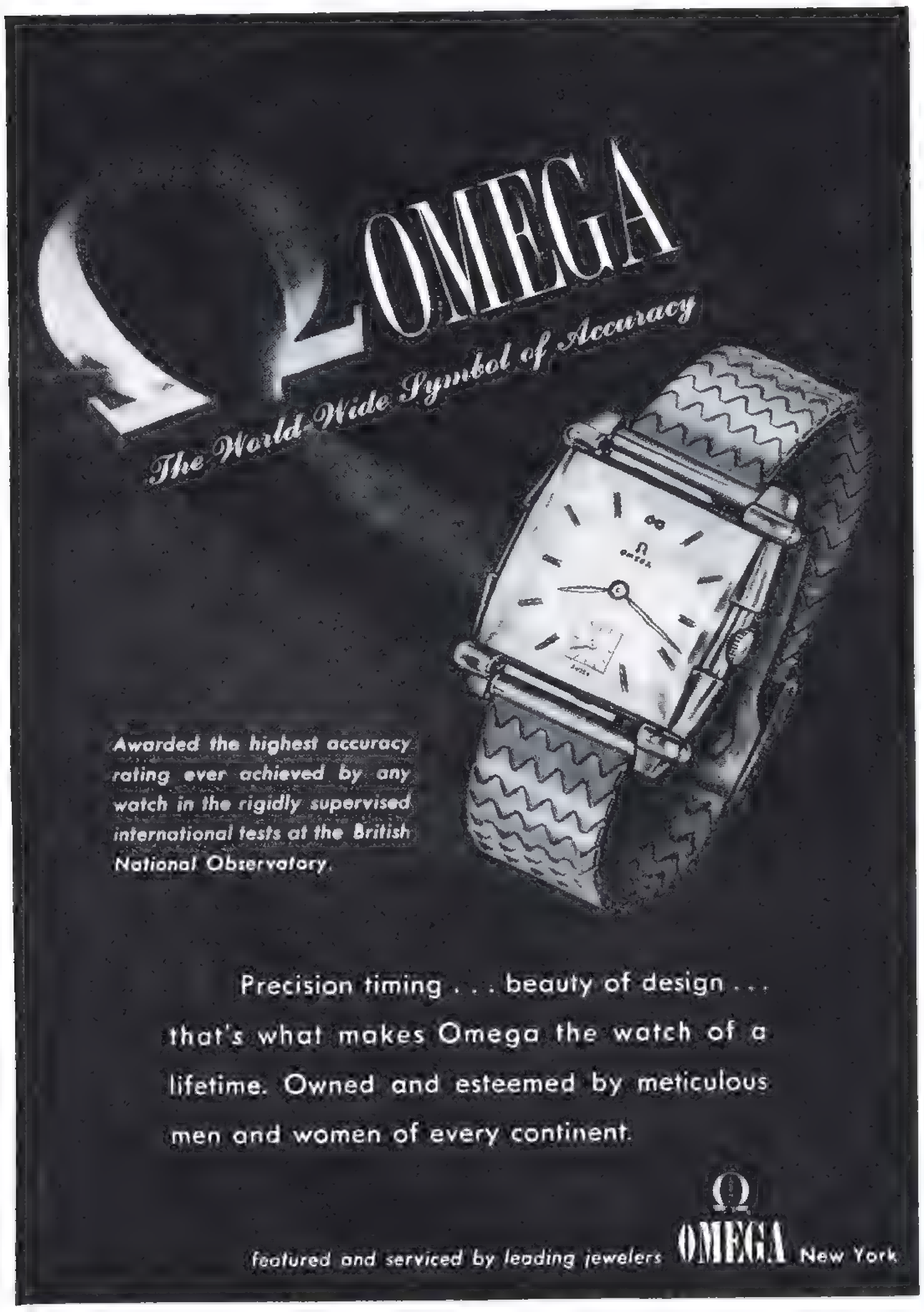
HELP WANTED APPLY WITHIN
HELP WANTED
HELP WANTED INSIDE

And watching these trim Cadets at play you better know and understand Douglas MacArthur who so personifies all that is there within them—both latent and conspicuous. After talking with many men who knew him both as the First Captain of the Corps with the highest grades in the history of West Point and also as the Superintendent who literally was the savior of the Academy in the silly pacifist and disarmament hysteria that followed the other war, you see this man rise and grow to immensity in stature and in grandeur. You easily understand how it would have been impossible for such a man to do other than what he did when driven back to Australia. He rebounded from the disaster, built fresh foundations on the ruins, and trumpeted in clarion voice: "I have come as a soldier in a great crusade of personal liberty as opposed to perpetual slavery. There can be no compromise: WE SHALL WIN, OR WE SHALL DIE!"

Such a type of man would always rather die than lose; and there upon The Plain before you in football clothes, or track, or baseball, or lacrosse, romps perchance another "Mr. Ducrot," who on another distant troubled day, will gaily—and with a fillip of MacArthur's own old cocky stylishness—himself again cry out, "We shall win, or we shall die!"

For this is the spirit of the United States Military Academy; and this is the everlasting spirit of America, unconquerable. ⧻

Continued from page 66



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fine personal leather goods

Clamorous Janes

Continued from page 67

technique of the game. However, whenever and wherever there are 22 males in action she never is entirely in a fog. Though she does not usually bet any appreciable amount on a football game she is pained when her choices are defeated. However, nature in its infinite wisdom has made that pain no worse than childbirth, so the victim although sometimes suffering sharply, generally has forgotten the anguish of her travail by the following Saturday.

It is too early for the authorities to have made a study of professional football fannies, although a few specimens are budding. In the present stage of development the boxing and baseball influence prevails in pro football crowds. The pro football fannies unquestionably will have the characteristics of the objectionable harpies who proclaim their paroxysms at baseball games, fights and wrestling exhibitions. Hockey also is becoming afflicted by a few virulent viragos who may inspire an anti-fannie campaign in the game when next season arrives.

Tennis and golf, in which etiquette demands ladylike decorum of all spectators, have not suffered any marked disorder of fannies.

Golf affords two interesting and refined types of fannies. One is the husky type which has more of an aft bulge than Bastogne. This type, for some unknown reason, is addicted to the combination cane and seat known originally as a shooting stick. The manner in which this robust creature drapes vast quantities of derriére on a small leather saddle atop a slim steel pole is something to make a nervous male quail.

The thinner type of the golf fannie sits on the grass surrounding greens and becomes so intent upon the putting that a gentleman player whose gaze inadvertently wanders blushes deeply.

Study of the sports fannie is a captivating field for the scientist. Much work is to be done in this rather perilous field, but rich rewards of fame await the true fannie fancier whose research discovers control methods. The fannie is potentially one of sports' best assets. But some of the current fannie crop sure are liabilities. ⧻

To Our Subscribers

Due to the strain imposed on mailing and transportation facilities these days, it is possible that you may not receive your magazine on the exact day it is due. If this is the case, please be patient as we are doing all we can to deliver each issue to you on time . . . and hope you'll pardon an occasional delay.

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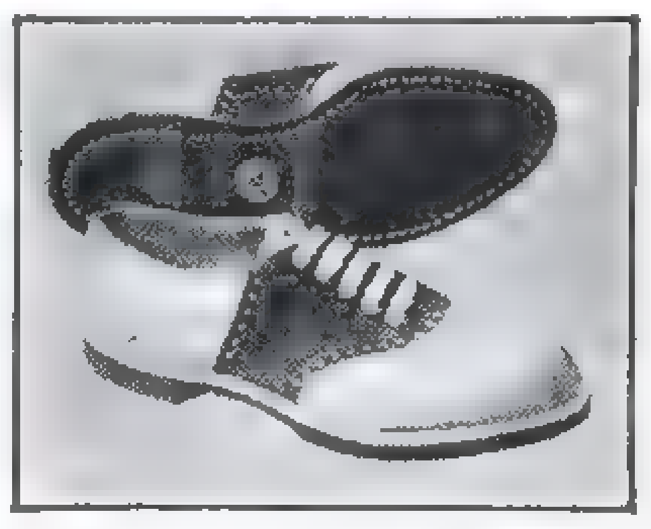

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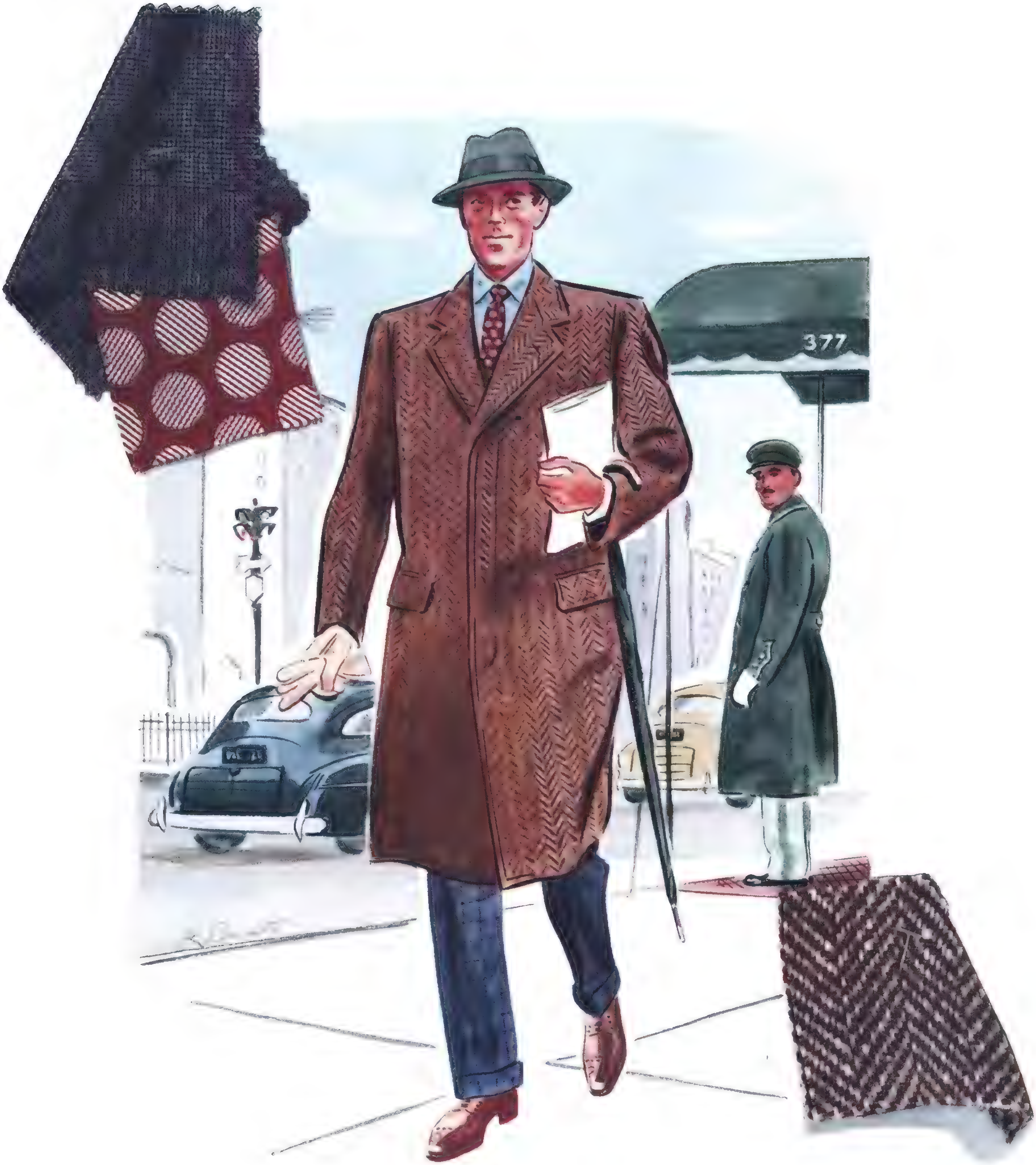


BEHOLD CONGENIAL AUTUMN COMES

Drawing by H. Ronnette

Skyscrapers loom softly in October mists, the doorman's whistle sounds sharp and clear, red and yellow billboards proclaim new plays and pooches are snug in their sweaters. Thus does the harvest season quicken the hearts of New Yorkers. And Fifth Avenue is bright with strollers, wearing new fall clothes with instinctive pleasure. Our case in point, pictured above, looks smug in a soft tweed topcoat of natural brown. The fabric swatch at right shows its texture. His coin pattern tie is the narrow bar shape four-in-hand, a revival of a decade-old fashion. A sample of its fabric and that of the indistinct Glen plaid suit, appear in the upper left hand corner. His felt hat is neutral grey-green, his shirt, pale blue broadcloth, his shoes, brown bluchers.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.)

It's a Kuppenheimer

You don't have to see the label. There's a distinction about a Kuppenheimer suit—plainer than any label—that says the man who wears it will go places . . . in style. For the time being, your Kuppenheimer dealer may have to ask you to wait for your exact choice. But Kuppenheimer clothes are more worth waiting for than ever.

AN INVESTMENT IN GOOD APPEARANCE

Choice of a lifetime…

Golden Wedding
Golden Wedding
Blended Whiskey
Golden Wedding

Enjoy the milder, lighter flavor of the finest whiskey ever to bear the grand old name *Golden Wedding*. With men who know their whiskey, it is truly the "choice of a lifetime."

Golden Wedding

Has had no peers for fifty years

BLENDED WHISKEY. 86 PROOF. 72½% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. JOSEPH S. FINCH & COMPANY, SCHENLEY, PA.

The Case for the Commercial

Continued from page 78

its say in less than half a minute, unattached to any entertainment, whereas network commercials are fundamentally part of the program structure).

The fact that the commercial can and does change is the best hope of broadcasters, sponsors, agencies—and the public. None of the first three is willing to offend the fourth. And, so far as is known, the public is not offended.

V The commercial is not a plug.

In public utterances, broadcasters speak of "commercial messages," but never of "plugs." That is a hostile critic's word and the sensibilities of the broadcasters are jarred. "Plug" is descended from the work of the "song-plugger" who injected his musical message whenever he could, by bribery or effrontery. The radio commercial is openly arrived at, as expected in its place as a color ad in this magazine, an ad on page two of the New York *Times* or a hundred ads on page one of the London *Times*. You get the ad because you get the rest of the paper—or program. No one is putting anything over on you.

VI The public has no objection.

Actually the public likes a great many commercials and can make itself heard if it doesn't. No indication has ever been found of public disapproval. A few organizations, special groups who are not representative of radio's audience, pass votes of censure, a few critics object; but the public is indifferent to these moves (made, presumably, on its behalf).

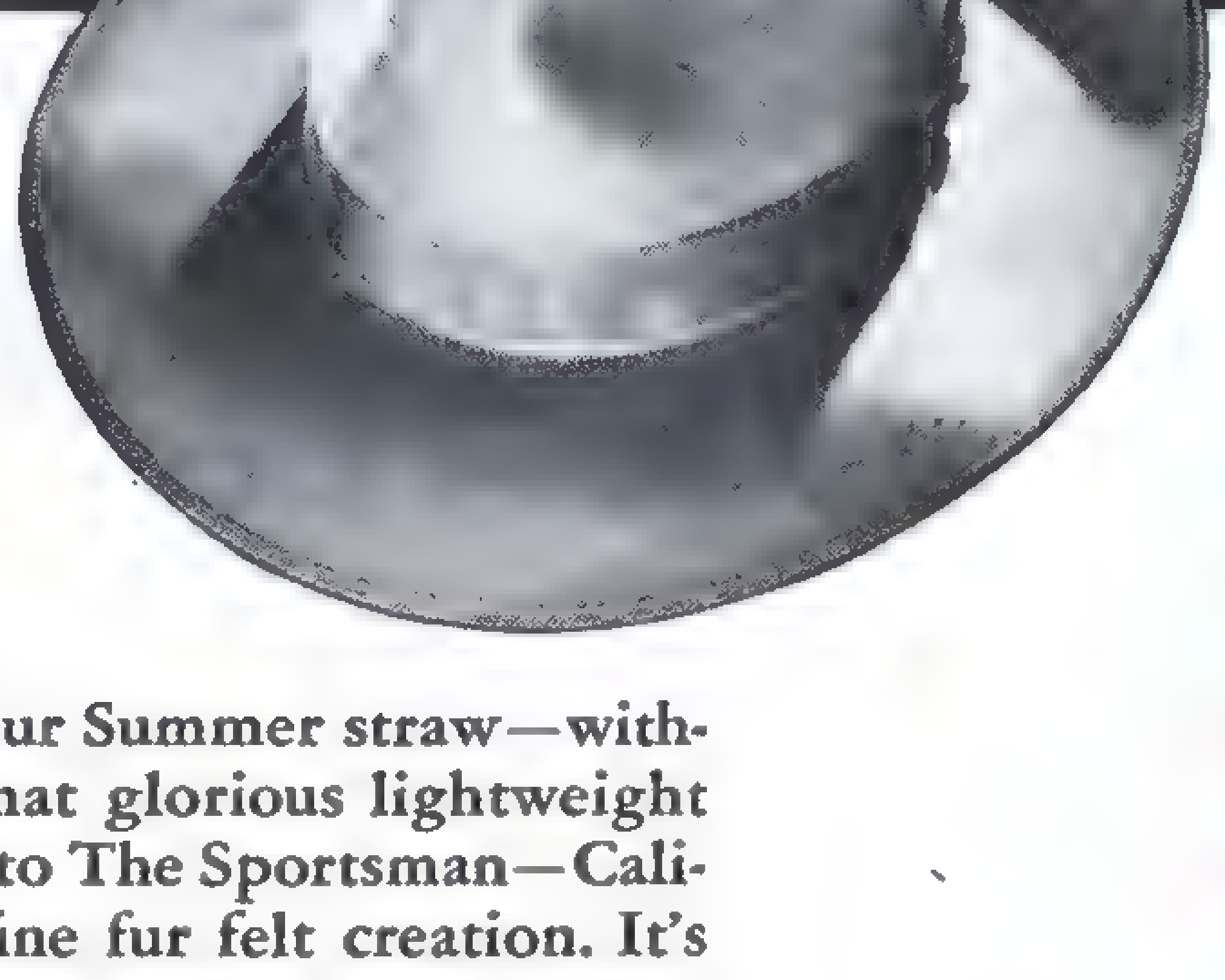
In August, 1942, the *Reader's Digest* attacked the "plug-uglies" of radio and gave its readers an address to write to, if they wanted to take action against the abuses of the commercial. Counting five readers to a copy, the *Reader's Digest* must have made this featured appeal to twenty-five or thirty million individuals. Two months later the suggestion was repeated, possibly adding another million or two to the number of those who had seen it. At the end of about a year, 3/10ths of one per cent of the readers had signed the protest—and these must have included a large part of the high-brow element which constitutionally dislikes anything popular.

In a midwestern metropolis, one of the most influential radio editors in the country published in his Sunday edition a blank, "asking the voluntary opinion of radio listeners on certain aspects of the radio commercial." The circulation was about 400,000; the replies numbered exactly 551, and they came from 102 cities and

Continued on page 160

Distinctively Yours for Every Occasion

The Sportsman
BY
CASTLE



Time to shed your Summer straw—without sacrificing that glorious lightweight comfort. Switch to The Sportsman—California's newest fine fur felt creation. It's casual...it's dressy...and the new *Contour-cut* band, assuring custom-like comfort-fit, makes it the ideal hat for you.
New Fall California colortones. 7 50

CASTLE HATS
Styled by
O'ROURKE of CALIFORNIA
34 FREMONT ST., SAN FRANCISCO 5

eagle
style

Every Eagle suit signs itself "distinctively yours" . . . because every Eagle suit is seasoned with distinctive style. Every detail, from original fabric ideas to the wealth of hand-sewn stitching, proclaims the eminence of this finer clothing. Write now for style chart and name of nearest dealer.

Slide Fasteners by TALON

EAGLE
Clothes
79 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK 3, N. Y.

FREE
Print your name and address on the margin of this ad, mail to Eagle Clothes, and you'll receive a useful gold-stamped memo book with handy wardrobe-selector chart.

Marlboro
The Cigarette of Distinction
Everything for the boys
SHE LOVES HIM, his uniform, his Navy cap— his choice of cigarettes . . . luxurious Marlboros! Tobaccos cheaper cigarettes cannot afford! Yet merely a penny or two more.
IVORY TIPPED
MARLBORO CIGARETTES
Philip Morris
THE MILDNESS OF AMERICA'S BEST
PHILIP MORRIS & CO. LTD. INC.
MADE IN U.S.A.
FOR VICTORY BUY UNITED STATES WAR SAVINGS BONDS STAMPS
For Him or Her } PLAIN ENDS IVORY TIPS
Specially for Her } BEAUTY TIPS (red)
Cigarette of successful men and lovely women

The Case for the Commercial

Continued from page 159

towns, an average of 5 per inhabited community who took the trouble to express an opinion favorable, unfavorable or critical.

Finally, broadcasters have made their own inquiries. There is no sign of objection to the taste of the commercial or to its place on the program. There is some criticism of its duration. People think some commercials are long; for instance, they say that in some daytime serials, the commercials take five minutes of the total quarter hour. Asked how much time would be fair, they say "three minutes," which is exactly their length. It is the fault of the writer and announcer if a commercial gives the effect of overlength, and the best commercials seem shorter than they are because they are well done.

The fact that people do not protest is no excuse for the faults of the commercial. But it should be a warning to the censorious not to set up *their* taste as the final arbiter for a hundred and thirty million people.

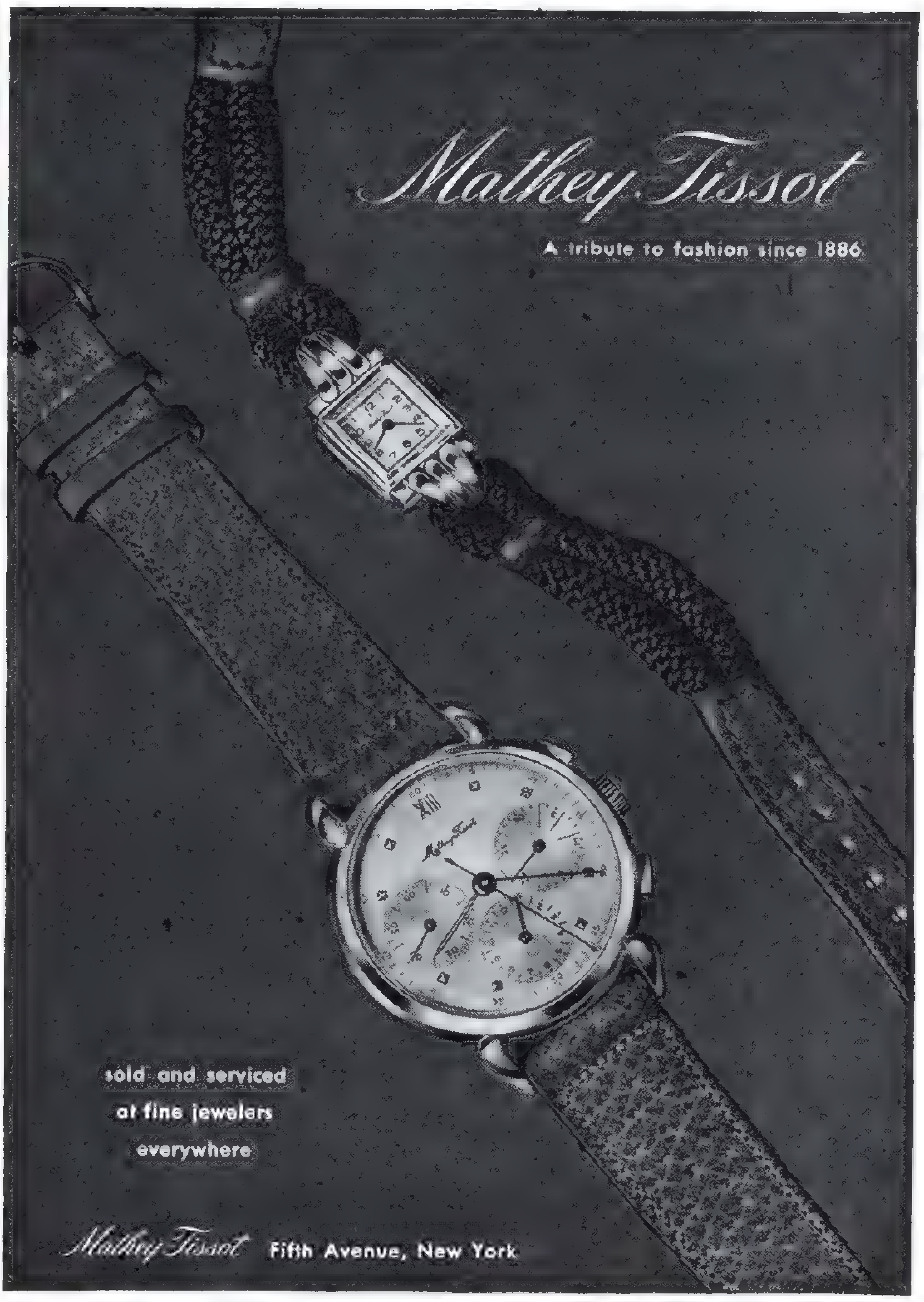
VII The news is a special case.

The news was recognized as a special case by broadcasters who built up huge international organizations and kept them functioning for years at their own expense. It was again recognized as special when the broadcasters established rules of conduct, to make sure that the news was kept clear of propaganda, was copiously presented, and took precedence over every commercial use of radio.

It is the often-exercised right of a network to cancel sponsored programs in order to bring news of public interest. When that happens, the network not only is not paid for the time, but refunds to the sponsor the total cost of his program. Between January first and May tenth of this year CBS cancelled time billed at 430,000 dollars, and refunded to sponsors 212,000 dollars, a total loss of 642,000 dollars. It does not seem improper that part of this loss should come from sponsored newscasts—provided that the sponsor gives the news properly and that his manners conform to the decent standards of the community. There are, I am sure, instances when these conditions are not observed; the way to correct them is to isolate, identify and condemn them; not to broadcast accusations against all broadcasters.

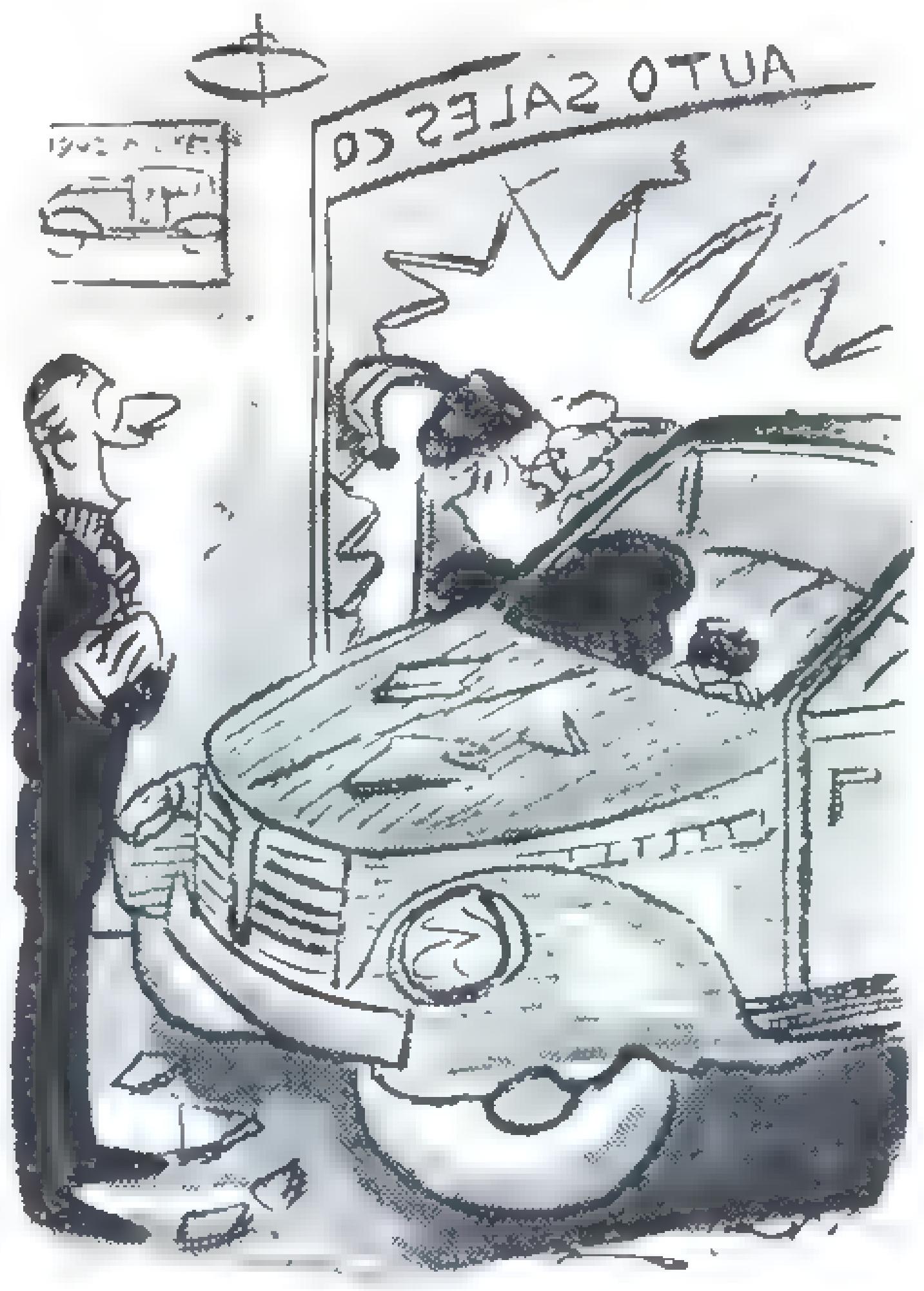
VIII The Alternative.

The American system of broadcasting is based on a simple idea: that the broadcasters are permitted to sell time on the air so long as they respect the public


Mathey Tissot
A tribute to fashion since 1886
sold and serviced at fine jewelers everywhere
Mathey Tissot Fifth Avenue, New York

interest. Under our system of government, the sale of goods is considered a desirable thing. At the same time, the flow of information *and* entertainment is also considered socially desirable.

There are various kinds of noncommercial radio in the world. You can get music piped into your house by paying a price for it; you can get educational programs from some special sources; and, outside of the United States, you can get whatever the government (or the party in power) wants you to get.



"Don't apologize—it's nice to have a car in our showroom again"

These are probably some good things to be said for each of these. But I think it is a fair conclusion that the alternative to commercial radio is authoritarian radio—and that Americans won't like it. Especially they don't like dictated news.

IX A personal opinion

The great value of Gallico's vehemence is that it stirs people up. I think he stirred them to generalized, instead of specific, objectives; he induced emotion, not action. Like everyone in the broadcasting business, I suffer agonies over its shortcomings; like everyone in the business I defend it against unwarranted attacks.

And, like a growing number of people in the business, I feel that the commercial message, as well as the programs, can undergo vast changes, can be improved and made more effective—not differing in that respect from most human enterprises. Some of these changes will come in response to public pressure; most, I am convinced, will come from the inside.

The standards set by the most successful advertisers in radio are high enough; they are the product of common sense, high talent, costly experiment and research.

As for the rest of the advertisers, it is a common saying in radio, that there's nothing wrong with any commercial that intelligence cannot cure. ⧺

Continued from page 78

Autumn's Brilliant Days...

are not easy on the eyes!

Keep them in the "SAFETY ZONE" with AO COOL-RAY SUN GLASSES

AO Cool-Ray Sun Glasses, unlike inferior types, absorb *both* ultra-violet (sunburn) and infra-red (heat) rays—yet admit plenty of "seeing light."

The needs of the Armed Forces come first—so the civilian supply is limited. But your dealer may be able to supply you. Style illustrated, $3.50. Others $1.95 up.

AO COOL-RAY SUN GLASSES *Provide "The Safety Zone"*

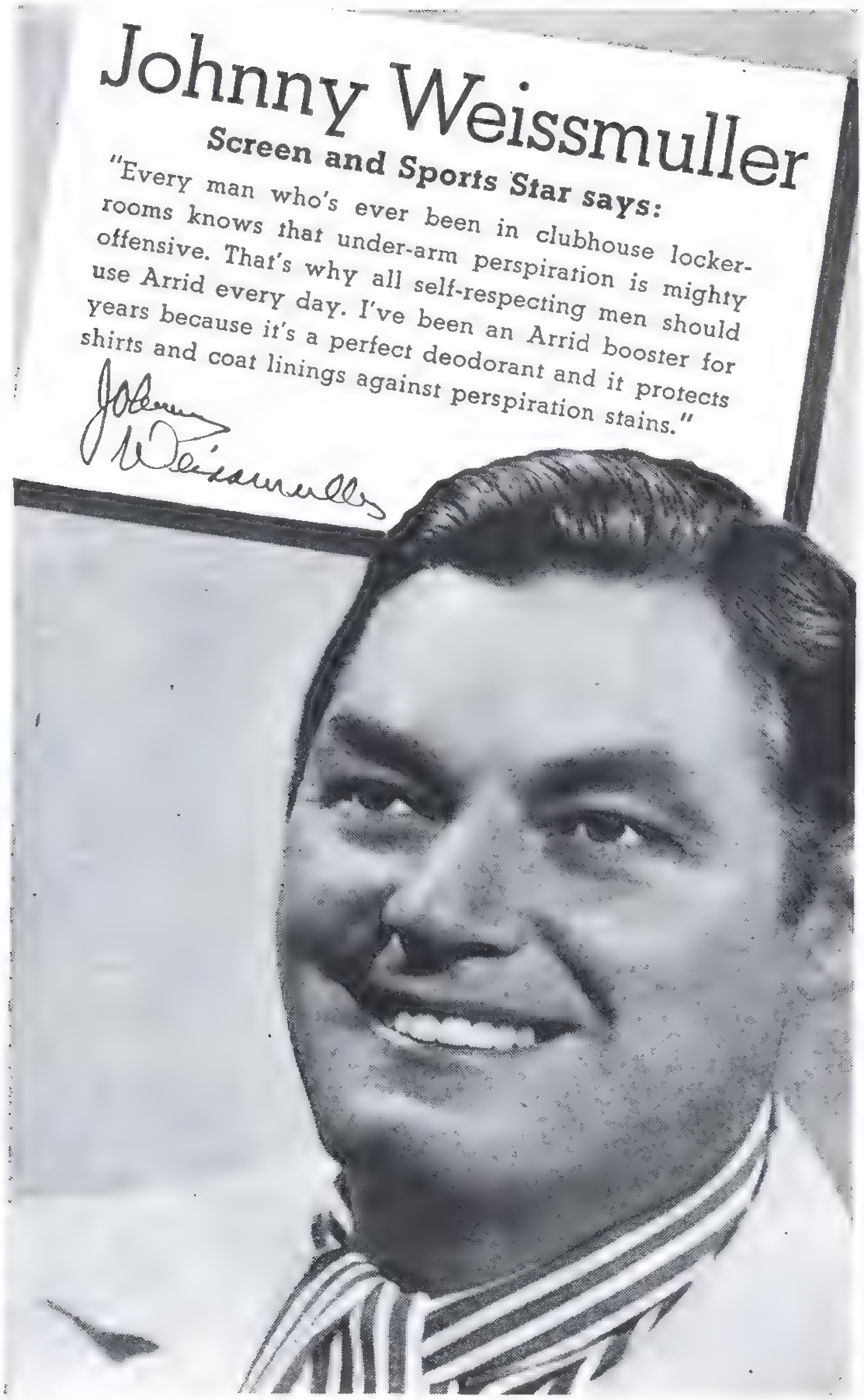
American Optical COMPANY
World's Largest Makers of Ophthalmic Materials
SAFETY ZONE
Cool-Ray

The mountains of Puerto Rico hold the secret of Ron Merito's rare "mountain flavor"

In Puerto Rico, there's a little mountain valley, high above the sea, where soil, sun, water and tropic air form a perfect union for the making of matchless rum. There expert distilling produces for you the incomparable taste—the rich, smooth, mellow goodness—that is Ron Merito. Try Ron Merito in cooling cuba libres, highballs, collinses, fizzes. Enjoy this refreshing "mountain flavor" that makes *any* rum drink taste better.

Ron MERITO
THE PUERTO RICAN MOUNTAIN RUM

Gold Label and White Label. 66 Proof. Write for Recipe Booklet. Nat. Dist. Prod. Corp., Dept. E-25, P. O. Box 12, Wall St. Sta., N. Y.



Johnny Weissmuller
Screen and Sports Star says:

"Every man who's ever been in clubhouse locker-rooms knows that under-arm perspiration is mighty offensive. That's why all self-respecting men should use Arrid every day. I've been an Arrid booster for years because it's a perfect deodorant and it protects shirts and coat linings against perspiration stains."

Johnny Weissmuller

New Cream Deodorant Prevents Under-Arm Odor ...Vanishes Instantly!

1. Does not irritate skin. Does not rot dresses or men's shirts.
2. Prevents under-arm odor. Helps stop perspiration safely.
3. A pure, white, antiseptic, stainless vanishing cream.
4. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
5. Awarded Approval Seal of American Institute of Laundering for being harmless to fabric. Use Arrid regularly.

Start using Arrid today. Get a jar
at any drug or department store.

39¢ Plus tax Also 59¢ size

ARRID

More men and women use Arrid than any other deodorant

First Nights & Passing Judgments

Continued from page 80

of the Army Dwight Eisenhower.

The wave of the future seems already to have splashed up on the theatre's shore. Colored actresses like Carlotta Franzell, Muriel Smith, Elton Warren, Inez Matthews, Muriel Rahn and many such others adorn the musical stage, as do all kinds of colored actors like Todd Duncan, Luther Saxon, Napoleon Reed, Glenn Bryant and Melvin Howard. The dramatic stage, which last season alone exhibited all of twenty-nine plays and shows containing colored players, is embellished by Negroes like Georgia Burke, George Randel, Alvin Childress, John Tate, Earle Hyman, Viola Dean, Ruby Elzy, Georgette Harvey, Hilda Offley, Beulah E. Edmonds, George and Harry Ingram, Columbus Jackson and countless others. Colored playwrights like Abram Hill, Countee Cullen, Langston Hughes, et al., flavor the boards. Even the children's theatre finds itself most publicly acceptable when something like *Horseplay* is purveyed by an all-Negro cast.

The notion that this is all perhaps just a passing phenomenon and that it will not be long before things go back to normal doesn't hold gin. The portents have long been in the air, and the situation has long cast its shadows before. The success of the several *Blackbirds* shows, the great popularity of such comedians as the late Bert Williams and such singers as the late Florence Mills, the extended runs of Negro musical comedies like *Cabin in the Sky*, the warm welcome of actresses like Rose McClendon and actors like Richard B. Harrison, the Pulitzer prizes awarded to plays about Negroes like *In Abraham's Bosom* and *The Green Pastures*, which latter is to be revived this season, and the interest developed in Negro subjects by white playwrights like Eugene O'Neill, Paul Green, John Wexley, Jim Tully, DuBose and Dorothy Heyward, Edward Sheldon, Laurence Stallings and William J. Rapp, among others, have amply hinted at what was coming.

And hinting even more signifi-

Army Regulations

which have been in effect for some time, require that only *new* gift subscriptions to *overseas* personnel must be requested in writing by the individuals to whom the gifts are addressed. No requests are needed on *renewal* gift subscriptions. If your gifts are *new* subscriptions and you have written statements requesting them, simply write "*requested*" after the names on your order. *No requests are necessary to send any gift subscriptions to Army personnel stationed in the United States.*

PLEETWAY
World's Most
Comfortable
PAJAMAS
for men
PLEETWAY
SIDE TABS
BALLOON SEAT
Only PLEETWAY PAJAMAS offer this patent-protected comfort system
Stadium Manufacturing Co., Inc. ★ Empire State Bldg. ★ New York 1, N. Y.

Our Armed Forces now get nearly all of our production. Full civilian service will be restored as promptly as possible when the big job is done.

cantly was the fact that numerous white comedians like Al Jolson, Eddie Cantor and Frank Tinney actually had to black up in order to gain the favor of their audiences.

The current stage in this general respect is simply a reflection of the tremendous popularity of Negroes in other quarters. The crowds that swarm into the concert halls to hear Marian Anderson and Roland Hayes, the radio audiences that cry for the humor of Rochester, the widespread reader interest in novels about the Negro like *Strange Fruit* and in Negro-written philosophical treatises like W. E. Burghardt Du Bois' *Color and Democracy*, the night club enthusiasm for entertainers like Hazel Scott and for bands like Cab Calloway's, the applause for blues singers like Billie Holiday, the ring box-office lure of all sorts of colored prizefighters, the critical acclaim for biographies like that of George Washington Carver—such things make it even easier to comprehend what has happened in the theatre. And yet easier still is the situation to be understood when we read the opinion of a Philadelphia music critic, duly recorded in the public prints, that "Caruso, Melba and Tetrazzini on a single bill could never have attracted so great a throng as jammed the Academy of Music last night for Dizzy Gillespie's concert."

In the theatre today the colored Hall Johnson choir gets all the applause that various white groups of singers fail to; some colored chorus girl like Joyce Beasley, for example, attracts all the admiring attention that a whole line of white cuties doesn't; the sight of a small colored child on a stage induces all the audience raptures that once were the portion of the white little Fauntleroys and Edithas; and Cosy Cole's drums have taken over the thrills that once were the property of Eugene O'Neill's *Emperor Jones*.

And out of the theatre the whites are dancing the Negro's dances, playing his numbers game, shooting his favorite craps, eating his mammy's fried chicken dinners, and lying in the sun hopefully trying to look like him.

Maybe it's all for the best. #

There is Only One
Byron Nelson

The Golfer's Golfer with an unmatched record of successive tournament triumphs. This versatile master of modern golf scored an average of 68.17 for 68 tournament rounds. No other golfer has come close to matching this outstanding record.

There is Only One
Jockey
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Jockey, with its patented Y-Front construction, which gives correct masculine support, is internationally famous as the underwear that ended "Squirming." Only Jockey has the "friendly" pouch structurally perfected for gentle, bracing, buoyant uplift. The convenient No-Gap opening and bulkless crotch . . the smooth seams scientifically placed for freedom of action without binding or chafing are other advanced comfort advantages found only in Jockey. Now Jockey's production facilities are busy with the military needs of Uncle Sam. That's why Jockey is scarce; but no other garment should be substituted when you ask for Jockey. As soon as military needs are met, Jockey will be made in greater quantity than ever before. If you have to buy other makes of underwear . . . you'll be doubly convinced that no other knit garment has the quality and support sold only under the name—JOCKEY.

Jockey Short

THERE'S ONLY ONE JOCKEY... It's Patented

Coopers INC.
KENOSHA WISCONSIN

Jockey Underwear
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Trade Marks Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

Everybody recognizes a Masterpiece...

DuBOUCHETT
SLOE GIN . . .
the
aristocrat
of all
Sloe Gins!

DuBOUCHETT
BLACKBERRY
FLAVORED
BRANDY . . .
for
superb
good taste!

70 PROOF

60 PROOF

Du BOUCHETT
MANY, BLANC
PRODUCED and BOTTLED in U. S. A. BY MANY, BLANC & CO., INC., CHICAGO 32
DuBOUCHETT
MANY, BLANC
Blackberry Flavored Brandy
DuBOUCHETT
MANY, BLANC
Sloe Gin

Man's Bondstreeter—24 in. size. Cradles 2 suits and a generous supply of other clothing.

Companion Overnight Case—21 in. size. With shirt fold in lid, and ample space for additional accessories.

Your longest trip with HARTMANN LUGGAGE will prove that distance makes the heart grow fonder

THE HARTMANN COMPANY • RACINE, WISCONSIN

They're Just Wilder 'Bout Billy

Continued from page 62

mount for a year's leave of absence, shelved plans for a colossal entitled *The Count of Luxembourg*, looked up the exchange rate on Reichsmarks, and got out his s. o. b. list of Nazi actors.

"That Goebbels," he said fervently. "He's got the mind of a B picture gag man. Goebbels, here I come! First we close everything down. Then we open everything up. I hope nobody shoots me."

So does Paramount.

Mrs. Wilder's youngest boy was born in Vienna some thirty-eight years ago. His father was a watchmaker. His mother had spent some childhood years in the United States, and as a result saw life through a red-white-and-blue filter. So she named her two sons Willy and Billy, because it had such a nice American sound.

From the time he could *Wiener-Schnitzel* and spell it, Billy had a passion for words.

He earned his first kronen skittering around the editorial rooms of the Vienna *Die Stunde*, rustling copy and beer for thirsty pundits. He dabbled in the law schools for awhile, until his father traded the watch factory for a trout hatchery. Then Billy departed for Berlin, predicting that German editors would spill their schnapps in a rush for his talents. Sixty days later Billy had air conditioning in his shoes and was down to his last pfennig. Reading a newspaper one day, he saw display ads and glowing reviews on the book page about a great new writer. He clipped them out and mailed them to his mother with a note.

"Look, mamma!" he wrote. "Already I am a success. I have learned that everything is in the name, and now I am recognized. To Billy Wilder they would not listen. And so, mamma, I have changed my name—to Thornton."

Mamma Wilder read the book reviews with delight and promptly sent Billy some money. But one day she wandered into a Vienna bookstore searching for her son's newest work, and the clerk handed her a copy of *The Bridge of San Luis Rey*. She looked proudly at the shiny jacket, beamed at the byline. Then, glancing at the back cover, she was confronted with a photograph of Thornton Wilder.

Billy got no more money from Vienna.

In Hollywood years later Thornton Wilder was so enchanted with this story when Billy told it that he picked up a copy of *Our Town* and inscribed it: "To Billy Wilder, nephew by choice."

In Europe, as he is today, Billy Wilder was a human jumping bean, taking off alternately from Berlin and Vienna in a restless search for the elusive thing he wanted from life. One year, for

WATCH AND WAIT

FOR THE RETURN OF

Hollycourt

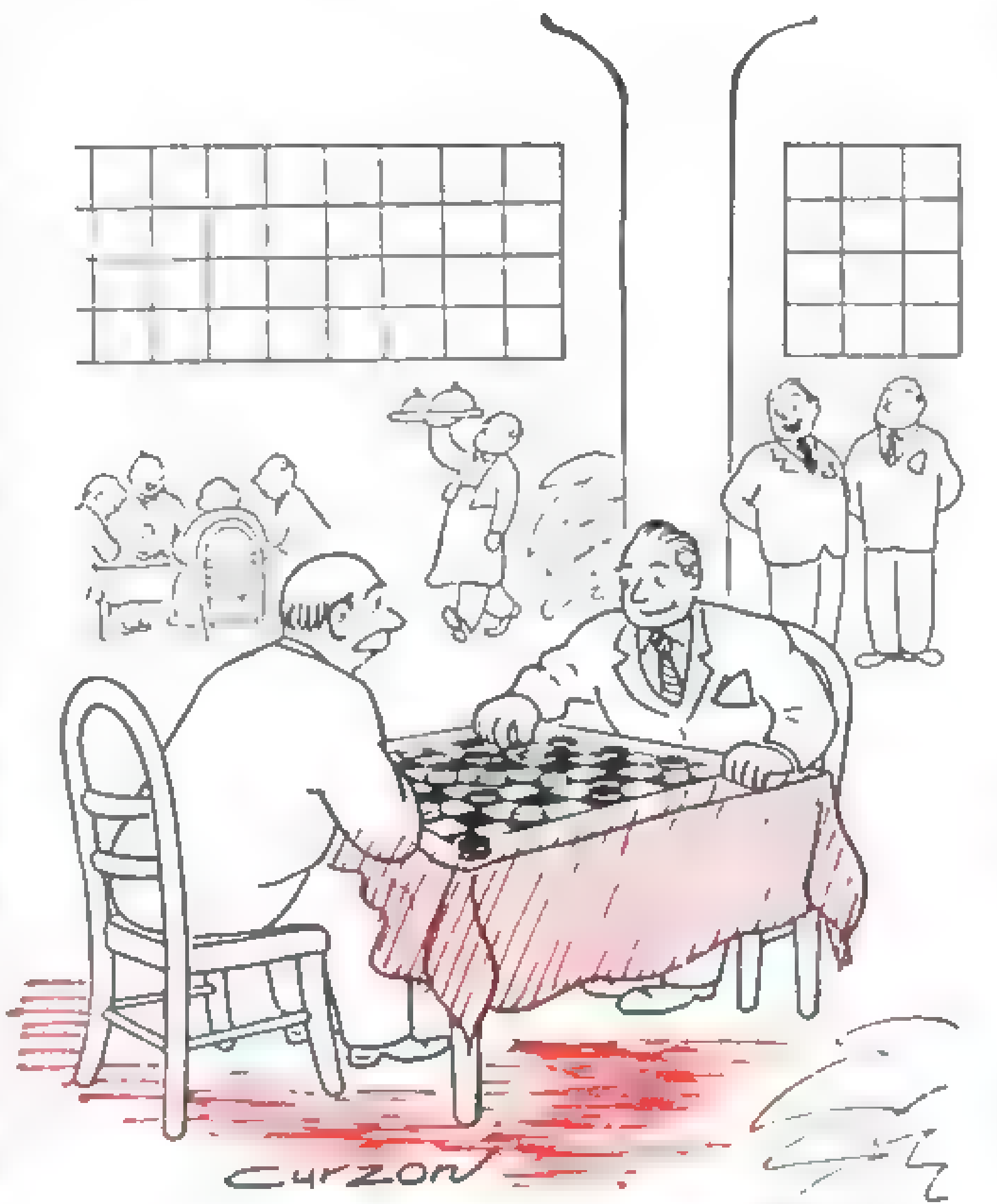
The Miracle Pipe
IT STAYS DRY

$3.50 • $5.00
$10.00

FASHIONED BY M. LINKMAN & CO., CHICAGO 14, ILL.

example, Paul Whiteman brought his band to Vienna for a concert. The debut of American jazz rang no critical bells in the home town of the waltz, and one reviewer said Whiteman's concert was comparable to a performance by trained monkeys at Buckingham Palace. Billy was wounded by these stabs at his current hero, and persuaded *Die Stunde* to print a Whiteman tribute he had written himself. The King of Jazz was so infected by Billy's enthusiasm that he hired the young man and took him to Berlin as his press agent.

Billy's first year in Berlin furnished him with much of the plot material that later contributed to the sparkle of his pictures, particularly *Ninotchka*, the first Garbo comedy. The year also taught him that even a talented gizzard won't function without calories. Failing to land a newspaper job, Billy borrowed a tuxedo from a friend and went to the Hotel Eden, one of western Berlin's smart dance salons, and became the first literary gigolo of the era.



"I had checkerboards printed on the tablecloths so that our patrons would have patience with the waiters"

At night Billy steered substantial and puffing Brunhildes around the polished dance floor. During the day he nursed his bruised tissues and wrote caustic accounts of his experiences. Finally he took the series to the *B. Z. Am Mittag*, Berlin's most potent afternoon paper, where the fascinated editor bought the material and added the young writer to his staff. Billy's night clubbing has been lethargic ever since, and recently he said with relief: "I'm even too old to learn the rumba."

Billy soon became one of Berlin's favorite reporters.

He was already developing the wit that could cut almost painlessly, like an electric knife, and he had more brass than an Army band. He was particularly sharp in crime coverage, with a flair for probing beneath deceptive surfaces and finding the psychological pulse of the case. Men who worked with him recall that Billy was something of

Continued on page 166

Enjoy California in a Sweater

...as only Catalina can bring it to you in gay, outdoor California styling and color magic! At better stores everywhere.

CACTUS FLOWER...All wool! Green glass, white, black or brown combinations. $9

SKI SWEATER...All wool! Navy, dubonnet, glen green or powder blue combinations. $9

Catalina SWEATERS

CATALINA, INC. • 443 S. SAN PEDRO ST., LOS ANGELES 13, CAL.

Because of Liqueur Quality and High Proof (94.4)
DRINKS NEVER TASTE THIN with GORDON'S GIN

Gordon's
DISTILLED LONDON DRY GIN
DISTILLED IN LINDEN
94.4 PROOF
& BOTTLED NEW JERSEY
100% NEUTRAL SPIRITS DISTILLED FROM GRAIN
GORDON'S
REG U S PAT OFFICE
EST 1769
4/5 QUART
94.4 PROOF
DISTILLED LONDON DRY GIN
DISTILLED & BOTTLED IN THE U.S.A. BY THE DISTILLERS COMPANY LIMITED
LINDEN NEW JERSEY
GORDONS DRY GIN COMPANY LIMITED
LINDEN NEW JERSEY
ACCORDING TO THE FORMULA OF TANQUERAY, GORDON & CO. LTD. LONDON ENGLAND
THE HEART OF A GOOD COCKTAIL

*

Gordon's Gin

100% Neutral Spirits Distilled from Grain

*Temporarily, due to war conditions, GORDON'S GIN is now being shipped in the Victory round bottle

GORDON'S DRY GIN CO., LTD., LINDEN, N. J.

HOOT MON!
SAKANA RAYON BROADCLOTH
HAS WHAT IT TAKES

TAILORED BY Sandy MacDonald

Powerful combination for all-round shirt comfort and wearability!

- Perfect shirting with superlative texture and drape
- Pre-tested for washability and shrinkage
- In easy-blending creamy beige
- Impeccable tailoring by Sandy MacDonald

CROOM & NEWMAN, 11 East 26th Street, New York City • Shirtmakers since 1905

They're Just Wilder 'Bout Billy

Continued from page 165

a gagster, too. On one occasion Billy disposed of a pompous but uneducated contemporary by telling him to interview Jack London at the Adlon Hotel. When the unfortunate reporter rushed to the hotel he discovered that London had been quite dead for some ten years. A few days later, when Sinclair Lewis arrived at the Adlon, the editor summoned the reporter.

"Go see Sinclair Lewis at the Adlon," he said. "He's a great American writer."

"Not me," Billy's rival said angrily. "That man's probably been dead a hundred years."

Billy soon wearied of journalism, and was inoculated with the movie virus. Always motivated by a gargantuan ego, Billy wanted to memorialize his ideas in sight, sound and motion. One afternoon, sitting on the terrace of a Berlin café, Billy overheard Liebman, one of UFA's ace writers, discussing his newest picture, *Congress Dances*, a production that brought stardom and a Hollywood contract to Lillian Harvey.

Nudging a companion, Billy said loudly: "Have you seen that monstrosity *Congress Dances*? Liebman would do a lot better behind a ribbon counter."

Liebman heard the remark, and came over to Billy's table. "I am Liebman," he said plaintively. "Don't you like my picture?"

"It smells," said Billy.

"You could do it better?"

"Of course."

Liebman stared at Billy incredulously, then walked away. But the next morning the brash young newspaperman was summoned to UFA's great studios, ushered into Liebman's office and offered a job. He took it. Billy's first script was characteristic in that it reflected his gift for imagination, an uncanny ability to weave a narrative from a single thread—a chance sentence, an object in a window, a gesture by an individual. It was called *People on Sunday*, a kaleidoscopic projection based on the average citizen's activities on the Sabbath. The film was directed by Robert Siodmak, now a Hollywood producer, cost UFA less than 5,000 dollars and was a sockeroo at the box office. Since that day Billy Wilder has leaned heavily on improvisation, building whole monuments of cinematic glory from pebbles that roll into his path.

He and his screen partner, Charlie Brackett, created *Hold Back the Dawn*, for example, from a novel on immigration they had never read. *Arise, My Love*, another Paramount jackpot, was the result of a single sentence from Producer Arthur Hornblow.

"I've got a story here about an

SOON

PRESS—IT'S LIT • RELEASE—IT'S OUT

Ronson Lighters continue to serve our Armed Forces with distinction, the world over. But more RONSONS will soon be available for civilian use, giving smokers traditional RONSON fast action . . . quality . . . precision . . . dependability . . . durability . . . versatility . . . They're well worth waiting for!

Famous one-finger, one-motion patented RONSON action

RONSON
WORLD'S GREATEST LIGHTER
For Cigars, Cigarettes and Pipes

OVER 14,000,000 HAVE BEEN SOLD

★ MAKE YOUR DOLLARS FIGHT—BUY WAR BONDS ★

"American pilot who fights for the Spanish Loyalists," said Hornblow. "But I don't think you ought to clutter up your mind reading it."

Billy agreed, and spun a whole new epic from the producer's brief summary.

In 1933, with a series of brilliant scripts behind him, Billy Wilder was virtually the "U" in UFA and was already reading the Hollywood fan magazines. Billy had everything—except a certificate proving that he belonged to the Aryan super race. And one grim morning he stepped into his office and found it occupied by a third-rate writer and first-rate Nazi named Podehl.

"You're all through," Podehl said sharply. "Now get out!"

Billy went out with fury and bitterness in his heart, and has never allowed himself to forget that day. Joining hundreds of other scorned and persecuted artists who fled Germany, Billy moved to Paris. There, like the gay but impoverished heroes in *La Bohême*, Billy and his friends struggled for a living in the small Ansonia Hotel on a side street just off the Arc de Triomphe. The group included a then obscure young actor named Peter Lorre.

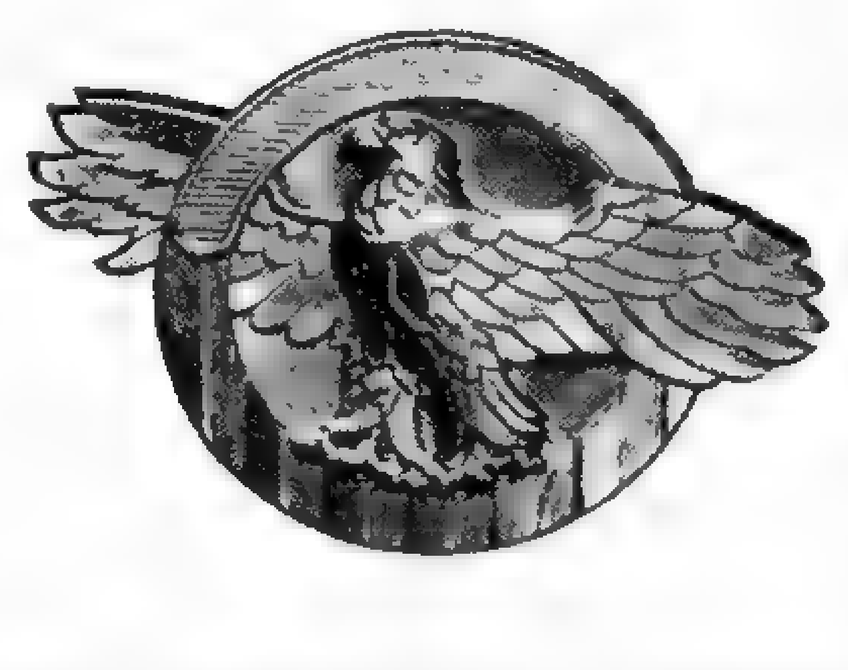
Wilder, Lorre and company were as flat as a Greek discus when they hit Paris, and the flourishing French movie business wasn't in the market for their talents.

"The hell with 'em," said Billy. "We'll make our own pictures."

Billy rented a garage on the cuff, borrowed equipment, wrote the story and appointed himself director. The players were unemployed French extras, the star was an inexperienced but ravishing French lass named Danielle Darrieux. The little company lived on croissants and café noir—but they finished the picture and released it under the title *Mauvaise Graine*, which means "Weeds." The picture did a standee business, but Billy wasn't there to collect. He had already headed for the Shangri-la at Hollywood and Vine, U. S. A.

The town was already full of prodigies who made colossals in Afghanistan, Tibet and Fromage-on-the-Rhine, and who could roll

Continued on page 168



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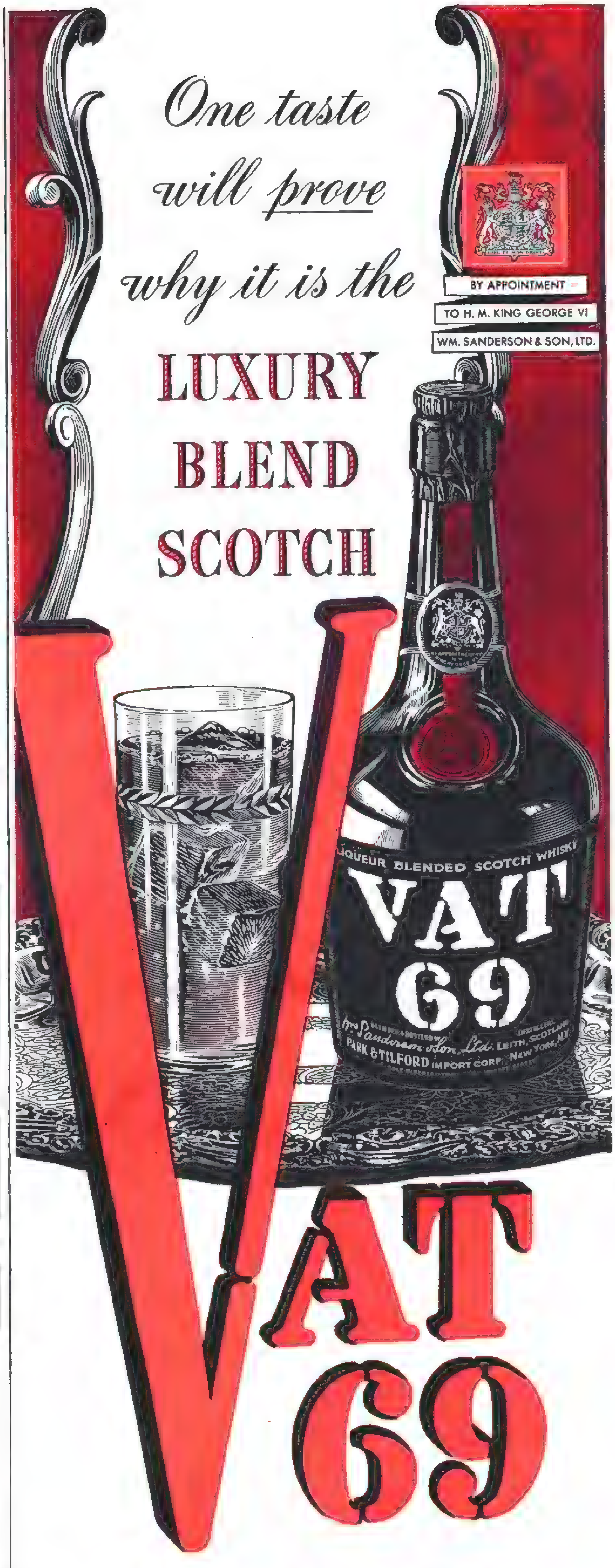

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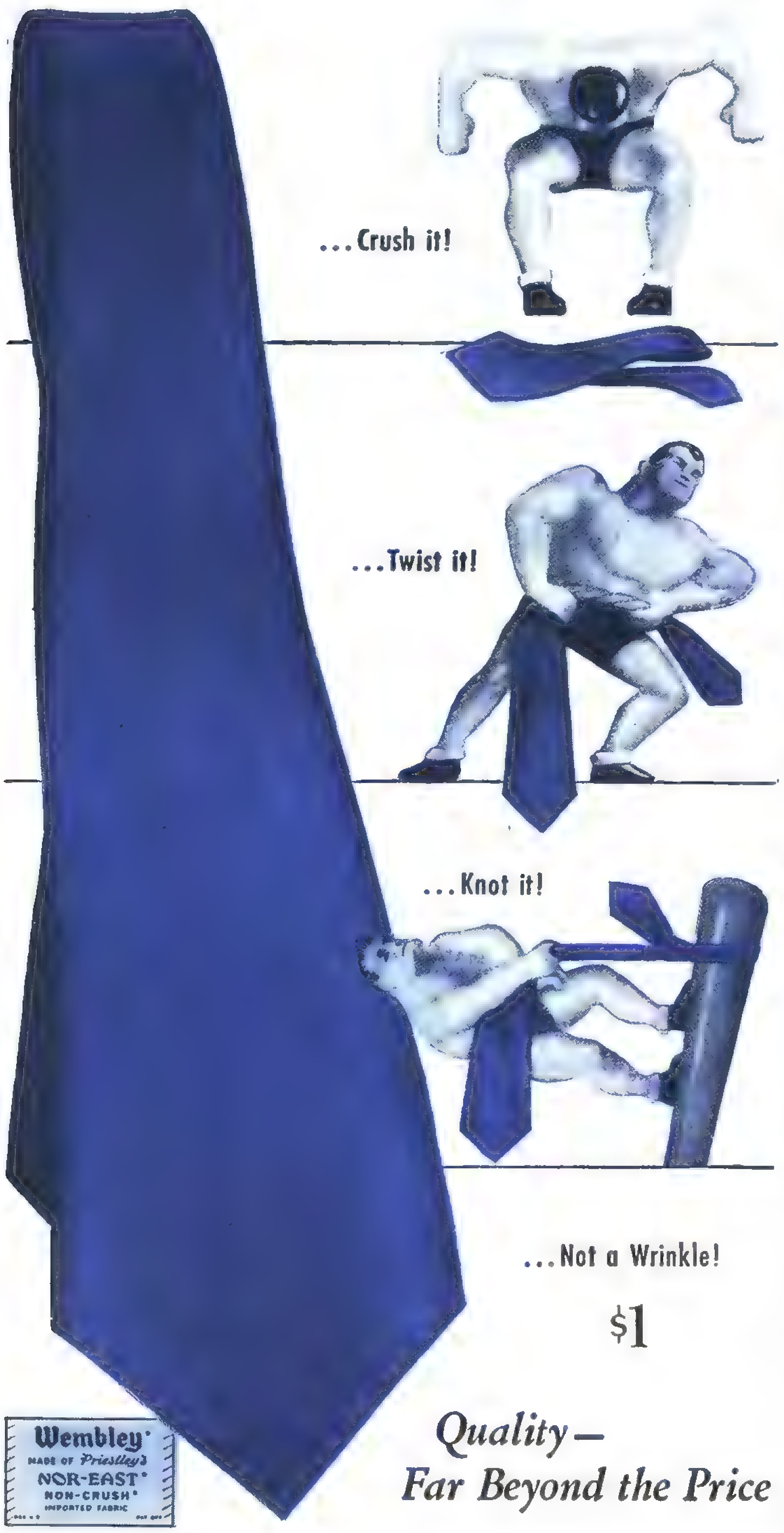

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They're Just Wilder 'Bout Billy

Continued from page 167

their R's ten seconds longer than Billy. They were unemployed, too.

"Brother," Billy says fervently, "I dragged my carcass up and down Hollywood Boulevard for a year trying to make a can of tomato juice last for two days. I finally sold my first script, a thing called *Pampam*, to Columbia. They put it in a locker somewhere and it's been there ever since."

During those lean days Billy occasionally spent his spare time at the home of Erich Pommer, noted German producer whose works included *Blue Angel* (remember Marlene's gams?), *The Last Laugh*, and other artistic triumphs. Pommer owned a swimming pool, a magnificent puddle as long as the Normandie, and he was proud of it.

"I bet I can swim the whole length with all my clothes on," Billy said casually one warm afternoon.

Pommer gazed at Billy, who looked like a dehydrated vein. "You're crazy. You'd drown in the first ten feet."

Billy fingered his empty wallet, quickly calculated the cost of a cleaning, pressing and laundry job. "For fifteen bucks you're wrong," he said.

Pommer took the bet, Billy dove in. He came out like wet spaghetti, collected the money and lived on it for another two weeks.

It was during these disastrous days that Billy moved into the ladies' lavatory of an apartment hotel because he couldn't afford any other place. The management gave him the concession with the proviso that he keep the ladies out, a condition, Billy says, mystified, that never troubled him. He lived there in monastic splendor for months, pounding his battered typewriter and piling up rejected scripts. Legend has it that a producer approached Billy during this hiatus with a knotty problem.

"It's like this," the croesus said. "We got a Jan Kiepura musical. There's an impresario, see, and he's driving in the country with his secretary on a search for new talent."

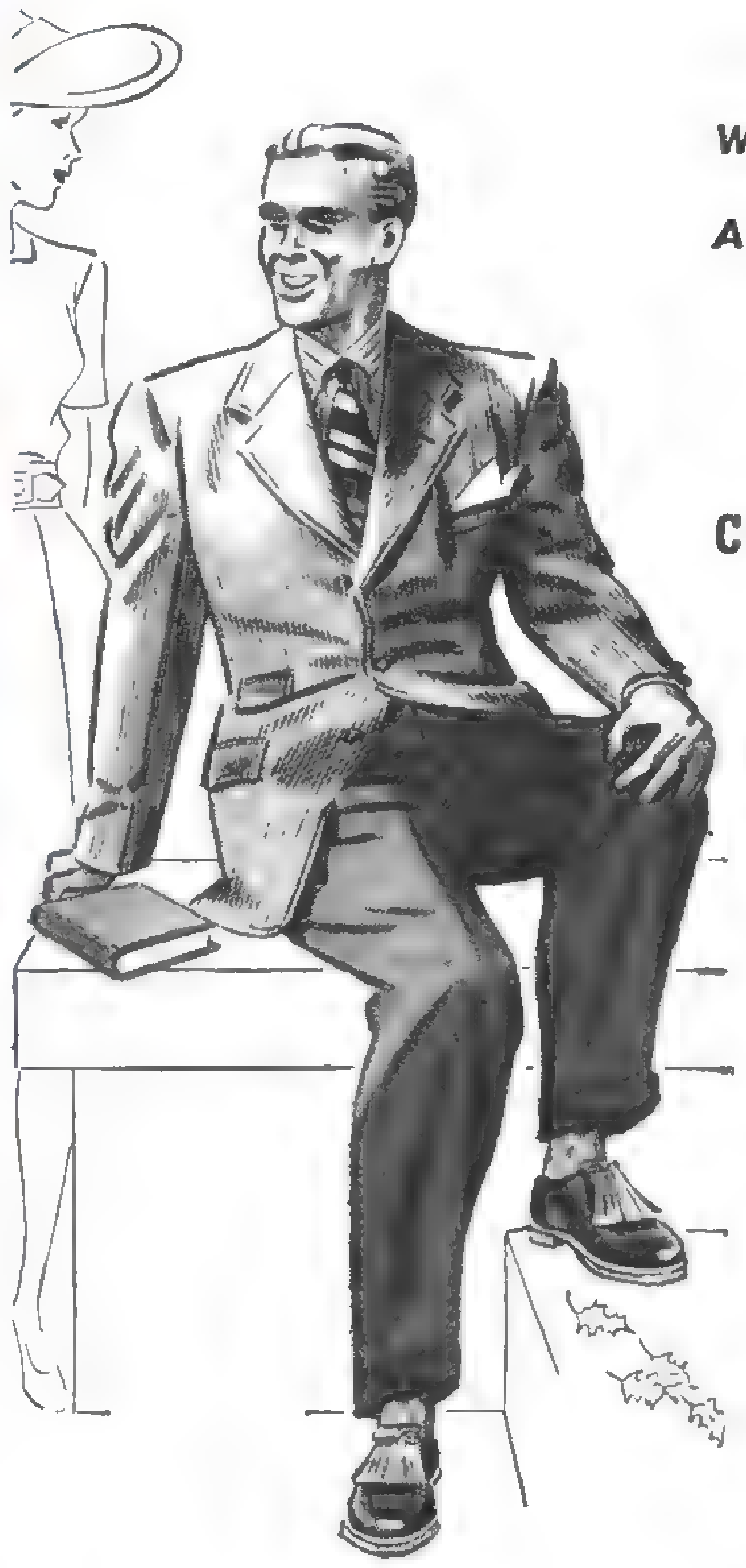
"I can smell it already," Billy said.

"The story?" the producer snapped.

"No, the alfalfa."

"Well, so they hear a glorious voice coming from a farmer tilling the soil. The impresario gets out and decides to offer this farmer his big chance. That's where we're stuck. We got no ending for this terrific story. I'll give you fifty thousand for an ending."

Billy took off his dark glasses, wiped them carefully. "The solution is easy," he said. "The farmer



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is really Caruso on a vacation, and you know where you can put the fifty thousand."

Eventually Billy was engaged to write a script for an old friend, Joe May. The picture was a musical comedy called *Music in the Air*, and it hit the earth with a faint plop like a paratrooper.

But along came Lubitsch.

"She said I treated her like a dog—then she bit me"

The great one took a fancy to Billy and put him under contract at Paramount, where he has been Exhibit "A" in the writers' building ever since.

His early screen credits include *Champagne Waltz*, *What a Life* and *Rhythm on the River*. One afternoon studio executive Henry Ginsberg summoned Billy to his office, confronted him with a tall, courtly and urbane individual.

"Billy Wilder meet Charlie Brackett," said Ginsberg. "From now on you're a team."

In this simple fashion he fused two temperaments into a solid block of gold whose efforts in the past five years have grossed Paramount about 20,000,000 dollars. Assuming Billy gets back from Germany unscathed, these men collectively or singly, are apt to keep Paramount in blue chips for some years to come.

The happy results of Ginsberg's alchemy were almost immediately apparent in the Wilder-Brackett team's first opus, *Bluebeard's Eighth Wife*. When Lubitsch began the story conference he asked the writers how to bring the boy and girl together in the opening.

Billy popped up from his seat like a jack-in-the-box, began pacing the floor.

"Look, it goes like this," he said. "The opening shot is in the haberdashery section of a department store. The boy comes in. He's going to buy pajamas. But he's trying to save money, so he asks can he buy just the tops. The clerk says no, he's got to buy the pants too. Then we bring in the girl. She sleeps only in the pants, and offers to buy them because that's all she sleeps in. That's how the boy and girl meet."

Continued on page 170

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They're Just Wilder 'Bout Billy

Continued from page 169

Lubitsch contemplated the immensity of Billy's spontaneous idea. Then he started purring: "It's terrific, Billy."

Neither Brackett nor Lubitsch knew that Billy, a tops-only sleeper himself, had been saving this idea in his mental filing cabinet for months, hoping to find a spot for it. Billy's remarkable vaults, which included a mound of dog-eared rejects, subsequently earned him enough money to hire, among other things, a tax expert who could tell him how to save money. One of these sleepers was *Ball of Fire*, which he would have sold for a hamburger in hall bedroom days and which he peddled to Sam Goldwyn for 7,500 clinkers. The story was a comedy about a pedantic character who wants to publish an encyclopedia, and Goldwyn borrowed Wilder and Brackett to handle the script.

Billy Wilder today is essentially the same slender and mercurial young man whose metabolism was the marvel of Berlin.

He has the figure of a tennis player, which he is—lean, resilient and stripped down, and his movements are the quick, darting thrust of a humming bird. He never sits still for more than ten minutes and thinks best when he is in perpetual motion, pacing furiously back and forth. Billy has a triangular pixie face which, in gay moments, suggests suppressed mischief. Indeed, Billy's features reflect his fluid emotions when constructing a scene. He weeps, he cringes, he laughs, he suffers.

The Wilder laboratory is a gaudy stall on the ground floor of the writers' stable.

For inspiration there is a huge fireplace garishly shielded by brass facing, and there is an unwritten agreement with the Chamber of Commerce not to use it unless the temperature drops below freezing. The walls are paneled oak and there are deep divans and chairs for visitors. In juxtaposition to a bust of Shakespeare on the mantle there is some Chinese statuary, both framed to a degree by vines trailing out of boxed plants. Billy works at an oak desk with a top as big as a carrier deck, and a little blue porcelain lamb blinks at a bottle of lighter fluid, mysterious pill boxes and a copy of *The Neurotic Personality of Our Time.*

Billy fondles this last item tenderly and says emphatically in his strong Teutonic accent: "The greatest thing ever written."

In the memory of his personal medical staff, Billy has never been sick a day in his life, but he is a confirmed hypochondriac and has embraced all of man's ills. "I've been working on it ever since I

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was a kid of nine and read a medical encyclopedia,” he says.

By his own admission Billy works half an hour a day on a picture script for the first four months. Then, with a shooting date prodding his conscience, he goes into hysteria and remains there twenty-six hours a day. When he and Brackett are working together Billy grinds grooves in the office rug and rattles off dialogue and scenes like a gangster handling a tommy gun. Billy can't work without swinging a cane in his hand, and he has a fabulous collection of various sizes and colors.

“The red one always gets Brackett's goat,” he says. “He tells me I'm much too Russophile.”

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From all accounts Brackett is a safety valve for the volcano that burns in Billy's deceptively fragile figure. Charlie takes off his shoes, sprawls on a couch and writes the gestating script in longhand on yellow paper—the perfect, casual balance. It takes the two men from four to six months to deliver a finished production, principally because both believe in a precision product that will stand up under the caprices of directors, actors and audience. This craftsmanship pays off in big golden gobs, and no spot of red ink has ever appeared in the ledgers for any of their films. Further, the masterminds at Paramount eventually saw the light and voted promotions. Billy became a director, Charlie a producer. *Double Indemnity, Five Graves to Cairo, The Uninvited,* and *The Lost Weekend* soon rolled off the assembly line and fattened the stockholders.

Billy sometimes takes a jaundiced view of his brain children, with *Double Indemnity* as a case in point. This brutal story of a psychopathic woman killer and her lover accomplice had what he says was a disappointing reaction from the hinterland. “People are afraid to face reality, particularly in small towns,” he said wistfully. “If you don't have Lamour in a sarong, you don't get over out in the sticks. You got to give them a happy ending. People don't want to go home and lose sleep all night because somebody was murdered.”

Complaints from the customers gnaw at his mind.

And when the walls begin to close in he switches his thinking

Continued on page 172

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They're Just Wilder 'Bout Billy

Continued from page 171

into other channels—cribbage for high stakes with Brackett, gin rummy with other writers, harangues on the New Deal, which he has supported with what approaches violence, tennis with Peter Lorre and Paul Lukas. He lives far out in Beverly Hills with his wife and four-year-old daughter Victoria. A rugged extrovert, Billy is not a slippers-and-fireside husband, and Mrs. Wilder once remarked: "Billy is strictly a coffee-house guy who will go to any old party. He'd like to live at the corner of Hollywood and Vine."

Willy was safe, sane and sound in a New York business establishment until Billy, in a burst of enthusiasm one day, described the affluence of his friend, Producer Joe Pasternak. Willy hurried to Hollywood and Republic Pictures.

"My brother," said Billy bluntly, "is a businessman and looks like one. So does his first picture."

On the eve of his departure for Germany, Billy was as skittish as a tomcat dodging shoes on a fence. The impact of the job to be done in Germany and its possible effect on the future of that country has softened the habitual brashness.

He recognizes the biting irony of the job, too.

Billy Wilder, the exile. Billy the new American, sent in poetic justice to the country whose intolerance changed the course of his life. For that, of course, he is thankful and says humbly: "This has opened the windows of my life and enriched it. I hope I'll be a better writer when I get back." There's another job to do, a search for his missing mother who fled from Austria to Czechslovakia to Poland. Billy had her passage and passports to America all arranged when she disappeared.

At the time Billy did not know the scope of his assignment.

He expected to operate somewhere within occupied Germany, controlling the themes and ideas of all German entertainment. He approached the task a little cynically, feeling that a thousand years of belligerency in the German race was not something to be changed overnight. "The only difference between a Prussian officer and the civilian in the street," he said, "is the uniform." He will have to work with actors and technicians he once knew, men like Emil Jannings who sold out to Hitler. He will have to take rough living, a salary that will barely cover the upkeep of his home, and the risk of being shot by one of Goebbels' "werewolves." But Billy won't mind. "I just hope Paramount doesn't forget me," he said. That's not likely, is it, Paramount? ##

Continued from page 62

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The Sound and the Fury

Continued from page 10

Janus of Jazz

Critics of Moldy Fig's letter in the March issue seem content to ignore the distinguishing features of jazz and swing brought out by Fig, choosing instead to merely attack his musical tastes and, like Leonard Feather, refer to his ilk as atavists.

I don't know Moldy Fig, but I agree with him that some distinction must be made between the large band-arranged style, championed by Feather, and the six or eight-piece New Orleans improvised style, favored by Avakian. To simplify: the first is unison playing by sections, the latter is contrapuntal playing by the ensemble. Anyone unable to recognize and accept this vast difference is hardly worth arguing with. The first style can produce fuller harmonies and richer chords. The second can develop more individuality and greater spontaneity. The only factor common to both styles, besides the use of the same musical scale and 4-4 rhythm, is the individual solo, and even there the difference is usually obvious, due to the dissimilarities of the two styles, which call for opposing methods of expression and technique and, generally speaking, different tunes.

Few swingsters can do an adequate job when attempting to play what Mr. Feather calls "dixieland," while most New Orleans stylists would be lost in a swing band. Only rare exceptions, such as Louis Armstrong and Omer Simeon, have ever become outstanding exponents of both styles.

There have been many examples of bad "dixieland," and likewise there have been plenty of "swing" atrocities. The thing is to be selective. Anything musically worth-while, by any standard, must have lasting qualities, and a recording which sounds better with each successive hearing may logically be considered a superior one. I, personally, have found that the contrapuntal style of New Orleans jazz has more lasting appeal than the unison, riff style of "modern" swing, but I retain a number of the latter in my otherwise "atavistic" collection.

Since Fig has listed his jazz choices and Paul Wachtel, AM2/c, has countered with his swing (jazz to him) selections, permit me to submit a list of my own for purposes of comparison and classification. Incidentally, Wachtel is very wrong in calling Fig's a pre-1930 list, since a good many of Fig's choices were pressed recently.

The following, except *Muskrat Ramble*, were recorded *since* 1930:

SWING

1. *Ring Dem Bells*, Duke Ellington.
2. *Minnie the Moocher's Wedding Day*, Benny Goodman.
3. *When the Saints Go Marching In*, Louis Armstrong.
4. *I Left My Baby*, Count Basie.
5. *Goin' Home*, Tommy Dorsey.
6. *Softly, As in a Morning Sunrise*, Artie Shaw.

JAZZ

1. *Muskrat Ramble*, Louis Armstrong Hot Five.
2. *Just a Closer Walk With Thee*, George Lewis
3. *Jimmy's Blues*, Kid Ory
4. *When the Saints Go Marching In*, Bunk Johnson
5. *Cakewalking Babies*, Lu Watters.
6. *That Da Da Strain*, Muggsy Spanier.

Get the idea?

P.F.C. RICHARD OXTOT
Camp Beale, Calif.

Continued on page 174

THE KING OF Rums

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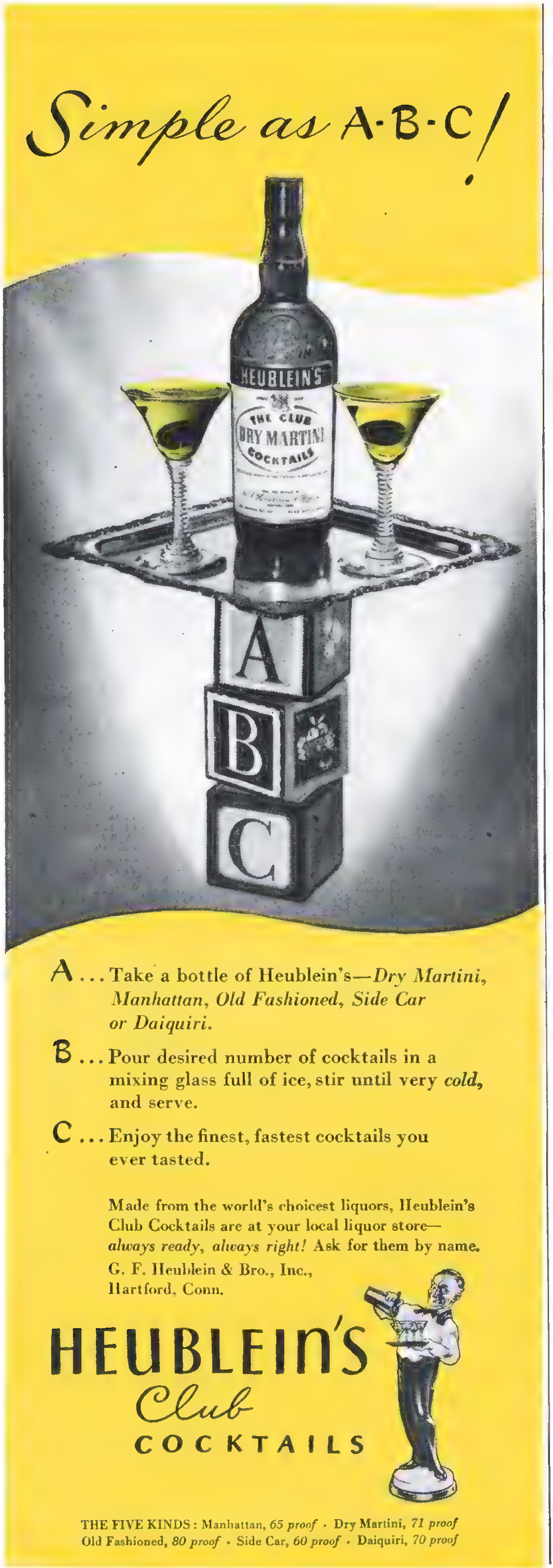
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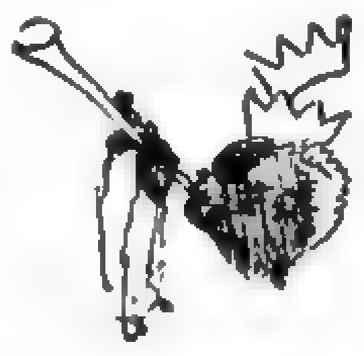
The Sound and the Fury

Continued from page 173

our peerless Paul

Having long suspected that your so-called jazz editors were really a couple of garage mechanics who had stumbled into a good thing, I was not especially surprised at the classic caption to Miller's piece in the July Esquire—"Sidney Bechet—No Peers, Few Equals." However, being a mere classical music lover who has been subjected to much abuse for not knowing whether Cootie Williams is a name or a species, I take a nice, healthy, malicious pleasure in referring your supercilious music critic to page 732 of Webster's Collegiate Dictionary, a publication which, my spies assure me, is still available in the United States (or, as we wistfully refer to it out here, Uncle Sugar). Good old Noah, no doubt something of an old ick himself, defines the word "peer" as follows:—



> peer, n. (OF. per (F. pair), fr. L. par, equal) 1. One of the same rank, quality, etc.; an equal; match . . .

Which makes Miller's caption as intriguing a piece of doubletalk as I've ever seen in Esquire—and that's a mighty broad statement, podner.

I take this opportunity to point out a boner which has no doubt already been amply called to your attention largely because of a long-smoldering resentment against the species *jazz criticus*, which, among its other and numerous sins, is consistently guilty of pluralizing such fine and inoffensive words as "tempo" and "virtuoso" as "tempi" and "virtuosi," rather than be caught using the common man's equally correct and far more tasteful "virtuosos" and "tempos." The SCCDPODDE (obviously, the Schutz Committee to Clamp Down on Painful and Ostentatious Displays of Dubious Erudition) has *those* people on its list.

All this is in the spirit of good clean fun, of course. I am all for jazz—good, bad, *and* indifferent, and I should certainly hate to be called whatever it is Messrs. Miller and Feather call people when they mean to say "icky," but are a little bit ashamed of the company that word has been keeping. But, so help me, there seems to be something about being one of the enlightened few who are so self-consciously bringing the True Word to the peoples who live in darkness, which renders them practically incapable of speaking or writing one paragraph in English, or a fair imitation.

I was a junior at Columbia back in '38 when Barry Ulanov, now one of the High Priests, first sprung that goddam "tempi" on us. Old Barry at that time caused a mild uproar in Junior Colloquium by broadly intimating that Toscanini was accelerating Beethoven's tempi. As I recall it, he proved his point by timing the maestro's next performance of the Fifth Symphony with an alarm clock. I think the results showed that Toscanini had smashed the world's record by some three and one-half minutes, flat. (The previous record was held by Ina K. Nachtmusik and her Viennese All-Girl Philharmonic. Incidentally, I attended the Vienna Staatsoper the night of that memorable performance, as a member of Josef Schostal's *claque*. Sure, Wechsberg and I are just like *that*. But that is another story.)

Anyway, my best to all of you—even the reformed (?) mechanics.

Bernard R. Schutz
Pacific Ocean Area
Lieut., U.S.N.R.

Continued from page 10

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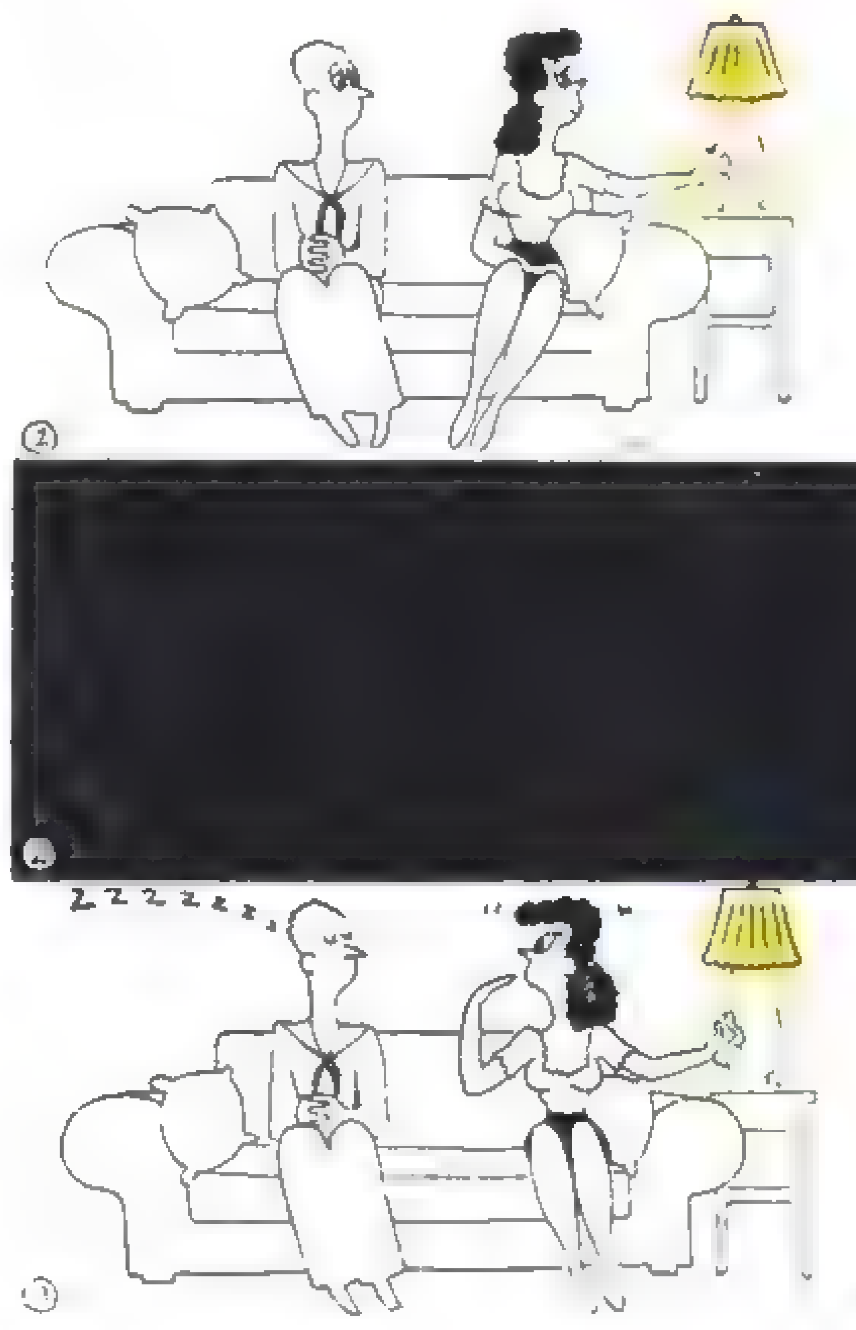
ZIPPO *Windproof* LIGHTER

This Man's World

Continued from page 50

time as any to suggest that it is my reserved and humble opinion that by and large there is just too goddam much telephoning going on in this country and it's time we began tapering off instead of planning to increase it beyond the bounds of decency and of sanity.

No gentleman or lady in his right mind would think of barging into a person's house or office without a previous appointment; no well brought up person would dream of interrupting a conversation between two or more people; no civilized human being would want to wake a friend out of a sound sleep, break up his mealtime or interfere with a tete-a-tete or his love life; and yet the telephone bell does exactly this, day in and day out.



It bawls blindly into the affairs of men and women at the behest of the caller and almost never at the desire of the callee. It summons insistently for the listener to drop whatever it is he is doing, work, play, romance. nourishment, study, etc., to attend to its wants. Half of the telephone calls made need never have been made at all; in three quarters of them the same thing could be accomplished with a few lines written on a sheet of note paper and posted.

Mind you, I do not inveigh against the wonderful invention, the instrument or the service, but merely the use to which we put it, and I include myself as an habitual and useless telephoner. The telephone is a wondrous gadget and well-nigh indispensable to modern life and the business world, but socially it is being debased to the point where nearly all privacy is being destroyed. The new mobile radio telephones of the postwar world will just about complete that destruction.

Our British cousins have a much more civilized conception

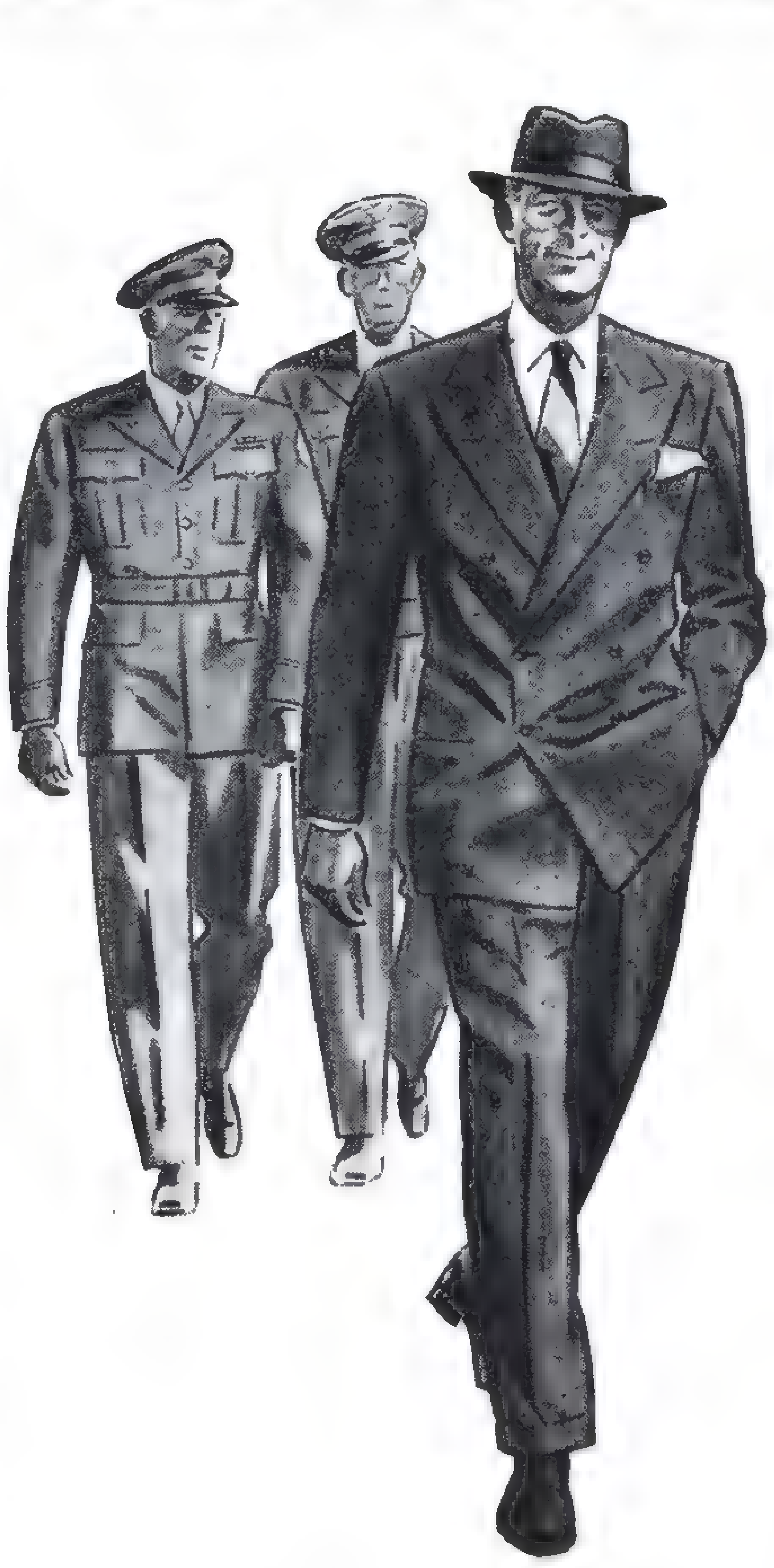
Continued on page 176

VanRoy
Signet of Quality in Pipes

You are never alone with a VanRoy. Solitude becomes friendly when this prince of pipes goes with you on journeys up woodland streams or over the open road. . . . Time's test confirms the supremacy of VanRoy—preference of discerning smokers.

VanRoy Bard $5

VANROY COMPANY, INC.
Empire State Building, New York 1

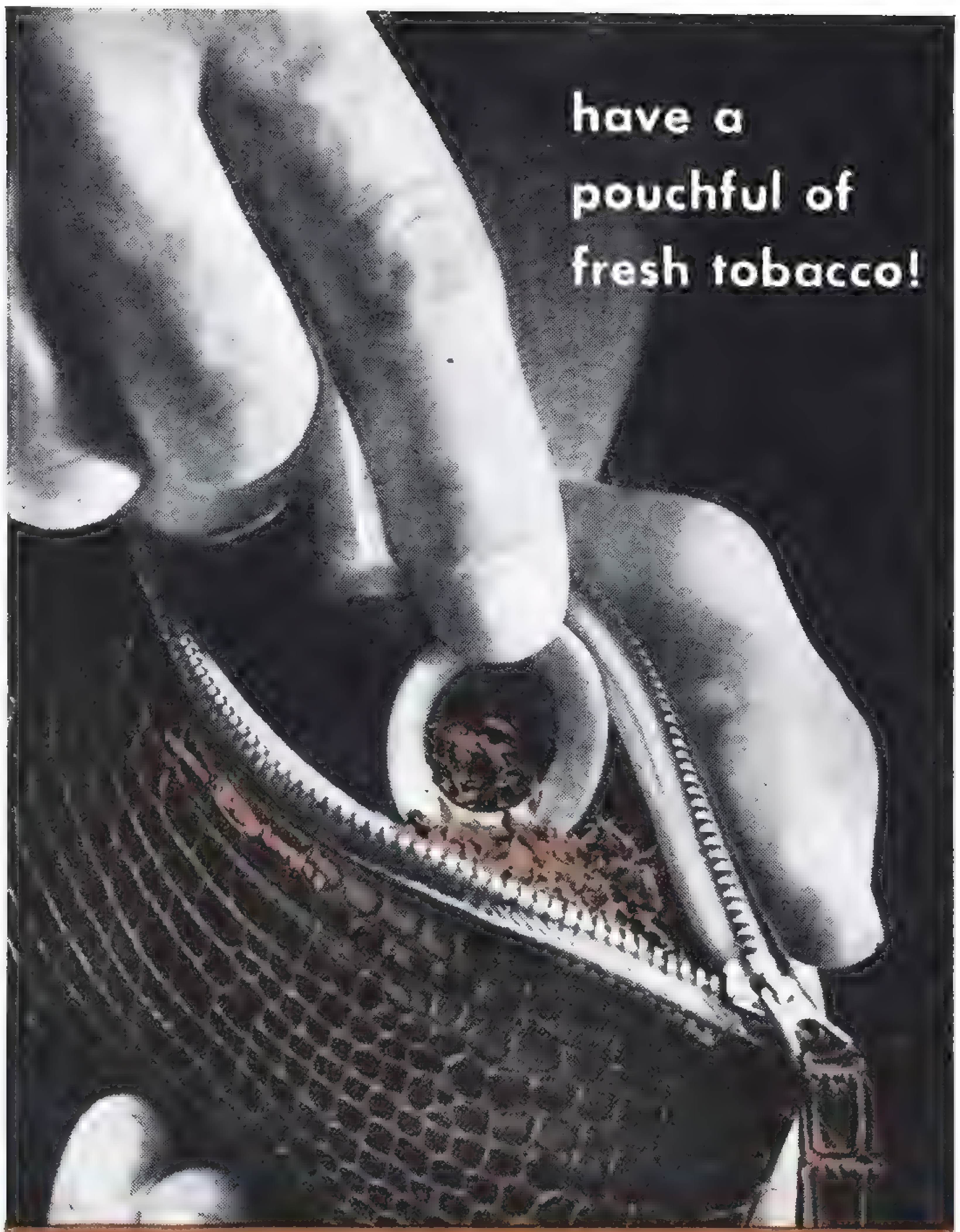

AS YOU WERE...

There is nothing any one of us wants more than a return to the cherished things in our way of living. Though our perspective may have been broadened with the past few years, the main objectives are the same to most of us

Returning servicemen have come into our store, asking for the kind of things they knew and valued yesteryear. We expected that and prepared for it

Though maintaining our standard of quality has been difficult, we have nevertheless succeeded, as you will find when you come in to be re-outfitted AS YOU WERE

F. R. TRIPLER & CO.
OUTFITTERS TO GENTLEMEN
Established 1886
MADISON AVENUE AT 46 : NEW YORK 17



Rogers Air-tite

the largest selling tobacco pouch in the U. S. A.

The last pipeful of tobacco is as enjoyable as the first . . . thanks to the patented way the Rogers Air-Tite inner Pouch SEALS itself. The secret is in the construction. When you close the zipper, the inner lips are tightly pressed together, automatically sealing in the freshness and the aroma of the tobacco. Exquisitely made of fine leathers in a variety of models by Rogers craftsmen . . . producers of the finest in smokers' accessories. At better shops everywhere. *Model No. 213 (illustrated above) $3.00 . . . other models from $1.50 to $15.*

"seals as it closes"

A cross section showing how lips of the patented inner pouch are sealed tightly when the outer pouch is zipped shut. Every genuine "Air-Tite" has the name embossed.

U.S. Pat. 1,801,193; Can. Pat. 374,167

THE FINEST IN SMOKERS' ACCESSORIES • *"Distinctively Rogers."*

Tobacco Pouches | *Cigarette Boxes* | *Cigar Cases* | *Cigar Humidors*

Rogers Imports, Inc., Mfrs. & Importers, 419 4th Ave., N. Y. C. 16
U. S. Agents for Peterson's Pipes • Dublin and London © 1945, R. I. Inc.

This Man's World

Continued from page 175

of telephone manners and proper social use of the invention. An Englishman would not dream of calling up a private home on the telephone without first asking permission to do so, or making an appointment to call by post. If an Englishwoman wishes to invite a group of friends to tea, or dinner, or cocktails, she sits down and writes them notes to which they reply. Any use of the telephone in the home except where love or an emergency is involved is looked upon as a shocking and inexcusable intrusion of privacy and a man's castle.

Living at our feverish tempo and in the complicatedly gadgeted American era where we reach for the telephone at the slightest provocation, and frequently where there is none at all, it is difficult to understand this British point of view, but I had it beautifully demonstrated for me the other day in the home of an Englishman temporarily transplanted to this land of telephomania.

We were sitting in his study discussing some matters of mutual interest when his telephone suddenly exploded into the periodic ring-break-ring-break . . . My friend calmly continued his discussion, paying not the slightest heed to the insistent summons beyond favoring the instrument on the desk with a cold look.

Me, I cannot resist a ringing telephone and thinking that perhaps my presence was an embarrassment that kept him from answering it, I arose, and gestured as though to leave, saying, "Ah—your telephone—don't you want to answer it . . . ?"

He stared at me and then at the yowling instrument. "Answer it? Good God, man, I wouldn't think of touching the ruddy thing!" And then by simple way of explanation, as I sat down again and the thing continued to squall, he added. "Don't you realize if you pick it up you'll find somebody at the other end of it?"

I hadn't thought of it just that way, but I see that I shall have to try to learn if I am to survive in a world that according to forecasters and planners, is to consist entirely of telephones.

No Fight, Nathan

By the merest chance I happened to read the attack made upon me in the September issue of Esquire by George Jean Nathan in his *First Nights and Passing Judgments* column, the same having been sent to me in galley proof last June by the editor of that magazine with a note saying

How to Know a
GOOD MIXER

Note the twinkling eyes—the friendly mouth with a "lift" at each corner. He mixes well in any company—like Myers's Rum in *any drink**—tall or short—hot or cold—in *any season.* Discover for yourself Myers's *richer flavour—its friendly blending!*

MYERS'S JAMAICA RUM

Remember: For That Wealth of Flavour, the Rum Must Be Myers's.

*WRITE FOR FREE RECIPE BOOK

R. U. DELAPENHA & COMPANY, INC.
Sole Distributor in the U. S. A.
57 Laight Street, Dept. F-10, New York 13, N. Y.

Fine
Mellow
Jamaica
97
Proof

MYERS'S MILLION COCKTAIL
(The Old Jamaica Plantation Formula)

Put in a shaker 1/3 lemon juice or lime juice, 2/3 Myers's Jamaica Rum, 1/2 tsp. sugar for each cocktail. Add dash Angostura and plenty of ice. Shake well and serve with Maraschino Cherry in each glass!

in effect, "Hey, look what this guy is saying about you. Sic 'im."

Fight Nathan? Is that editor crazy? Why Nathan has been more like a brother, nay, a father to me all my life. From the time he and I attended Putnam Hall Academy together with the Rover Boys, on through our semesters at Yale with Frank Merriwell and down through the years during which he became godfather to all my little ones wherever they happened to occur, or vice versa, I have had nothing but kindness from George Jean Nathan. Why the man is a saint, and if I have offended him in the matter of a momentary aberration with regard to the revolting flavor of Scotch, I am deeply regretful and hasten to apologize to him with all my heart.

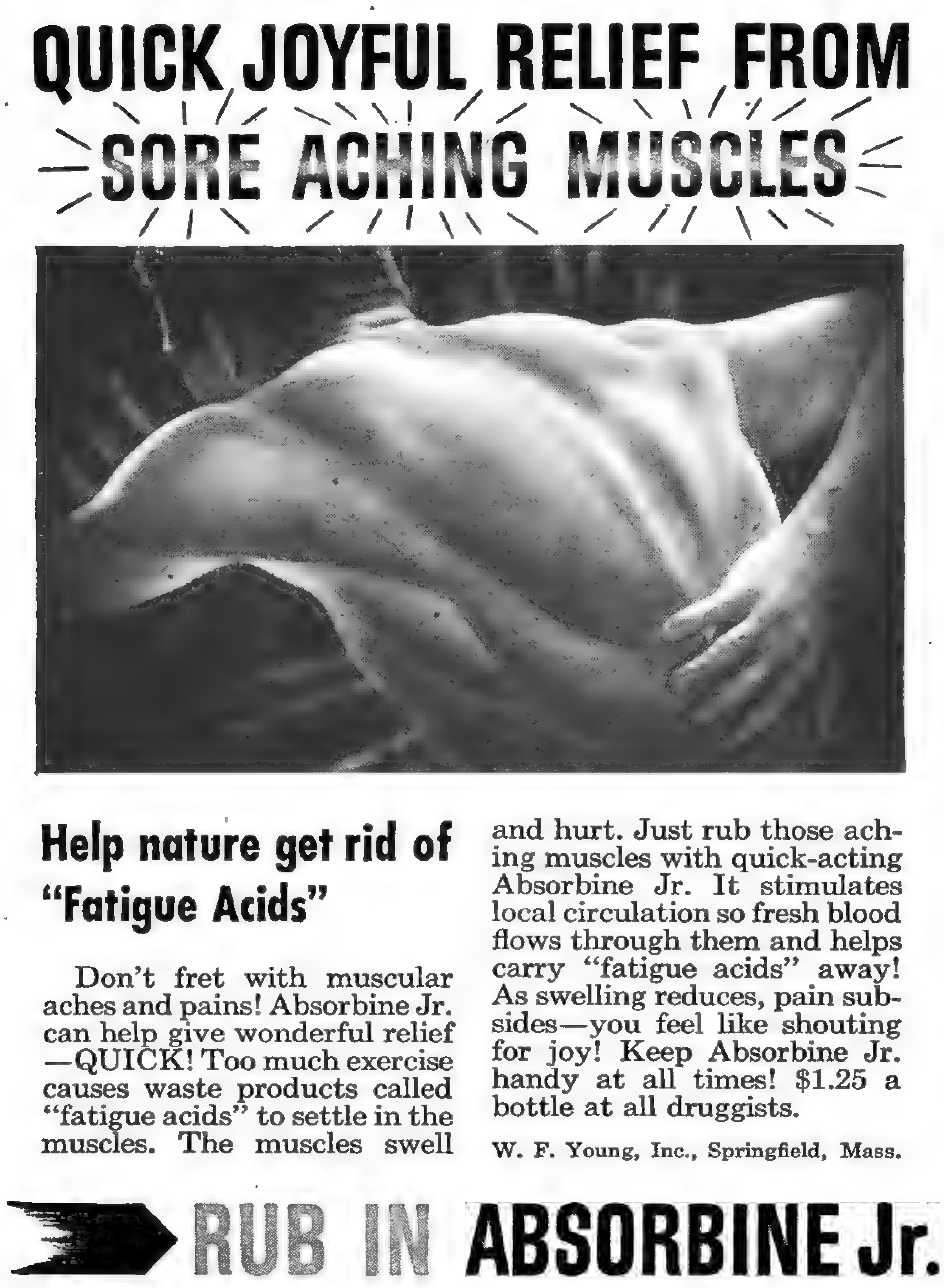
I recant. I was wrong. There is no drink to compare with Scotch. I do not know what possessed me to write what I did. I was out of my mind, ill, worried, not myself. When the piece appeared in Esquire under my name I was shocked and horrified to note what I had written. Nathan will understand. It happens to him all the time.

Forgive me, Nathan, old friend, old collie. You and I have been buddies too long to let this come between us. God knows any man who has consumed the amount of Scotch whisky you have in a lifetime devoted to kindness and good works without a single cloudlet ever appearing to shadow the warmth of a sunny personality, has the right to call it "...one of the noblest drinks ever conceived by mortal man." God bless you Nathan for being you, for being George Jean instead of Robert Nathan, for showing me the light, for being my pal, for helping me to find Scotch whisky again.

Signs of Peace

AYE, peace is a-comin'. The European war is ended, the Japanese have had enough and among the ways that you can

Continued on page 178



QUICK JOYFUL RELIEF FROM SORE ACHING MUSCLES

Help nature get rid of "Fatigue Acids"

Don't fret with muscular aches and pains! Absorbine Jr. can help give wonderful relief—QUICK! Too much exercise causes waste products called "fatigue acids" to settle in the muscles. The muscles swell and hurt. Just rub those aching muscles with quick-acting Absorbine Jr. It stimulates local circulation so fresh blood flows through them and helps carry "fatigue acids" away! As swelling reduces, pain subsides—you feel like shouting for joy! Keep Absorbine Jr. handy at all times! $1.25 a bottle at all druggists.

W. F. Young, Inc., Springfield, Mass.

RUB IN ABSORBINE Jr.

UNIVERSAL

Pajamas and Shirts

Quite appropriately the labels say "Universal Pajamas—We Put the World to Sleep," "Universal Shirts—We Make The World Look Better." Night and day—in every way—they're the peak of style and goodness. At the better stores everywhere.

RELIANCE MANUFACTURING CO.
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RELIANCE UNIVERSAL REFINEMENTS
★
high styling
precision needling
superb fabrics
over-plus comfort
Reliance
UNIVERSAL

Compare This Fine Scotch-Type Whisky

WHEN YOU TASTE Royal Banquet Scotch-type whisky you'll understand why some of the finest clubs and hotels in the country serve and praise this fine American product.

You are going to hear a lot about Royal Banquet and we urge you to make its acquaintance at the first opportunity. Compare it with your favorite brand of Scotch. You have a pleasant surprise coming, for you'll discover that we've scored a real triumph in the art of whisky making.

Since 1832
Specially Selected
86 Proof
Royal Banquet
"Special"
The Aristocrat of Blended Scotch Type Whisky
Blended and Bottled by
Gooderham & Worts
Limited
Peoria

35% Malt Whisky
65% Grain Neutral Spirits
86 Proof

Royal Banquet

BLENDED SCOTCH-TYPE WHISKY

GOODERHAM & WORTS LIMITED, PEORIA, ILLINOIS

This Man's World

Continued from page 177

tell is by noting the increasing number of Hollwood hetaera who are beginning to shed the warrior husbands they acquired hastily back in the days when no self-respecting starlet or screen cutie could afford to be caught dead in the company of a civilian, much less have one for an ever-loving mate.

I will name no names, but now that the war headlines have shrunk to mere two or three columns in place of the five column studhorse streamers that used to decorate the pages, more and more of the lovely looking ladies who continuously for three years were pictured enfolded in the arms of soldier, sailor or marine, who gazed up adoringly into their rugged faces as medals were clamped to their manly chests, who had themselves photographed and rephotographed when their gallant husbands came home on leave, who danced their captain's bars or colonel's eagles past the camera lenses at Ciro's and similar joints on the strip, and whose press agents saw that constant references were made in the public prints to Gilda Soulpuss, whose brave husband was fighting with the Umpth Marines on Guam or Saipan, or battling the Boches in the Ardennes, these sweet cookies are commencing to give their heroes the air via the divorce courts and are casting about again for elderly civilians with dough.

I am sorry if this paragraph sounds cynical. I regret even more that it is true. If you follow the divorce-coming-up paragraphs of the Hollywood and other gossip columns as I do for sheer vulgar curiosity and delight in the dirt, you cannot help noticing the shameful increase of actresses giving their uniformed and beribboned mates the heave-o, now that the type is beginning to go a little out of style.

It is only right to indicate at this point that I am not referring in this piece to the established stars and actresses of dignity, honesty, prestige and ability, but rather to the fringe of half-arrived and viciously ambitious little tramps who have done and will do practically anything for publicity, including marrying up with some innocent boy catapulted momentarily into the public eye for making clay pigeons out of Japs or Germans, and ruthlessly kicking him out of the silken bed when his days of glory begin to dim.

The dear, rapacious little glamor-bitches of Hollywood it seems shop for husbands as they do for hats, advancing the season. No fashionable gal would dream of acquiring her fall skimmer later

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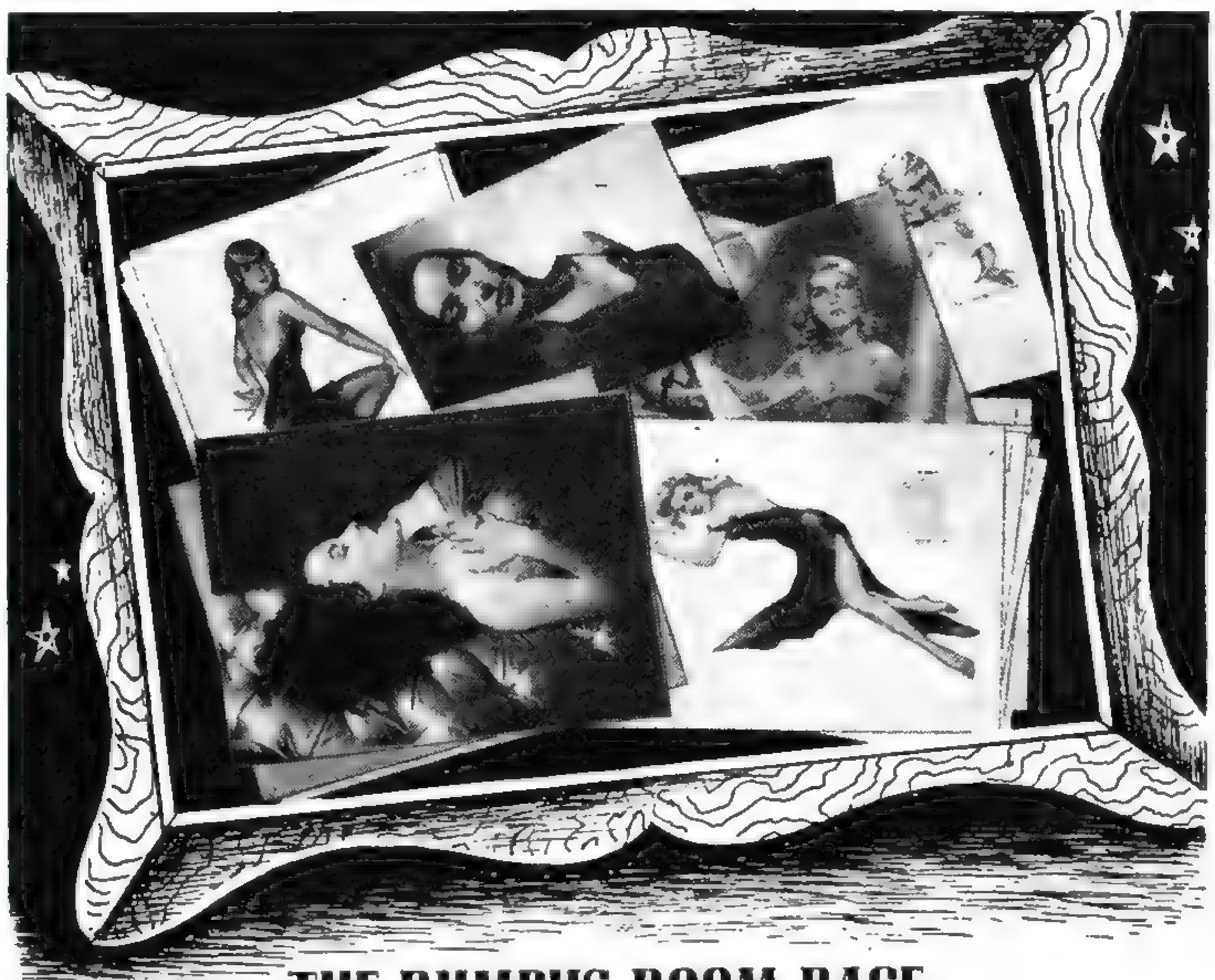


THE RUMPUS ROOM RAGE

. . . what the well-dressed wall will wear in a dorm . . . gym . . locker . . . rumpus room . . . for papering wastebaskets, screens. Outstanding Esquire reprints . . . packaged in sets of 50 . . . printed in full color . . . page size (10" x 14") . . . gatefold-size (17¾" x 14") . . . a variety of vivacious Varga girl drawings . . . famous photos by Hurrell and Bruehl and many other popular pictures . . . each picture is different . . . no selections may be made . . . it's first come, first served . . . BE FIRST . . . 50 for $5.00.

ESQUIRE, P. O. Box 1719, Chicago 90, Illinois

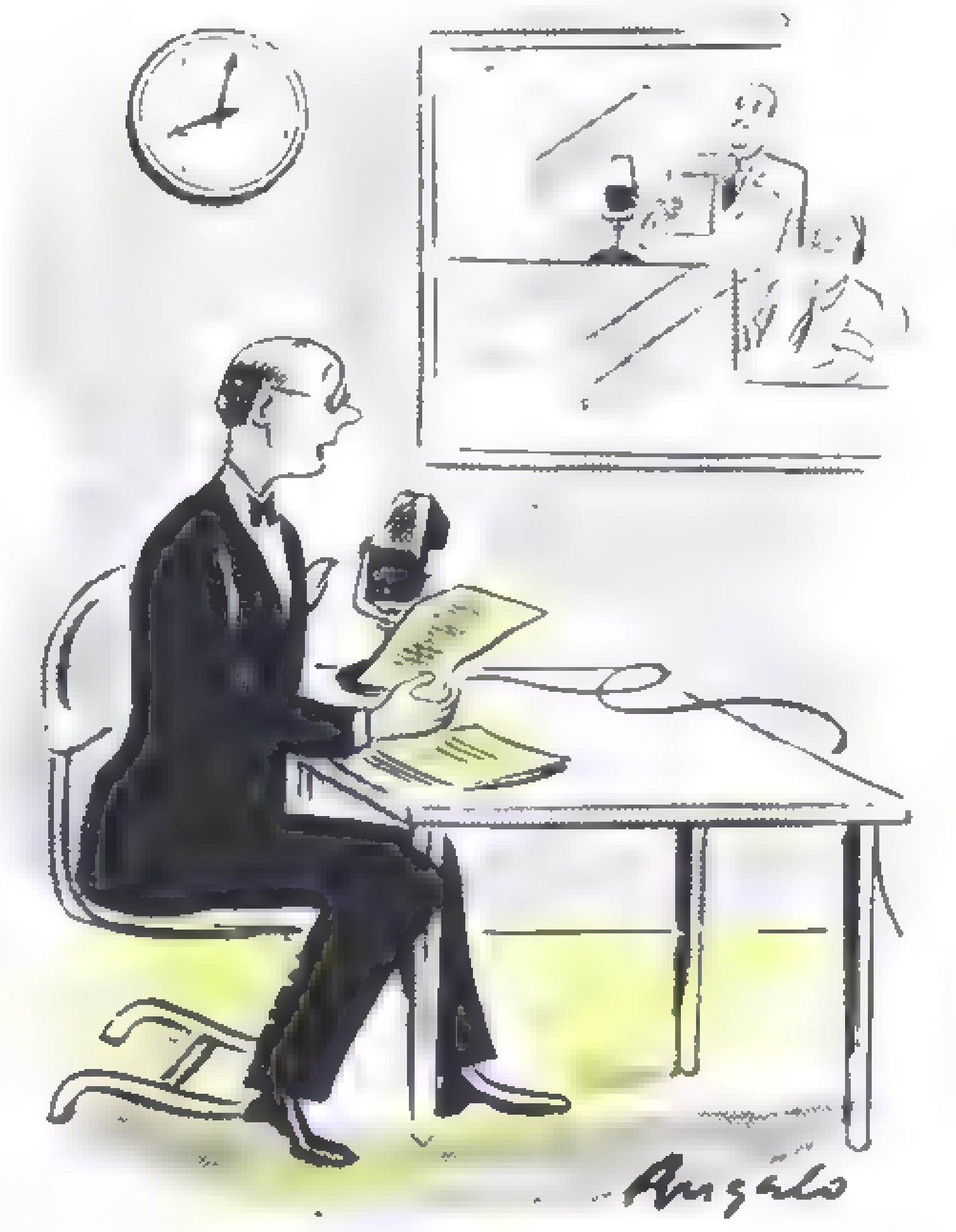
Please send me........................sets of 50 Esquire reprints at $5.00 per set. I understand that this is a varied assortment of pages and gatefolds which have appeared in Esquire during the past few years.

Enclosed is $..........................payment in full. U.S. orders only. No stamps PLEASE.

Name ....
Please Print
Address..
City...Zone..............State..............

than July, or of not sporting a straw number in February. During the early part of the war, if a pin-up girl found herself stuck with a civilian husband she concealed him and had her picture taken with the boys at the canteen until she could get him into a uniform or whip across to Reno.

But it was the unattached darlings who engaged in the damnedest scramble at the war's outset for heroes to wed, and as fast as they tumbled off transports or turned up in L. A. on leave, they roped them with scent, silk and sex and yanked them to the altar. There! Now they were all nicely decked out and fashionable for 1943, with a husband in the Services.



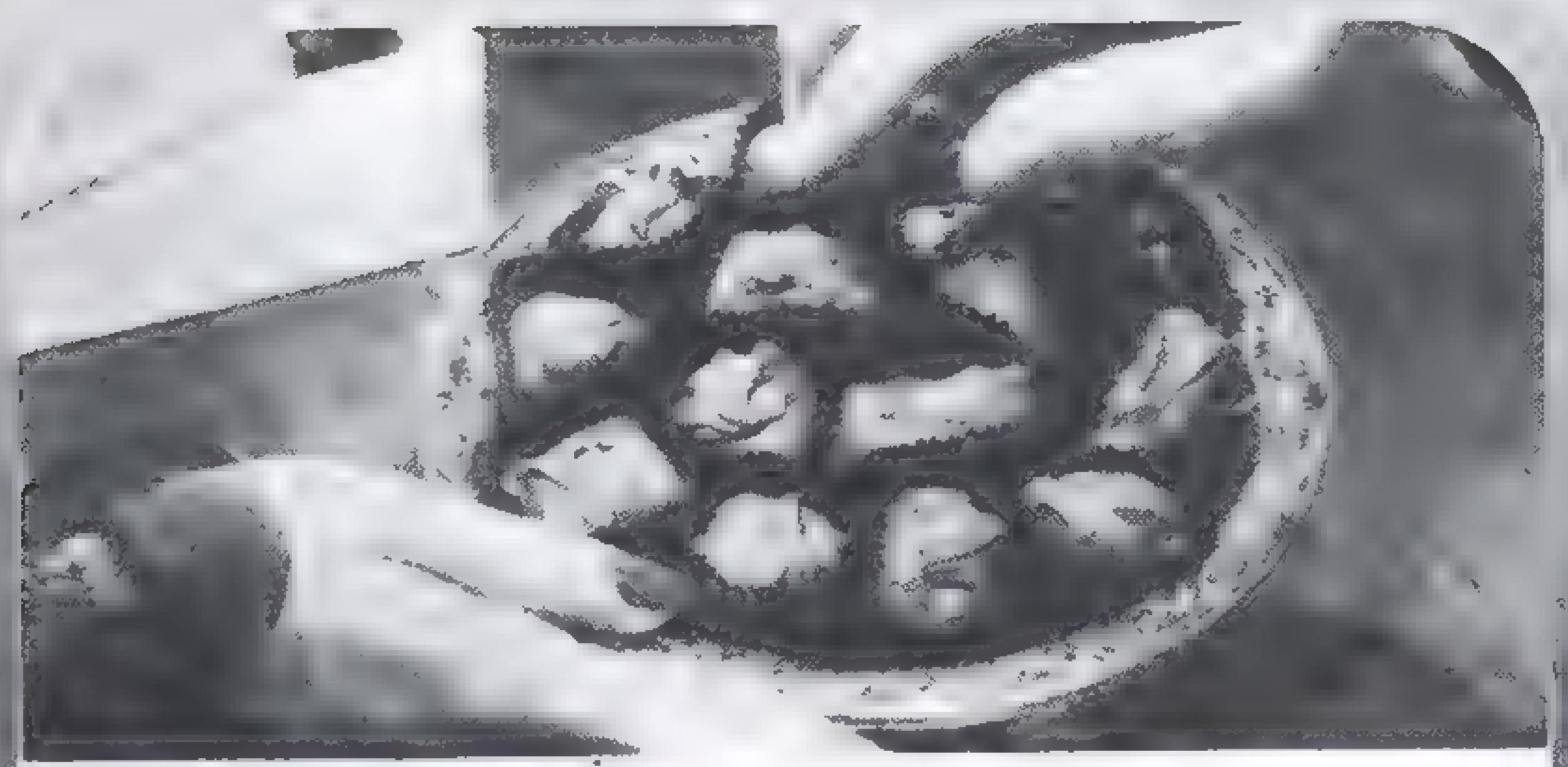
"We wish to thank our millions of listeners for the three lovely letters we received this week!"

Naturally these were nearly all impecunious lads whose broad chests, sparkling with ribbons and medals, were going to look funny when they got into civilian clothes, with a very small pay-off when and if they got a job. Hence the merry rush these days to get rid of them now that styles are changing and the military is becoming passé. There is a nice little short story in one of those heroes coming back to find his glamor-puss divorcing him and going to her house and beating hell out of her before moving on, but you write it, I don't want to. The whole thing makes me ill.

Wings Call for Humbleness

Two ghastly air tragedies were recorded in July, both of which might well have been avoided had the pilots involved acknowledged the need for a necessary humbleness in the presence of the elements of the air. One was the collision of the Mitchell Bomber with the Empire State Building. The other did not collect as much space in the papers, but seemed to me even more needlessly tragic. A hot shot fighter pilot back from abroad took out his girl, hired a kite from a neighboring airfield and flew her over the home of her parents, buzzing the ground. He caught his wing-

Continued on page 180



You can't pass a guest

YOUR guests know only the finest will ever be served in your home. The delicious taste of GILBERT CHOCOLATES, calls for more, and more, and more. Always be a discriminating hostess in the Gilbert way.

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JACKSON, MICHIGAN, U. S. A.

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A LIFETIME EDUCATION FREE
FOR HIGH SCHOOL GRADUATES WHO QUALIFY
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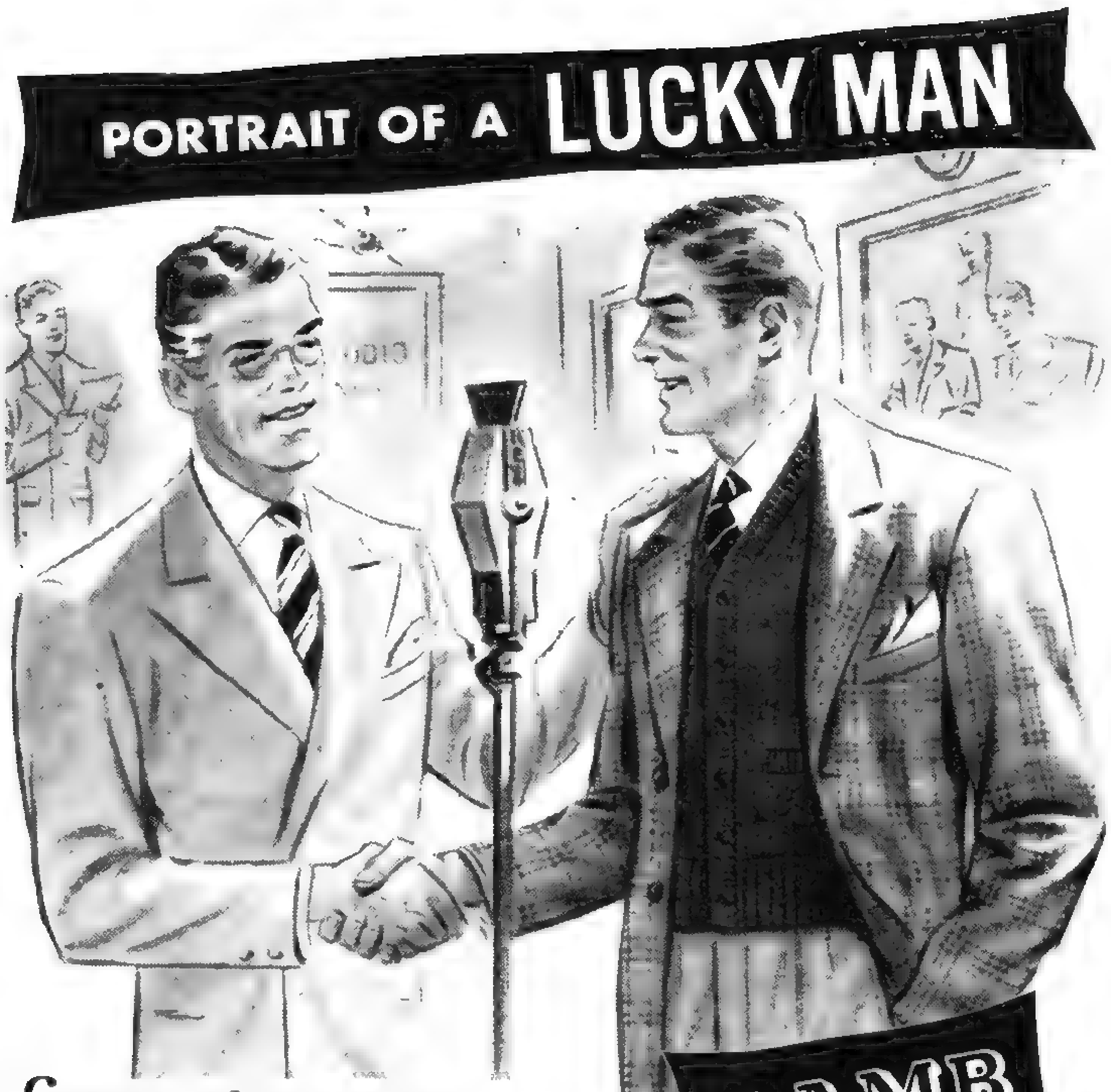
Care for Health and Clothes . . . in
ALLIGATOR RAINWEAR!

Sure, you're *smart* to wear an Alligator—when health and clothing are so important to a nation at war! Alligator keeps you dry—helps ward off colds. Helps you make suits last longer. Your dealer will usually have limited stocks available at popular prices. Remember, always ask for Alligator. The Alligator Company, St. Louis, New York, Los Angeles.

ALLIGATOR
Rainwear
because . . . IT'S SURE TO RAIN!


PORTRAIT OF A LUCKY MAN

LUCKY, not only at the $50 question, but at his local outfittery as well, for this lad is one of the fortunate few to get a light, soft, warm Lamb Knit sweater. Top-quality wool shortages have made them scarce as sirloin, but keep on asking, because if you can find a Lamb Knit, you'll have the finest sweater that money can buy!

LAMB KNIT *Sweaters*

At Men's Shops Everywhere

THE LAMB KNIT GOODS CO. · COLON, MICHIGAN

This Man's World

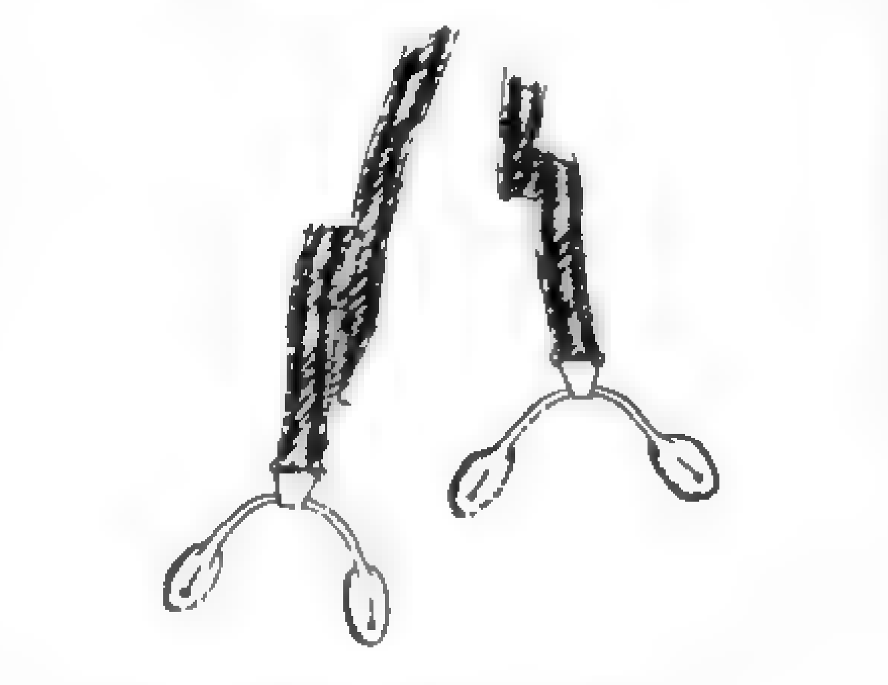
Continued from page 179

tip in a tree, and the two of them died in the flaming crash before the eyes of their relatives.

The country is going to be full of returned aces and hot-shot pilots who have flown their war planes through every kind of weather and danger to survive. It's a hell of a thing to crack up here at home and take people with you for want of a little of the humbleness that keeps aviators alive. Maybe these lines, written by an old ex-flier and QB, will reach some of these and give them pause, in which case they will have been worth-while.

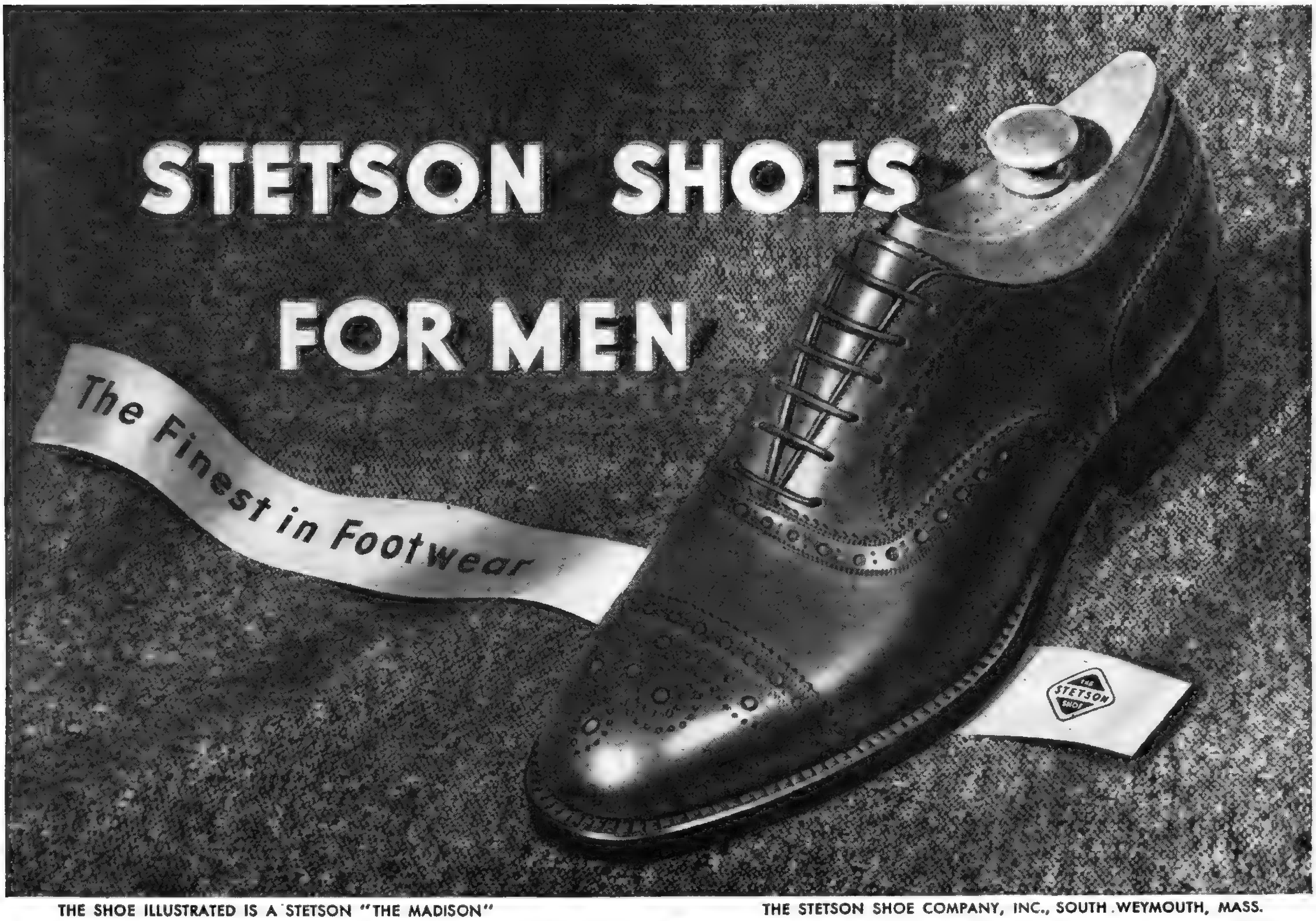
I remember one day many, many years ago soloing an old Stinson cabin ship out at Roosevelt Field. I'd made one of those sweet rolling landings where you hardly feel the wheels touch the ground. Boy, was I proud of myself. Could I fly! Whereupon I jammed my heels down in the cup-brakes and put the ship tight up onto her nose. You could see that tail sticking up for miles. I climbed out feeling my ears growing long and furry. A lone car put out from the administration and drove out to where I stood with my shame. Out of it came one of the greatest fliers of his day, Al Williams. Silently, sucking an unlit pipe, he made one complete circuit of the wreck, looking at it from every angle. Then he spoke one sentence, "Well, it's little things like these that help to keep us humble,'' got back into his car and drove off without another word.

Stay humble, kids. You're the greatest fliers the world has ever known. Keep that mead of humbleness towards the air and join the oldest living pilots' club. I know that the times have changed from the days when we used to fly those silly one-lungers made out of canvas, glue and string. Equipment has improved, ships are faster, safer, and you've all had hundreds of combat hours. But the air is still the air, a tricky, tempestuous element which calls for but one approach—respectful-like with hat in hand. ⧻



Braces showing club stripes in maroon and grey.

Continued from page 50



THE SHOE ILLUSTRATED IS A STETSON "THE MADISON"

THE STETSON SHOE COMPANY, INC., SOUTH WEYMOUTH, MASS.

Night Blooming Artist

Continued from page 83

in the 23rd Street store of G. P. Putnam's Sons, where a sympathetic manager gave him opportunities to sketch and to read. The dazzling prospect of a career as book salesman was dangled before his eyes as the likely reward of continued industry and merit, but a new, and less sympathetic, manager presented him with the ultimatum, to choose between art and Putnam's, and he chose. Already, he had enrolled in the night course at Cooper Union, where he was kept back a whole year in the antique class because he refused to use a plumb line as an aid to drawing, on the reasonable ground that if he were sketching a figure in motion he wouldn't have time to use such an aid to dead perfection. A more sympathetic teacher allowed him to enter the life class, at last; there he found that he could finish a drawing in one session, instead of a week, which was the routine.

Following the Putnam connection, Liberté filled various jobs. He became stock clerk and then assistant bookkeeper for a basket house, which regretfully let him go when they caught him sketching instead of keeping the books. He was short-order cook for a restaurant. For somewhat less than a year he did his stint on an automobile assembly line. He then became a dipper and a patin worker and for a time clerked in a 14th Street five and ten cent store. And so forth

On Christopher Street, in New York's Greenwich Village, there used to be a night club and restaurant called Don Dickerman's Pirate's Den. The owner was hipped about everything that had anything to do with piracy, the biography, history, costuming, interior decoration, appurtenances, literature and lore of the subject. From some time in the early 20's, and for eleven years, Jean Liberté worked for Don Dickerman, among his colleagues being such well-known artists as Nathaniel Dirk, Gerrit Hondius, Louis Harris. It was a night-life job which helped fix Liberté permanently in the night owl routine which he instinctively prefers.

Liberté was the pirate-costumed doorman, and he played his roles with zest in pirate-costumed skits and performed other roles in the operation of the Den, ending up with the coat room concession, whose earnings fluctuated so disastrously toward the depression that before the Den folded up he had to look for daytime jobs with which to supplement his slim pay. Liberté's chronology is anything but crystal clear, but around that time he was studying at the Art

Continued on page 182

IT'S PROFESSIONAL PERFORMANCE THAT COUNTS!

True to Form..

FOR CLEAN, COOL SHAVES!

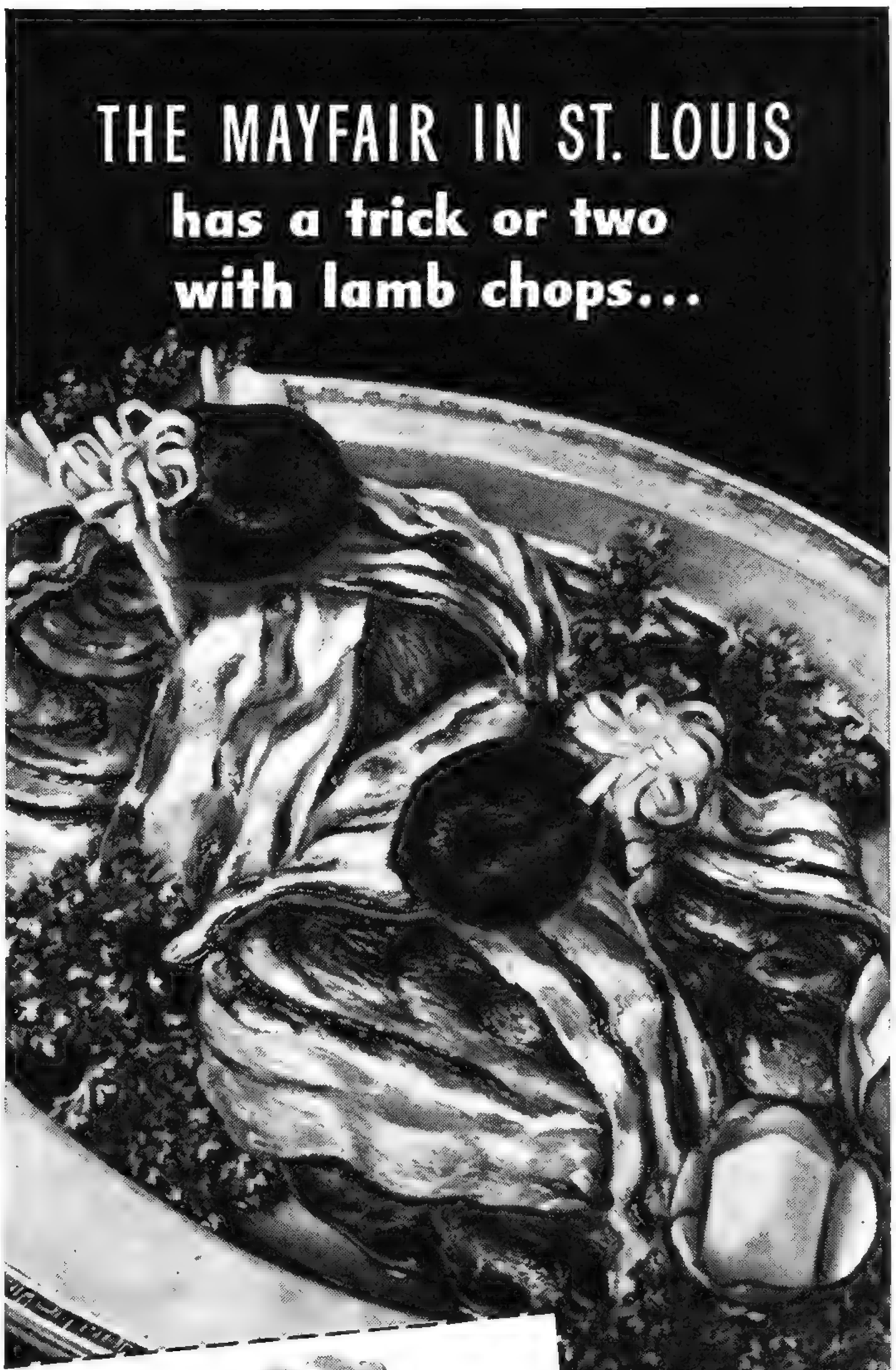
PROFESSIONAL
MADE IN U.S.A.
SURGICAL STEEL
SINGLE OR DOUBLE EDGE
5 BLADES FOR 25¢

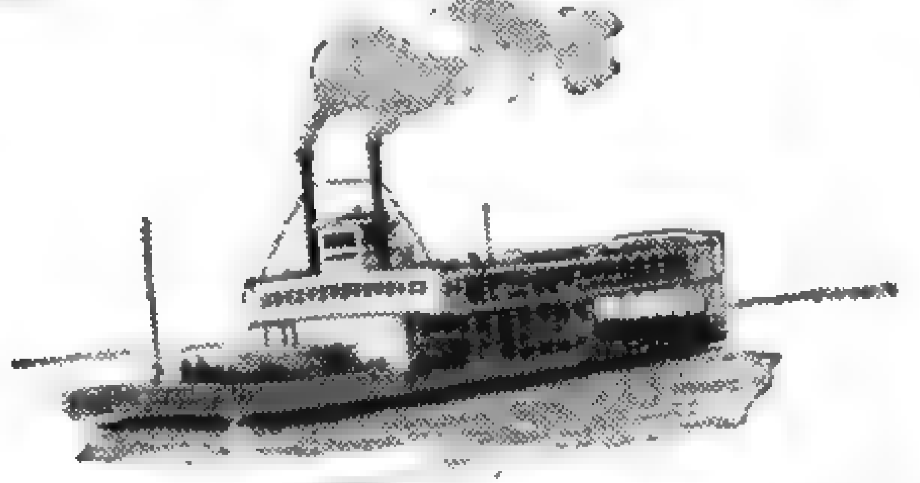
Like a plunge into the surf—cool, crisp and stimulating—that's a PROFESSIONAL shave. Smooth, clean strokes swishing through the toughest of beards with the greatest of ease... that's one way of describing it. Another is to try rust-resistant PROFESSIONAL Blades yourself! You'll get more shaves for the money—and more shaving comfort. Get them today, for the *Best Shave Ever*... everytime!

PROFESSIONAL BLADE CO., NEWARK 2, NEW JERSEY

THE MAYFAIR IN ST. LOUIS

has a trick or two with lamb chops...





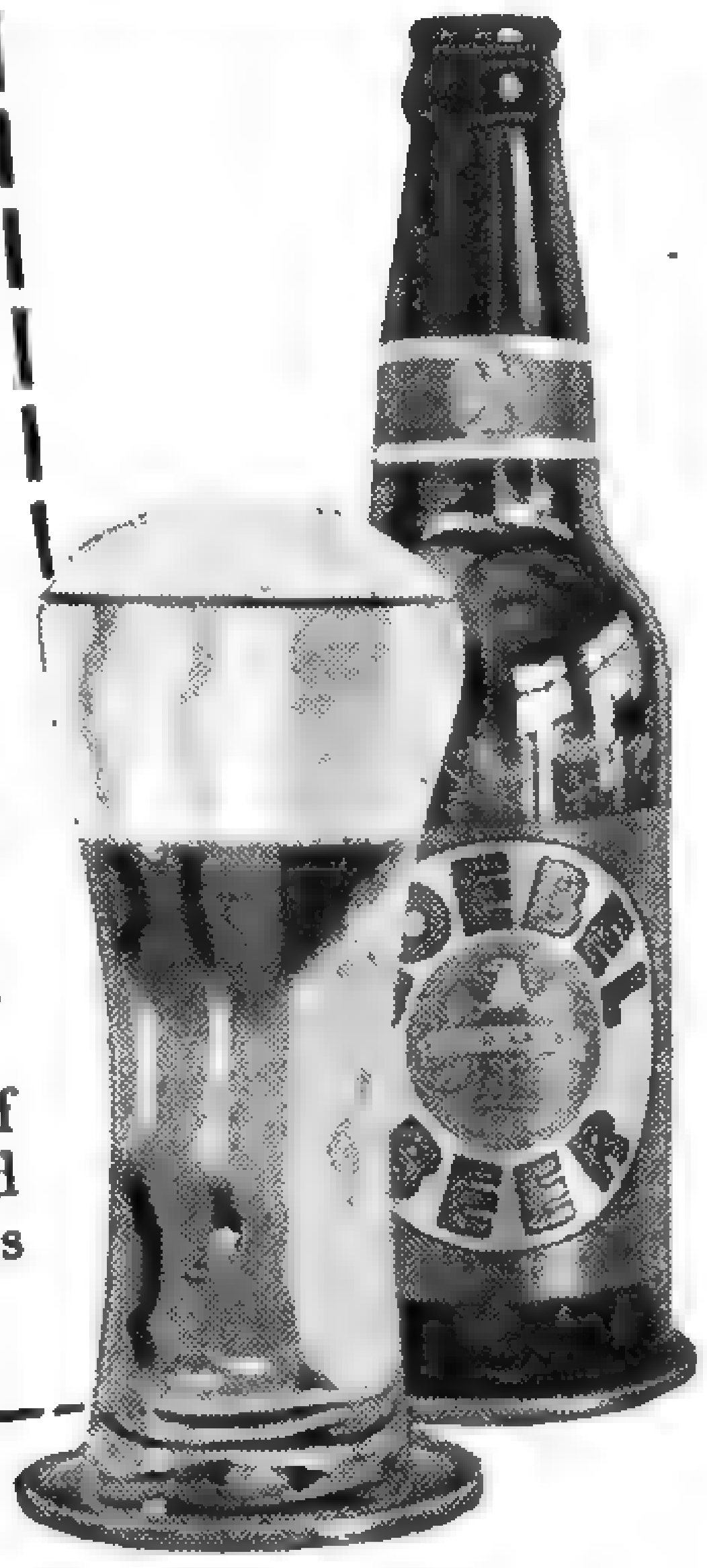
ONE *thing you're sure to remember after you visit St. Louis is fine food, including this famous specialty of the Hotel Mayfair:*

English Lamb Chop
(individual portion)

1 loin lamb chop, 1½ inches thick
½ lamb kidney
2 strips lean bacon
1 baking potato
1 pickled walnut
1 pat of butter . . . paprika

Cut lamb chop from its bone, roll the chop around kidney, fasten with toothpicks or skewer. Place chop in preheated broiler three inches from flame, leaving broiler door open. When brown on one side, season with salt and pepper and turn. Only one turn is necessary. Total broiling time, 25 minutes.

Serve with pickled walnut and strips of broiled bacon on top of chop. Open baked potato to receive pat of butter and generous sprinkling of paprika.

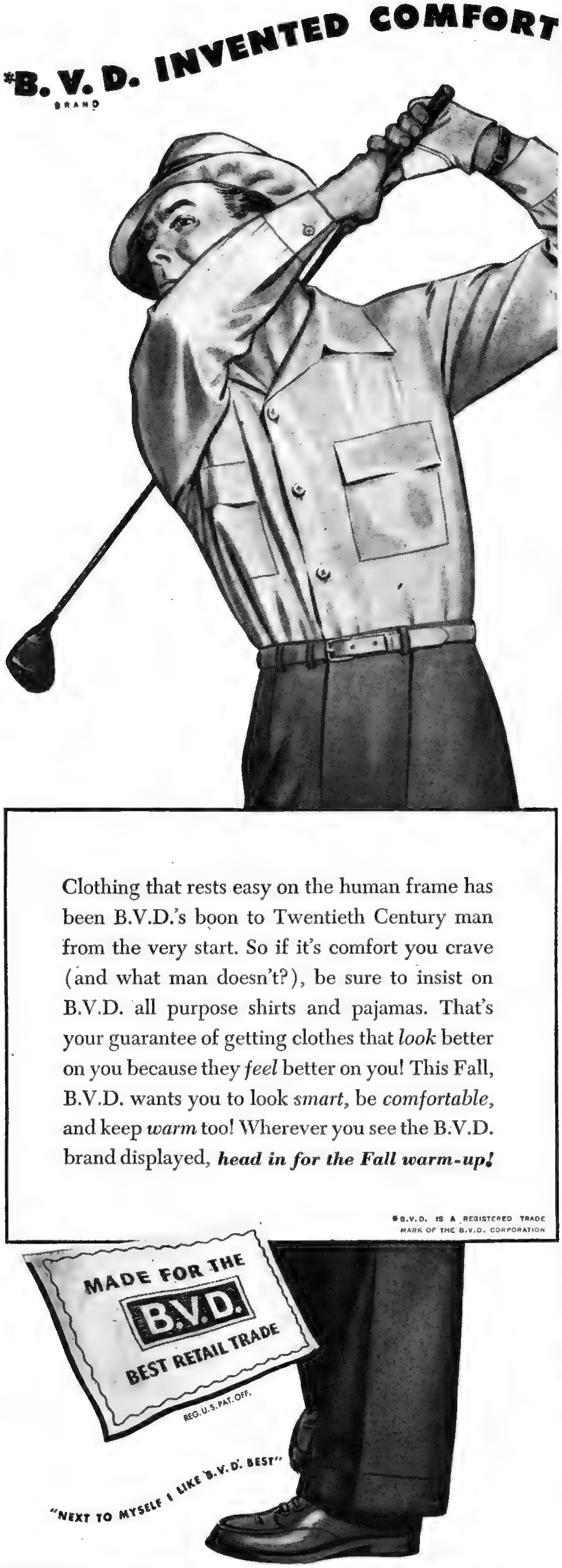


Whenever you would like to brighten a luncheon or dinner, order Goebel Beer. Good food tastes better *with Goebel.*

GOEBEL BEER

NATIONALLY FAMOUS FOR GOOD TASTE

Available in Bantam, Export and Quart bottles. Goebel Brewing Company, Detroit 7, Michigan



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BRAND
MADE FOR THE
B.V.D.
BEST RETAIL TRADE
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
"NEXT TO MYSELF I LIKE B.V.D. BEST"

Clothing that rests easy on the human frame has been B.V.D.'s boon to Twentieth Century man from the very start. So if it's comfort you crave (and what man doesn't?), be sure to insist on B.V.D. all purpose shirts and pajamas. That's your guarantee of getting clothes that *look* better on you because they *feel* better on you! This Fall, B.V.D. wants you to look *smart*, be *comfortable*, and keep *warm* too! Wherever you see the B.V.D. brand displayed, ***head in for the Fall warm-up!***

*B.V.D. IS A REGISTERED TRADE MARK OF THE B.V.D. CORPORATION

THE B. V. D. CORPORATION • EMPIRE STATE BUILDING • NEW YORK 1, N. Y.

In Canada, The B. V. D. Company, Limited, Montreal

Night Blooming Artist

Continued from page 181

Student's League under Kenneth Hayes Miller, from whom in all probability he learned about Albert Ryder, and also with a greatly beloved art teacher, now all but unknown, David Karfunkel, who had a studio across the street from the five and ten in which he worked in the daytime.

He had begun making frames for other artists' paintings and after awhile his skill and taste in these matters attracted attention. He was going to be an artist someday himself, but in the meantime he had no time. Poor artists came to him to ask him to frame their canvases and because they could not pay with money they paid with pictures and because he was sympathetic, he accepted the barter. There was a winter without coal and there was hardly enough cash with which to buy the materials he needed. He realized that he could not be both framer and artist and that he understood the artist's lot too keenly to work for other artists. Today he makes frames for no pictures but his own.

His serious painting career may be said to have begun, roughly, at Yaddo in Saratoga Springs, New York, around 1934, during the summer of which he was a guest. This was the first period of unbroken leisure for his own work Liberté ever had enjoyed and he made the most of it, painting at a feverish pace for as many as eighteen hours a day. Mrs. Ames, the directress, invited Liberté to remain beyond the summer and paint at a more restful rhythm. It was at Yaddo that Liberté first came to realize the possibilities of the night as the subject matter and the climate of art. Sometimes he would take walks long after midnight and get a lift from the silence and darkness which the New York night could not give him.

He remained at Yaddo for the greater part of two years, painting. But all this work added up only to a trial heat. He was not yet ready to enter the real race. He was afraid that his paintings wouldn't stand up in exhibition. It was not labor lost. It was a warming up. In 1936 he spent four months at Northampton, Massachusetts. Hardly stirring from his room, he turned out an exhibition of paintings, which went on view at the Dorothy Paris Gallery in 1937. It was a success. The reception was enthusiastic. The art reviewer to whom Liberté feels especially indebted for his recognition is Emily Genauer of the New York *World-Telegram*. And from then on he kept at his easel. On the side he framed an occasional painting, for the truth is that Liberté loves to

---

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I'm interested in Esquire calendars and specialties for advertising. Please send your representative with samples of the complete assortment as soon as possible.
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"You're asking for a Good Sock" WHEN YOU SAY Westminster
"You're asking for a Good Sock" WHEN YOU SAY Westminster
Westminster
FAMOUS AMERICAN
SOCKS

work with tools and materials, and the pull of his workbench is secondary only to the pull of the easel.

He was still far from being a howling success. By standards not too exacting, he is not highly successful today. There are dozens of commercial artists who earn much more money. But Liberté is content, for the moment, to ask no more from life than the continued opportunity to paint with a mind that is free for painting. He believes that he has come at last to the approximate turning point of his career and he connects this with the chain of circumstances that followed the breaking of his leg in July, 1943. As a painter of the night, he was interested in developing coal mine motifs and he had reached Johnstown, Pennsylvania, to see what he could find. The second day out, before he had had a chance even to select a theme, he slipped on the grass and fractured his right leg. He was in a cast for seven months, the fracture was reset three times and more than two years later, Liberté is still under medical care. But during this period Liberté learned how wealthy he was in the loyalty of his friends, one of whom nursed him for months following his return from the hospital and, singlehanded, arranged for him his one-man show at the Babcock Gallery in 1944.

Liberté calls these months the turning point of his career because within them occurred certain favorable events: a moonlight theme, *Twin Lights*, won a 500-dollar prize at the Corcoran Art Gallery, there were numerous sales to collectors and museums and the Art Students' League invited him to become one of the staff of instructors, beginning with the Fall, 1945, term. Liberté has a didactic, expository streak in him which ought to help make him an excellent teacher, especially in connection with his intimate knowledge of methods in painting and gouache.

By those who know him best Liberté is described as a lovable, warm, human and wholly admirable person, generous to a fault, one who forgets his own troubles in his concern for those of others. He is very fond of music and plays recordings of Bach, Beethoven and Mozart while painting. When he was a boy he studied the violin, but when he realized that he would have to choose between music and painting, he sold his fiddle.

He used to be extremely active, playing baseball and basketball and he tossed the shot on his school's track team. Today he reads the sport pages regularly and attends baseball games whenever he has a chance. He is also keen about the circus. Literature and philosophy constitute his favorite reading. He is capable with his hands and does every bit of plumbing, carpentry and electrical repair work that is required around the house. ⧺

Continued from page 83

The One and Only
In landmarks, it's the "*Eiffel Tower*" ... in Scotch, it's *Haig & Haig* ... masterpieces that have stood the test of time
HAIG & HAIG FIVE STAR Liqueur Blended Scots Whisky
It Had to be Better
to enjoy such universal preference for *318 years*
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STAMINA plus style

Shoes that start out smartly, and stay that way are of champion calibre. For stamina *with* style . . . step into Footsavers. They're specially made for fastidious men. Hand-fashioned of select, top-grade leathers that mellow with age, Footsavers are lasted to give everlasting comfort. Such fine shoes should cost more. Footsavers do. But they deliver more. Frontier, illustrated, is one of many Footsavers at $11.50 to $12.95. Made by Bostonians, Whitman, Mass.

Footsaver Shoes

BOSTONIANS AT THEIR FINEST

Report from Detroit–1945

Continued from page 60

multiple transmission and the four-wheel drive . . . the jeep would be nothing more than pale shadow of its 1,800 dollar self. It is expected, in Detroit, that for a year or so after hostilities, optimistic buyers will scoop up the surplus jeeps sold by the Army. But sooner or later a new problem will creep up when civilian buyers need replacement parts. So far no manufacturer has announced his intention of leaving more fruitful fields to knock out jerrybuilt parts for superannuated jeeps.

Optimists like this writer, however, expect the ever-resourceful Sears Roebuck Company to devise some way of filling in the breech. It is not improbable that the S-R catalogue of 1947 will advertise "Jeep transmissions . . . $97.56 plus your old flame thrower . . . or $93.27 plus your Garand rifle and vacuum cleaner."

Otherwise the Detroit report is conservative, extremely conservative. You are aware, of course, that by March 31, of next year, the industry will deliver precisely 691,018 new automobiles. Why precisely 691,018 and not 691,017 or 691,019 is a matter for the statisticians. But these, be warned, are not going to be wonder cars.

You have been nourished, no doubt, on the notion that war spawns progress, speeds research, and purges evil from the face of the globe. You have also heard how these thaumaturgic virtues of Mars will affect the postwar car. Plastic tops, concealed motors, super-fuels, and much lightness, if not sweetness, have been guaranteed you by the purveyors of monumental good news.

The new automobiles, according to some purple promises, will run a lifetime on one filling of ambrosia. At the same time they will smooth out your neuroses, remove your appendices, and provide you with the constant companionship of pre-lit, hydromatic dancing girls.

If these, mister, are part of your GI phantasmagoria, you are a candidate for shock treatment.

Detroit is a realistic city. It is not given to a singing in the sails which is not of the wind. Detroit is going to give you in the latter part of 1945 and the early monsoons of 1946 precisely what it knows you want and will buy—which is to say the kind of cars you got in 1942.

You are going to get these cars in 1945 because it is a physical impossibility for the industry to turn out any other kind of a car . . . even if you and Detroit were able to get together and pool your exotic ideas and cliché "know how."

When my plane glided down over the Detroit factories, the ground glared up at me, a sullen, tired red. I learned later, when

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This Is Model No. 21

Antique finish—also other handsome models, smooth or antique.

LHS Sterncrest 14K, $7.50

Solid gold band—selected briar.

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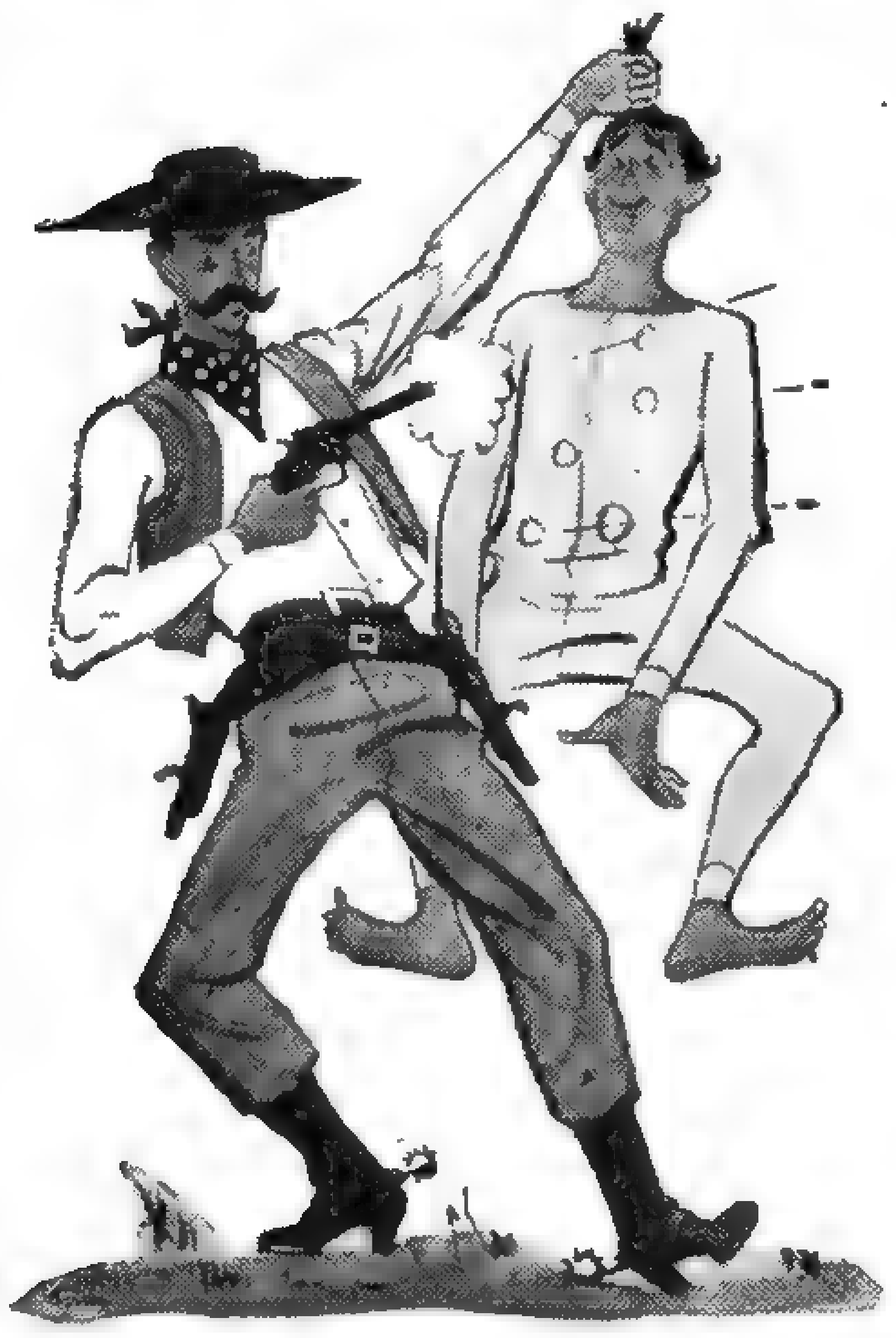
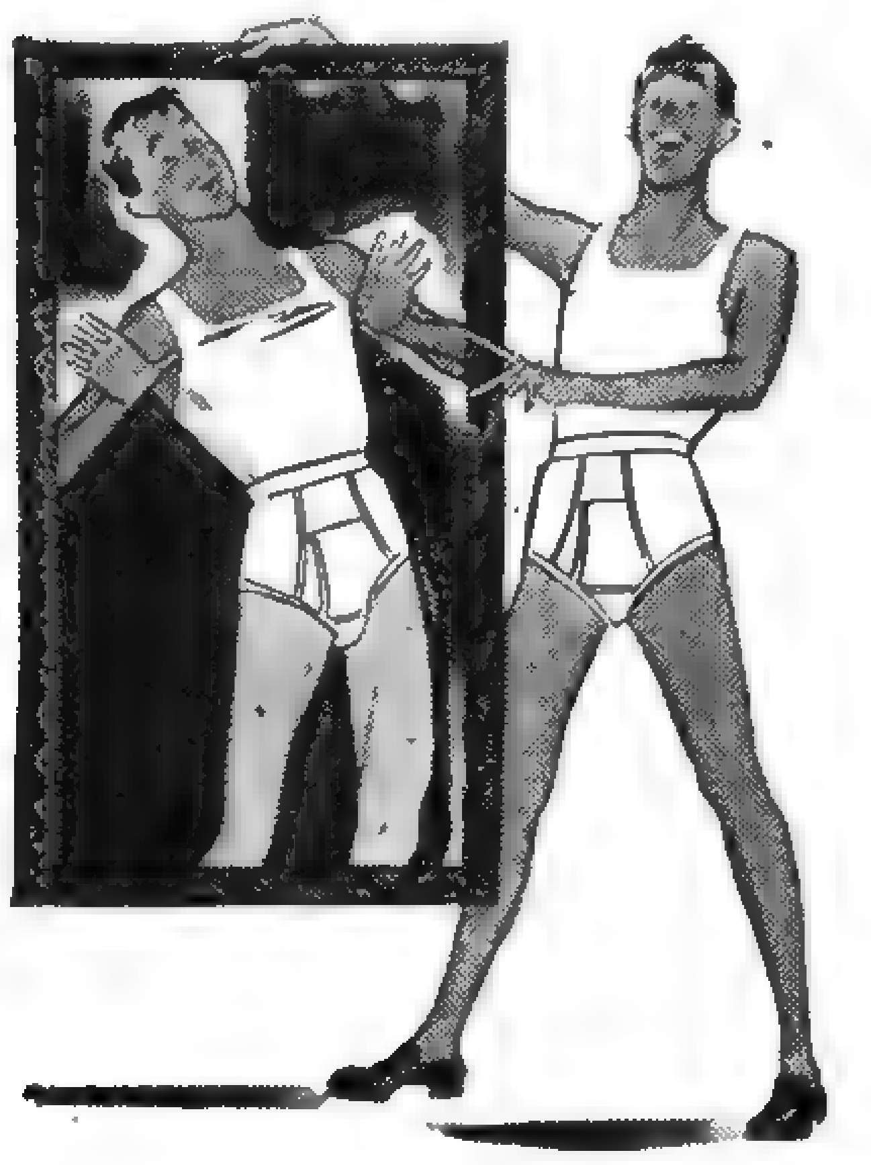
What do you know about-



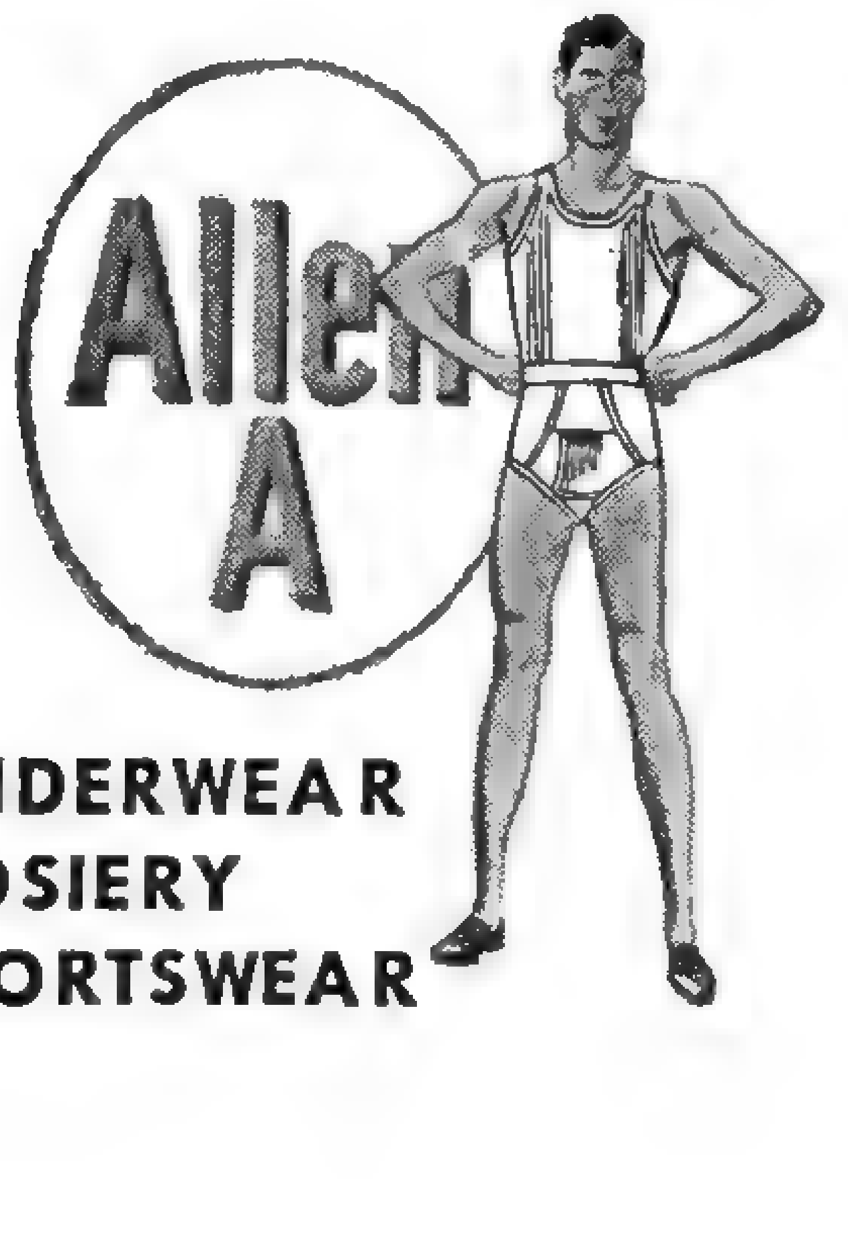
A Jesse J...?

Used to get so disgusted with scratchy, old-fashioned underwear that he shot it full of holes. Sometimes there would be people in the underwear. This gave him a bad reputation. (Too bad he didn't know Allen-A)



An Allen-A...?

Twentieth century name for underwear, hosiery and sportswear that no one shoots full of holes. Why? Because Allen-A underwear's knit the way you're built. Fits like your skin only more comfortable. It's a name to remember for quality underwear, hosiery and sportswear! Remember . . .



UNDERWEAR
HOSIERY
SPORTSWEAR

I roamed through the acres of monotony, which constitute the pride of the machine age, that that spread of red was rust—rusting dies, rusting tools, rusting jigs.

Now it takes months and millions to make these motor necessities. And Detroit, no matter what the superoptimists tell you, is still engaged in the chief task of the moment, which is making more machines for making war. There is going to be no slackening of the war-machine effort because some of us would like to go jalopy-crazy before V-J day.

I found that wherever floor room had been released from Army and Navy purposes, these rusted dies and tools and jigs are being dragged in, scraped down, set up, oiled, and given setting-up exercises.

Another problem is the locating and redistribution of much-needed tools. Contrary to the public's normal misconceptions, a factory equipped to turn out motors is not able to turn its equipment, at the flick of a siren, to the production of Bofors guns or airplane motors. And conversely, once the transition to the new products has been made—a transition which calls for new tools—the swingback cannot be made through the simple expedient of reversing the process.

It seems to be in the nature of things that American cars—unlike Rolls Royces, Swiss watches, and Green Chartreuse—have to be made in mass production lots. Detroit manufacturers think of output in terms of 3,000 cars a day. This calls for special tools—tools that have been scattered to the far corners of the Michigan plain during these parlous years. The industry, more co-operative than much small talk would leave the public to assume, has pooled its surplus machine tools through master lists filed with the Automotive Council for War Production. This pool is saving from 60 to 120 days in the relocation and sale of strategic equipment.

But the motor industry is taking the conversion in its usual pragmatic stride. It is making no glorious promises. It is not offering Aladdin's lamps on Magic Carpets, nor even the most functional type of cars that could soon be built. It is offering mass production as usual.

A few minor changes can be predicted, however, for the late 1945 and early 1946 models. Although the cars themselves will be substantially the same as the prewar models, they will have their faces lifted. It is a relatively practicable matter to give them new fronts. These will be of stainless steel instead of chrome: chrome is still as scarce as slant-eyed blondes. Further, stainless steel is easy to fabricate in a hurry: grillwork of this stuff can be rolled and pressed, then built up like a picket fence.

These fronts, most designers feel, will follow the Cadillac pattern—

Continued on page 186

HARVEY'S
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Sherries & Ports

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NO MATTER where you go for post-war work or play, the compass points to Byrd Cloth all the way. Whether it's rain, shine or snow, in temperature 100° above or 20° below, Byrd Cloth's the choice of the weather-wise.

This wind-resistant, water-repellent fabric featuring the "breather" characteristic which allows body moisture to evaporate through the fabric pores, was tested and highly praised by Admiral Byrd on his famous Polar expeditions. It is also the preferred fabric for Army and Navy Summer Flight Clothing. For better looking post-war sports and rainwear, demand Byrd Cloth, the fabric that's right for all weather!

OTHER FABRICS IN THE REEVES GROUP ARE:

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40 WORTH STREET, NEW YORK 13, N. Y.

BUY MORE WAR BONDS!

Report from Detroit—1945

Continued from page 185

spreading like a green bay tree.

Dashboards will be new. Dashboards, too, are easy to fabricate. Fenders will cease to have a life of their own, but tend, more and more, to become an integral part of the body. New fabrics are expected to replace the old wool and cotton, particularly the easily cleanable and ultra-durable synthetics such as Koroseal and Velon. Among other things, these coverings will be easier to slide across—if you are the restless type with *Wanderlust* in your flank.

There is some talk about wheels and tires being smaller. Contraction of the wheel diameter, remember, will give you a lower center of gravity, hence more road stability and more comfort on the curves. This, however, is still talk.

But almost everybody I talked with in Detroit—from cab drivers to division presidents—had one goal in mind: getting back to quantity outputs.

"We don't want to experiment—now," was the general consensus, "what we want to do is to manufacture the best car for the money that the public will buy . . . and turn out that car at the rate of four million units a year."

All fanciful talk is pooh-poohed. A kind of neo-Darwinian process of natural selection is at work, dictating what is to be produced—not only immediately, but in the year following the war. Sports, or deviations from mass tastes, are soon lopped off in the competition for the mass market. As soon as government restrictions are removed, cars could be built with motors under the rear seat and the interior ten feet long. Cars could be built in a wide variety of styles and models.

But the mass market will be concentrated for a long time around the stereotyped forms the public has learned to accept. The industry learned its pioneering lesson with the Chrysler Airflow car of the early 1930's—a car which revolutionized styling, but which put its producers several million dollars into the red. A model brought out in advance of public acceptance is a costly luxury for its innovators. And Detroit is not out, these parlous days, for costly luxuries.

Possibly there is room in the industry for a new and smaller company, one which does not have to fulfill its percentage of an optimum four million units in order to meet normal overhead, and consequently can forego some of the conservatism and repetitive standardization.

"Possibly," answers the industry, with the solemnity of Poe's raven. "Anything can be done . . . if you can get a large enough public to meet the bill. But where are the Dusenbergs and Cords of yesteryear?" ⧺

Continued from page 60

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OLD ANGUS
BRAND
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BLENDED SCOTCH
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A NOBLE SCOTCH

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CROTON WATERPROOF AQUAMATIC NEEDS NO WINDING AT ALL!

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Croton SELF-WINDING
WATERPROOF AQUAMATIC

Air Careers for the Yanks

Continued from page 39

good job. A combination agricultural insecticide specialist and flying duster would be excellent.

Most of the dust and spray planes now in operation are built-over passenger or training planes. Charges to equip a plane for spraying or dusting run from 2,500 to 5,000 dollars. After the plane is equipped, it must then pass rigid safety tests. But the cost of engineering and rebuilding these planes is likely to come down as attachments are improved and companies here and there begin specializing in such work. You can get a rough idea of what it means to convert an ordinary plane into a duster by writing to the U. S. Department of Agriculture in Washington, D. C., for *A Hopper and Mechanism for Distribution of Baits and Dust by Airplane for Insect Control.* The fellows who design better spray and dust equipment will probably find themselves a business in the process.

Those who think they have the money, drive and managerial skill to get into air transport probably want a few lines on outlook and developments in this field. Experts' ideas about postwar air transport add up to expansion—perhaps as much as ten times the prewar air tonnage. But there's a limit to the likely growth of this new aerial baby. Air freight isn't going to make any real dent in rail and water transport. Besides, most freight items don't need to move at 200 miles per hour.

The opening wedge in lining up large volumes of air freight business might come in fruits and vegetables. At least that's what studies of the Bureau of Agricultural Economics and the Edwards S. Evans Transportation Research point towards. These studies have been looking into the possibility of carrying fresh fruits and vegetables from the South and West to the North and East. Researchers believe that if air cargo rates of less than ten cents a mile per ton can be offered fruit and vegetable shippers, that about one-third of the billion tons of stuff coming from the winter garden areas yearly might move to northern and eastern markets by air.

Who will bite off the big chunks of this air transport business? This writer believes that nearly all of it will go to the big operators. That would mean that expansion in the air transport field would mainly result in jobs for marketing specialists, ground crews and pilots. Business opportunities in this field for the little fellow look pretty thin. But big fellows often start small.

Servicemen who could swing the deal might operate an eight-plane fleet, say six in operation and two in reserve, with three ships flying daily in one direction and three in the opposite. To make it pay out, the air transport centers would have to be about 750 miles

Continued on page 188

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TACKLE TWILL*

There is only one genuine Tackle Twill and only William Skinner & Sons makes it. At present, most of it is in service with the Armed Forces. But it will return again under peaceful skies in modern sportswear and rainwear. William Skinner & Sons, New York 3. Established 1848.

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Skinner's
TACKLE TWILL*

Air Careers for the Yanks

Continued from page 187

apart and the flyers would have to fly along an established airway to permit night flying. But the operators would need to spot some manufactured products that they could take on the back haul. If a combination of perishable goods were carried to several big cities, enough cargo could probably be collected for west or southbound movement. When you are thinking of what to carry, don't forget flowers, lobsters, berries, jewelry, precision instruments and the other items that are already moving by air in a small way.

Anyone thinking seriously of doing something about this potential transport business would need more than pilots in his organization. First, someone willing to risk anywhere from 300,000 to half a million dollars should be found. That will stop most everyone. Second, there should be industrial and agricultural marketing specialists—fellows who know something about collecting vegetables and manufactured products and getting them out on the market. There should also be an all-around partner who knows something about operating an airline—who has operating know-how. A brain and money combination like this might push an air transport deal over.

A good many servicemen have the idea that small cities are going to offer swell opportunities for short air pick-up and taxi routes. They are thinking of flying passengers, some freight, and mail from small town to small town. But small town transport possibilities are not bright. Any local air carriers who try to develop this will be competing with the most highly developed rail and highway transportation systems in the world. Experts here again believe that the automobile will continue to move not only the short haul passengers, but most of the freight. Small airplanes couldn't compete in fare either on freight or passengers. But some will try it and in unusual spots pick-up services will develop.

If you really think you know a place where a small local air service will go, better get a copy of the April, 1945 issue of the magazine, *Flying*, and read *So You Want to Start an Airline*, by Edward E. Slattery, Jr. You'll get an idea of the conditions you must meet and some of the problems you will come up against. Slattery reports that more than 800 applicants for new airlines now before the C.A.B. will probably be turned down because the services are not needed.

The best thing for a fellow to do, if he's sure he has a good in on an airline possibility, is to file an application with the Civil Aeronautics Board in Washington, D. C. After awhile he'll be asked to come to Washington to a hearing where he'll present his case. If

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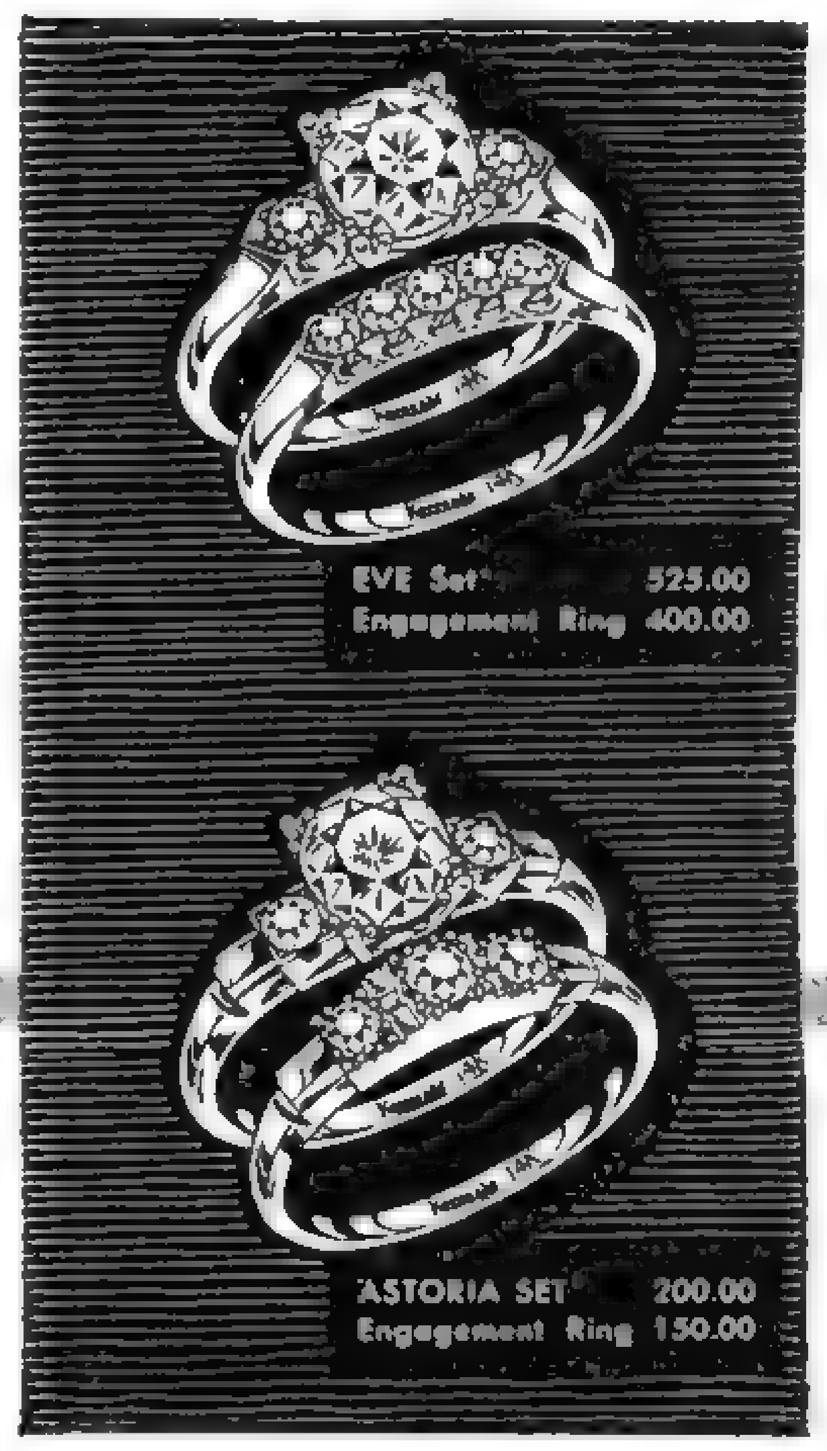

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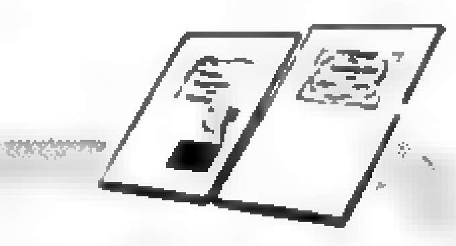

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you are overseas, you will have to get a representative to go there for you. Maybe it will be wife, sweetheart, sister, father, or lawyer. It will be tough and expensive to get someone to the hearing, but it's been done. The Norsemen Air Transport, proposing a domestic feeder line through New England, applied not long ago—and all of the men in on the deal were in overseas service.

If you like to fish and fly, there's a way you can do both. Locating schools of sardines, tuna, pilchards, herring, and other food fish for the multimillion-dollar fishing industry looks like a good bet for some. Aerial scouting for fish is not new. Many of you probably already have the idea from having seen fish underwater from the air—just as you have submarines. Private planes for scouting fish have been used by various companies along the West Coast. In 1941 Seaplane Fisheries, Inc., was formed in Bay City, Oregon, but it broke up when the war came along. But even before the war the industry had become so promising that several firms had obtained permission to get Navy and Coast Guard planes and blimps to report fishery concentrations. The co-operation of these branches of the service resulted in substantial increases in fish catch. One Australian firm has carried on a similar business with good results.

To get into this you'll need a good set of eyes, some capital, and plenty of patience. The boys who know something about deep-sea fishing and flying have an inside track. The pay will probably be good, too. Seaplane Fisheries, Inc. contracted for payments at twenty cents a ton. A typical school of sardines located by air yields over 6,000 tons. That means 1,200 dollars for one flight. So, it looks worth checking on as a part-time operation to be combined with other private plane jobs.

While there will be some opportunities for aerial photographers and lab men in aerial mapping—which means making contour maps for dam sites, reservoirs, flood control systems and highway routes, as well as making geologic maps in unexplored country and unmapped geologic areas — this field will provide relatively few jobs. There will be some, however, that will be worth checking. These will be with the Federal Government, aerial mapping and mining and petroleum companies. But the field is limited. Most men with photographic experience will find opportunities in commercial photography, due for a postwar boom.

That about rounds off the industrial flying picture. Perhaps one or two other items should be mentioned. Charter flying is expected to increase—and along with it will probably come a sizable rent-a-plane service which got a small start before the war. A few pilots and mechanics will find jobs, too, in forestry—where they will do smoke spotting, haul fire-

Continued on page 190

The fine touch...

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Pajamas

they SPREAD when you do

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Air Careers for the Yanks

Continued from page 189

fighting parachutists, drop equipment and food to fire fighters, and radio directions to fire-fighting ground crews. The few forest flying jobs will be with the forest services of the state and federal governments. There'll be a job here and there, too, flying for power and oil line companies inspecting power and oil lines.

But there will be a good deal more than industrial flying. Some mechanics, ground crewmen and gunners will be able to put their aviation skill to work in the insurance field. Aviation insurance is specialized stuff, just like marine insurance. Companies who insure ships and cargo must have men who know ships and shipping—aviation insurance people will need salesmen who know planes and flying. Men with insurance background, plus air force experience, will have a good start—but companies expect to train new men.

Aviation mechanics would be just the thing for adjustment departments. Companies must be able to tell whether a crashed ship can be repaired and if repair charges are reasonable. Aviation mechanics could figure man hours and material costs needed to repair crashed ships.

Engineering and inspection departments of insurance companies will also offer some career opportunities. Several aviation underwriters maintain such departments to check on insured equipment. Insurance companies must know the condition of planes they insure.

A new postwar profession—flight engineering—has possibilities. Flight engineers have become ever more important as airplanes have added more equipment. Larger and more complicated aircraft are sure to come. Some airlines pay flight engineers about 500 to 600 dollars a month, or about the same as co-pilots. Generally, a flight engineer will probably have to hold an Aircraft and Engine Mechanics license, have multi-engine experience, and be thoroughly familiar with the complex systems of various planes. He'll need flight training and flight time, be able to record flight data and prepare flight reports. While the planes of today require only one engineer, those of the future will probably require two or more. The engineer's panel of the Mars Constellation and other flying ships now in experimental stage is proof of a bright future for the qualified flight operator.

There are a good many who like aviation, but won't care to stay in the air. Some of these may be disabled and won't continue flying or engage in any aviation work involving physical labor. These men might look over jobs in teaching both in high schools and colleges. There will be greater emphasis on courses that involve the elements of aviation, such as meteorology, aerodynamics, inter-

"Stick to your etchings, Mr. T!"

"Your etchings are fine, my friend. But your advances leave me limp... and not from admiration, either!

"Why don't you use Mum!

"Underarm odor isn't just something that happens to us weak, frail little women, Mister.

"It happens to men, too!

"*You*, for instance! And maybe you think people don't mind underarm odor in a man. Well—*they do*, Mister.

"And it's time you learned that nice men, smart men guard against underarm odor... and give people a chance to like them! Try Mum!"

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nal combustion engines, structure of airplanes and physics. Look for increased effort to teach the importance of aviation in courses like geography, general science and others. Pay prospects for teachers are brighter, too.

Many air corps men have been writing to the Civil Aeronautics Administration about jobs in the air with CAA after the shooting is over. Here, we'll let CAA speak for themselves. Their latest release on CAA employment opportunities goes about like this:

"Although the CAA is certain to expand as flying increases, it will take back its own men in service first, and, further, there are very few flying jobs in the CAA. Those few require pilots of exceptional skill, and many years of experience on a wide variety of airplanes. Employment possibilities as a pilot with the CAA are so small as to be negligible, at least for several years.

"The CAA cannot operate now as an employment agency, and it should be remembered that no serviceman can make any definite job commitments until the date of his discharge is certain. When the time comes, the CAA will give its full co-operation to the Veterans' Bureau, all branches of aviation, and to individuals, to help them get located in the aviation work they wish to do.

"Airways jobs, from engineering to maintenance, will be available with the CAA Communications, Air Traffic Control, and maintenance men will be needed as the airways are expanded after the war. Today there are 37,000 miles of airways in the U. S. and 8,000 miles of airways in Alaska, and the Airways service of the CAA employs 6,500 persons. This number may be expected to double if expected flying increases come to pass. Men with military experience in air traffic control, communications, weather, signals—either operation or maintenance—will be logical CAA employees."

The National Airport Plan, drawn up by the CAA, is now being considered by Congress. This plan would double the number of airports (from 3,000 to 6,000), ninety per cent of the increase being the smaller fields for private flyers. The plan, financed in part by Federal funds, would provide suitable airports for all towns and cities, and would provide a tremendous and lasting stimulant to the entire aviation industry.

Sixty-three thousand operational jobs would result from the new air fields, making a total of about 126,000 jobs for the 6,300 fields. At the average large airport, used by transport services, 200 men are usually employed, the jobs ranging from airport manager down through the waiter in the airport restaurant to the man who keeps the grounds clean. At smaller airports, the estimate of jobs is ten per field. There should be business opportunities around these air fields too.

Anyone who sees a chance to start a small airport of his own,

(Continued on page 192)

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for good socks
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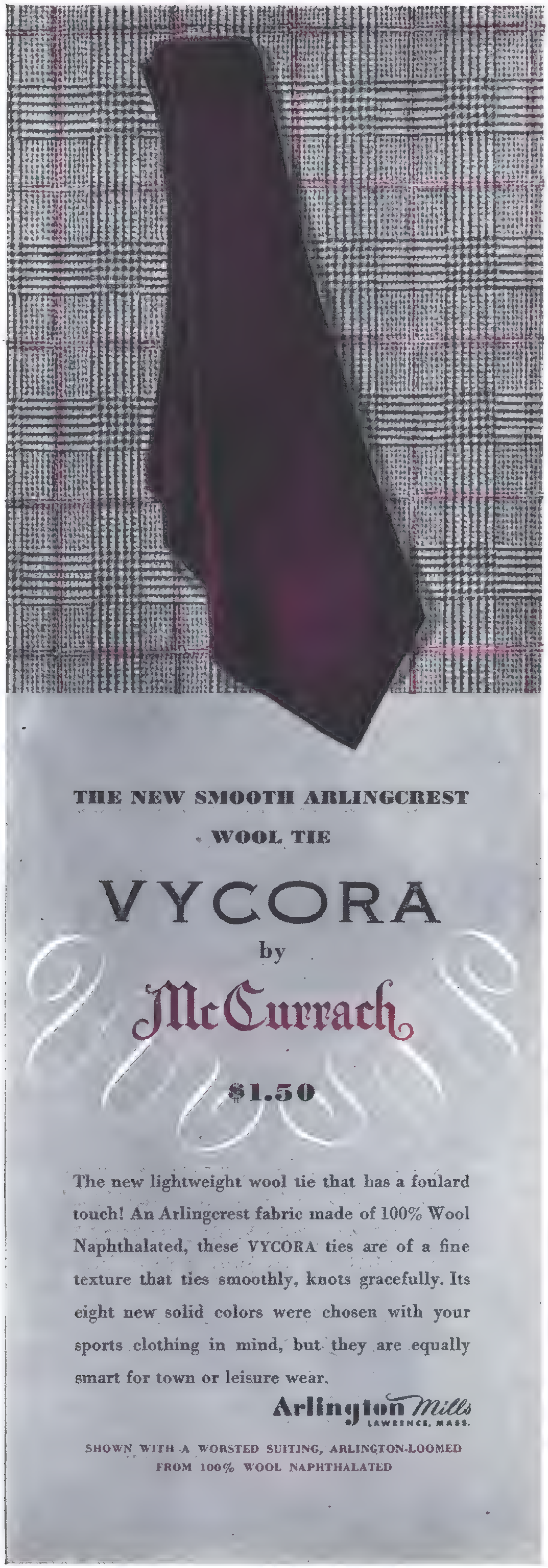

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SHOWN WITH A WORSTED SUITING, ARLINGTON-LOOMED FROM 100% WOOL NAPHTHALATED

Air Careers for the Yanks

Continued from page 191

or perhaps get a job as an airport manager might do well to take a course in airport management under the GI Bill. Many universities are now setting up such courses. It's a good idea, also, to check with CAA regional offices who have qualified airport engineers available to advise you. The thing to do is to contact the regional office in the area you plan to locate for advice. You can get a list of regional offices by writing to the CAA and asking for their booklet, *Airport Design.*

Scheduled airlines are planning to do a little expanding, too. It's a good idea for men who are looking for jobs to know where and when. And there's a way to get a line on proposed new airlines. The Civil Aeronautics Board can tell what applications for airlines—in the states or around the world—have been approved. At the moment postwar scheduled airline expansion looks about like this: An optimistic estimate for the first five years after the war calls for an increase from the present 350 airliners to 1,000. This many airliners would need about 6,000 to 8,000 men as flight crews, and 23,000 on the ground. Most of these jobs that will be open will be filled by former airline employees now in the armed forces and veterans returning from the Naval Air Transport Service and the Air Transport Command.

By checking with the CAB you will learn things that can give you leads to possible aviation jobs with domestic and international airlines. For instance, CAB's examiners recently recommended that Pan-American Airways and American Export Airlines be authorized to operate North Atlantic routes and that applications for such routes by other airlines be denied. Or, for instance, the examiners' report on Latin American routes recommends that certificates be granted to Pan-American, Eastern, Braniff, American and Western Air Lines, authorizing service between the United States and points in Central and South America and the West Indies. Applications for South Atlantic and Pacific routes are also under consideration. Anyone with ideas and drive should be able to use advance information of this kind as an aid in finding job and career spots with airline companies.

Look for some postwar expansion of air services in Alaska. Here's the way it looks from here. Most of the planes operating now are 1926 and 1927 models. One of the first things airlines in Alaska will need is more equipment. When more equipment is available, expansion of services will follow. Look especially for expansion by some of the big outfits like Alaska Airlines, United Air Lines and Pan American Airlines. Men who have acquired special aviation skills might be interested

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to know how important their skills will be in the postwar airline picture. The following chart gives you a rough idea of the kinds and proportions of workers that will be employed to keep our peacetime airline planes in the air:

		Per Cent
Airplane overhaul		21.5
Metal workers		8.8
Welders		2.3
Machine-shop workers		3.4
Paint and interiors		2.3
Hydraulic overhaul		0.8
Engine overhaul		9.2
Accessory overhaul		8.5
Carburetor	4.6	
Magneto	0.4	
Generator	0.4	
Starter	0.4	
Control box	0.4	
General	2.3	
Propeller overhaul		1.1
Radio maintenance		4.6
Instrument maintenance		4.6
Riggers and cable splicers		2.3
Line maintenance		30.6
Total		100.0

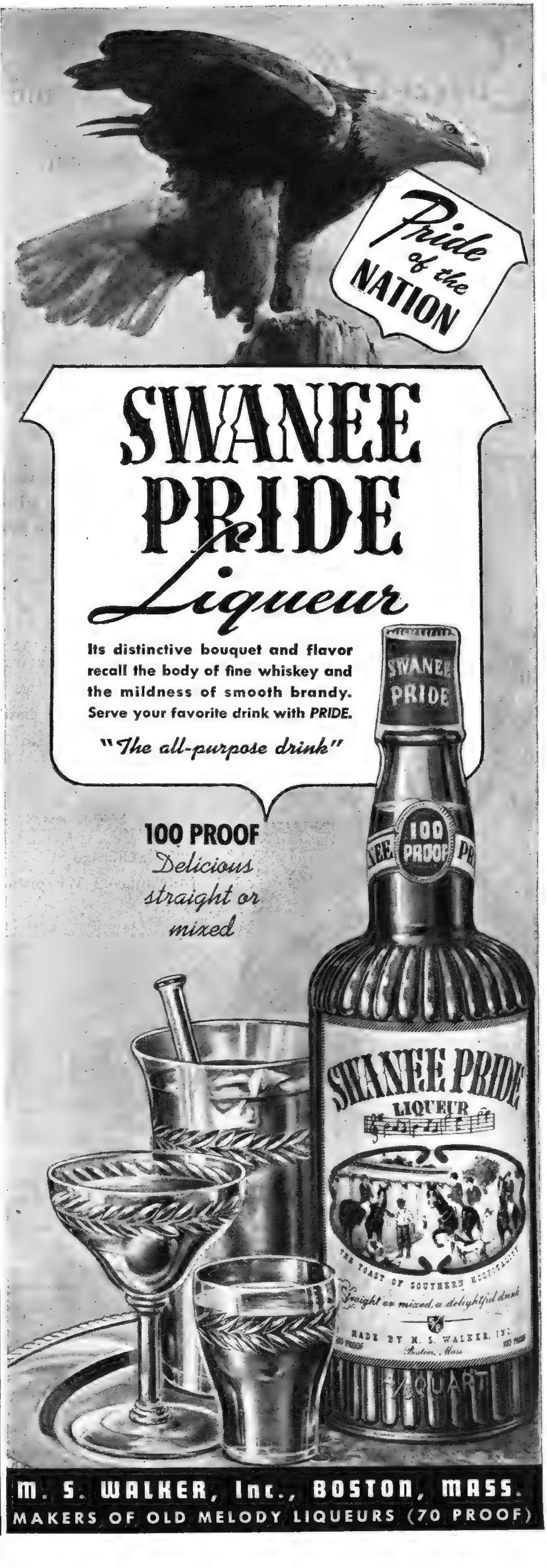
It's a good idea to remember that about half of the workers employed by domestic airlines are administrative and supervisory personnel, professional engineers, clerical workers (a very large group), ticket and passenger agents, cargo handlers and many others. Some of the men who don't want to stay in the air might find openings of this kind.

Here's a way to get some more ideas about postwar job opportunities in aviation. Look for the series of articles running in the Department of Labor's *Monthly Labor Review*, the first of which started in April. They will discuss future employment opportunities in aviation and what the chances are of finding a job in each occupation. There will be information, too, on qualifications, training, licensing requirements, wages, and working conditions. For copies of the articles write to the Bureau of Labor Statistics, Washington, D. C.

There will be a few types of surplus military planes that may fit into some servicemen's postwar plans. Veterans who want to find what planes are for sale, where, and for how much, can get the help and advice of Uncle Sam when they are ready to buy. When the specific planes or other equipment become available, vets will be given a priority and will be able to buy at a reasonable price. This may be one way Uncle Sam will be able to help qualified veterans to get their start in aviation. Not much has happened yet on this—but the writer thinks it will. You can keep up on details by writing the Aviation Division of the Surplus Property Board in Washington, D. C.

All you have had here is a sketch of the opportunities in aviation that have the greatest prospect of developing. There will be many others. Keep your eyes open. And if you really want to get into aviation and are sure you have what it takes, go to it. ⌗

Continued from page 39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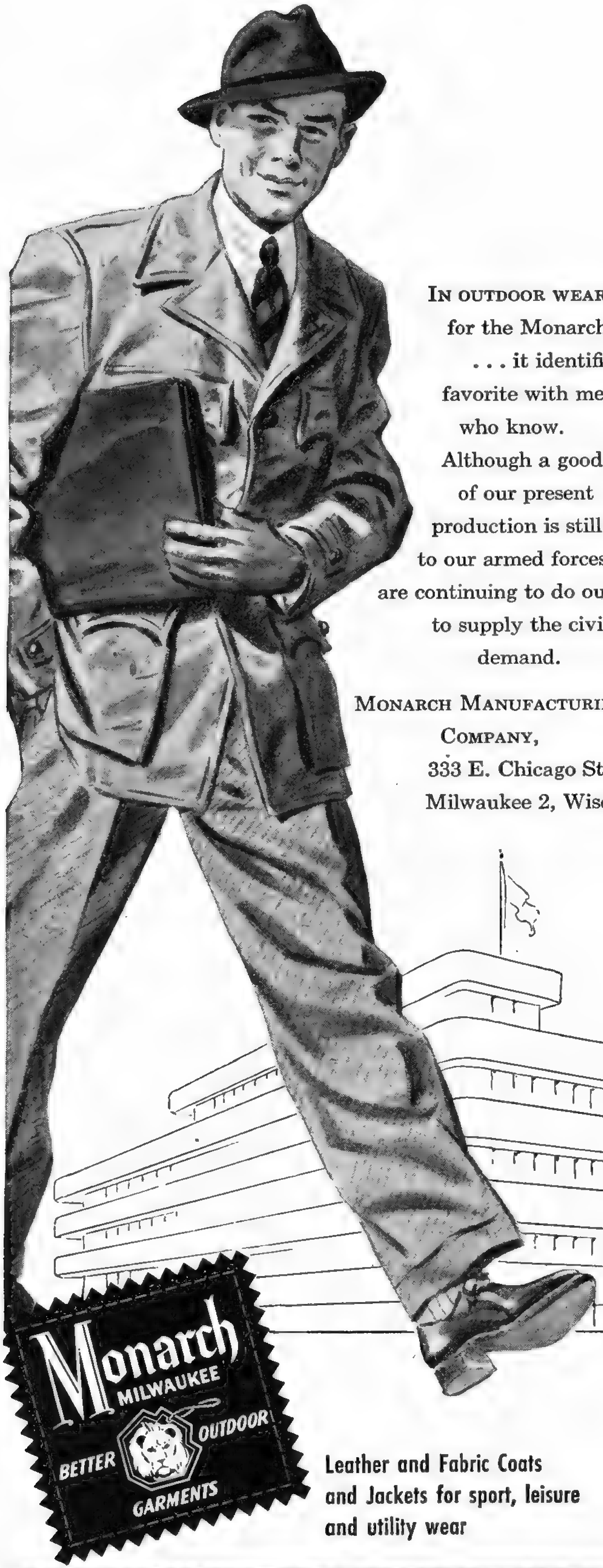

In outdoor wear, look for the Monarch label . . . it identifies the favorite with men who know. Although a good share of our present production is still going to our armed forces, we are continuing to do our best to supply the civilian demand.

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Leather and Fabric Coats and Jackets for sport, leisure and utility wear

BUY MORE WAR BONDS

Smart Dogs and Scientists

Continued from page 74

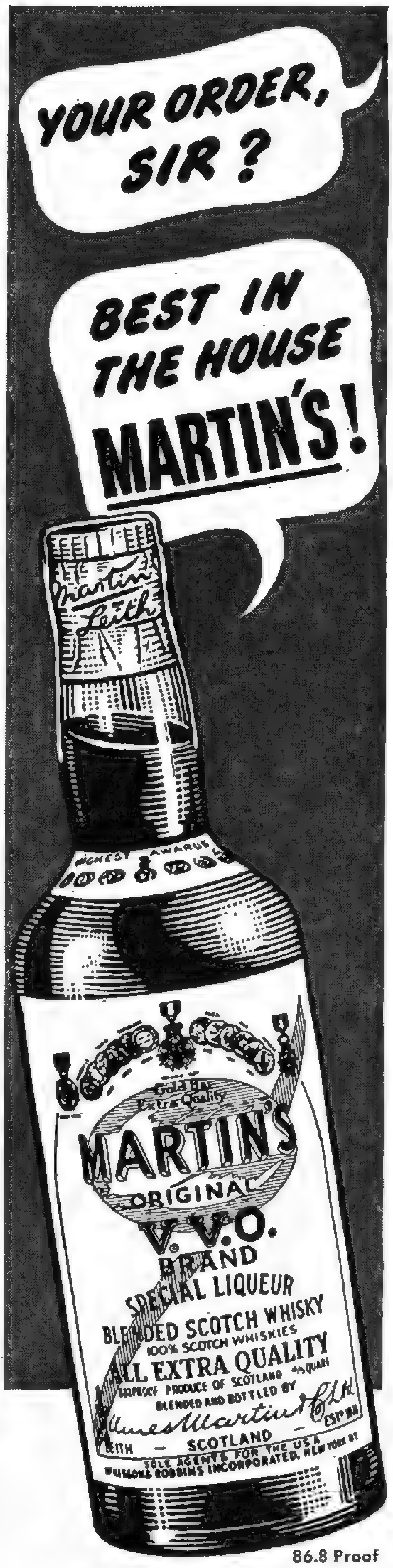
incidents I have witnessed have convinced me that a smart dog can size up a situation and act accordingly.

The olfactory powers of both pointers and setters are so keen that these dogs locate and point game birds entirely by scent. It is extremely rare for a dog on point to see the game he is pointing. Often quail or other game birds will start to move quietly away when the gunner approaches the pointing dog. The orthodox thing for the dog to do then is to follow the game cautiously and point again when the birds stop moving. That is as it should be, but it may be a long drawn-out process, especially if the game hunted is a wily old cock pheasant—a bird noted for its running ability.

I have known many bird dogs too smart to continue following a pheasant through rough cover—following and pointing without the gunner ever having a chance to get up to the running bird and make it fly. I had a little pointer who knew how to handle a running bird of any kind. She would catch the scent of a pheasant, throw her head into the air and dash upwind toward the bird. When the scent told her exactly where the bird lay, she snapped into a point, high-headed and with all the style of her champion ancestors.

As you came up behind her she was as though carved out of marble; that is, if the bird sat tight. If the pheasant started to move, her tail lost its rigidity, her quarters slumped and all tenseness was gone. Quick as a flash she would drop back and, making a wide circle, come in toward the bird from the opposite direction. Stealthily she would slip along until she caught the strong scent that told her she had her bird located. Then she would look across at me and grin as she pointed. It was a great game she was playing, and when she looked across the cover at her boss she just as much as said, "We've got him now!" Possibly what was going on in her head was not reasoning, but it was the undoing of many a cock pheasant that otherwise would have run away and hidden its scent in bog or briar patch.

The pointing of game is an instinct born in certain breeds of dogs. By training, man controls that instinct. Other breeds of dogs are used solely as retrievers. It is instinctive with them to bring in game that has been shot. Here, again, man perfects and controls a natural instinct to his own advantage. The perfect retriever is taught to control his natural desires and not move when he sees the bird fall. To dash right out might frighten other birds. When such danger is past, the gunner gives his retriever the word and the kill is brought in. That is the complete job letter-perfect, and something you seldom see. Most



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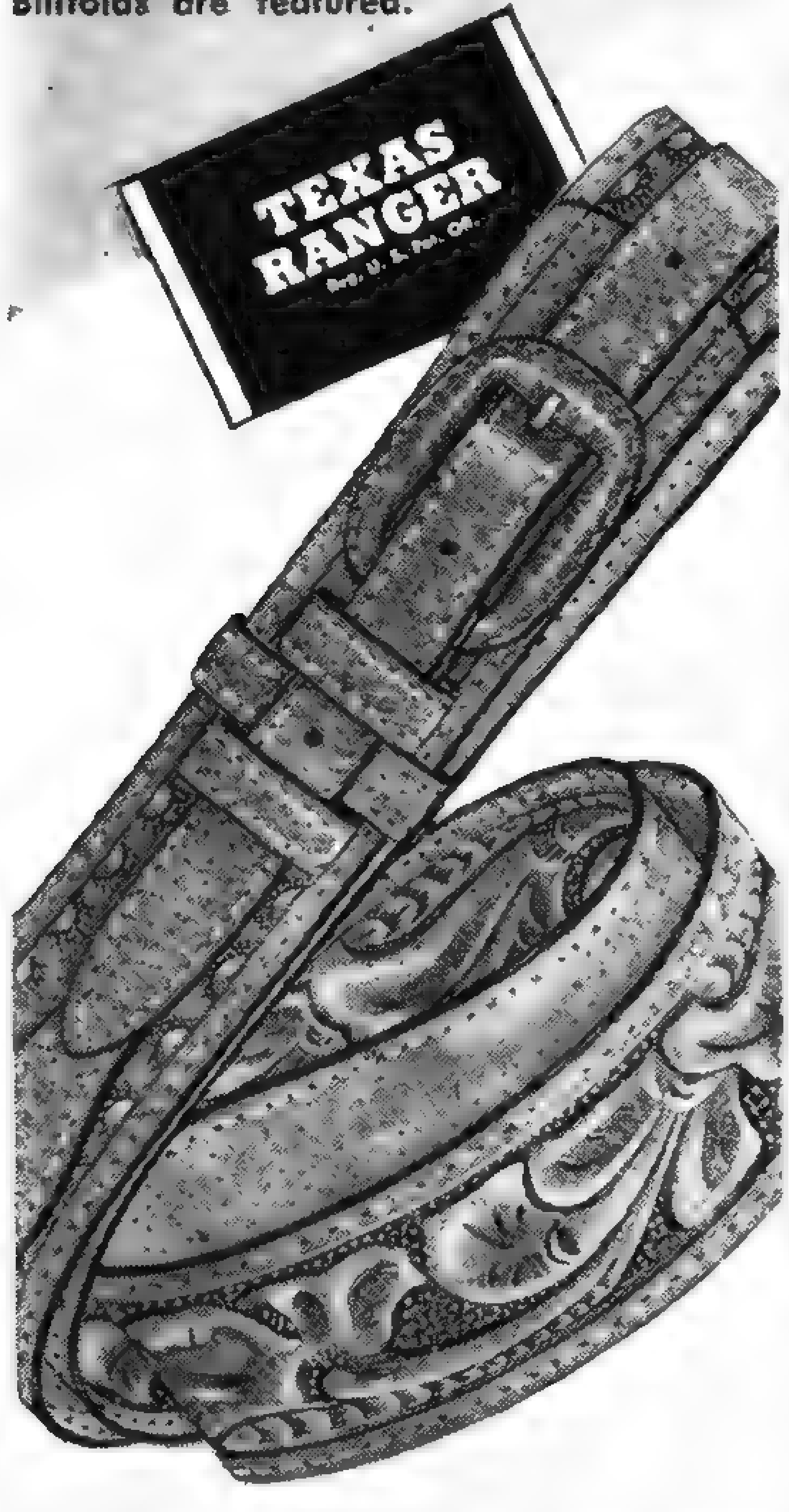

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gunners have long since given up hope, and their dogs dash in to retrieve the second the bird starts down.

As in everything else, there are good retrievers and poor retrievers. Some are intelligent dogs, others are the opposite. Some of them are extremely smart. I used to shoot over an Irish water spaniel who would swim right by a dead or dying duck to catch one which only had its wing tipped. No one ever taught him that a slightly wounded bird had to be retrieved quickly or it would get away and that the dead ones would wait. Since those days I have known a number of retrievers that would do the same thing. Certainly their heads were working.

The world is full of retrievers that will bring in two ducks at once rather than make two trips. Yet I have seen plenty of the other kind that didn't have the brain capacity to think things out. Such dogs will often drop the bird they are bringing in when they find a second bird, and bring in the new find, going back on a second trip for the first one—usually after being told to do so.

One of the smartest dogs I ever knew was old Jack, an enormous Chesapeake Bay dog belonging to Gene Howe. Gene and I grew up together in Atchison, Kansas, and we spent a great deal of time hunting ducks on the Missouri River. Gene bought Jack when he was a puppy, and what little training the dog needed I gave him. He didn't need much, for his head was always working. I wish Oliver could have known Jack and watched him think things out.

One fall Gene and I were shooting on the north end of a river sand bar. The water directly in front of us was shallow with very little current. Some thirty yards out, the bar broke off deep, and a strong current ran almost at right angles to our blind toward the east. In those days bag limits were not thought necessary. Ducks were very plentiful and, we were keeping Jack busy. Every time a bird was dropped out in the current he had a hard swim to get it. Usually he would land away down the bar and walk back, placing the duck in the pile behind the blind.

About seventy-five yards to the east of us was a small bar lying right at the edge of the current. This bar was being made by a strong eddy inshore. Often Jack landed on this bar, which wasn't over ten feet square, walked across it and plunged into the eddy to swim over to the main bar on which we were shooting.

After bringing in a bird on one occasion Jack started back down the bar, instead of lying down behind the blind, as he had been taught to do.

"Where do you suppose he is going?" Gene asked.

It didn't take us long to find out. Into the eddy he jumped and with powerful strokes he swam

Continued on page 196

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Also featured by 130 Shoe Stores in Greater New York City and by 38 Stores in Greater Chicago

Smart Dogs and Scientists

Continued from page 195

out to the little wet bar. There he lay down to wait for the next duck to come floating along. It was cold, and this bar could hardly be called above water. It was soggy wet, and an occasional flurry of wind would run a small wave across it. That was all right with Jack. He had been thinking things out to make his work easier.

From then on, when we killed birds, he waited until they drifted even with him, and then with a short swim he had them. At first he brought each bird back to the blind, but this looked foolish to him; so after that he just piled them up on his little sand bar, where we got them with the boat after the shoot was over.

Late one fall Bill Merff and I were shooting ducks on the south end of a big bar out in the center of the river. Jack was doing the retrieving. The bar ran down to a sharp point, but was high enough to allow us to dig a hole that would stay dry from which we could shoot. A smaller hole was dug for Jack, so that he would not frighten the birds.

On the west side of the bar the main current of the river gnawed and chewed at the bank, often cutting off great chunks of earth. To the east the water was flat and shallow. Birds flying up the channel would see our decoys in the shallow water along the bar and turn right in. It was a great place to shoot except for one thing—a crippled bird or one killed far out was likely to be lost if it got into the main current.

The Missouri is a he-river! No dog can swim against its current, and few men can pull a boat against the main stem of flow. Several times Jack had got his bird too late and had been dragged out into the boiling current. Each time he would fight it until we went up the bar a hundred yards and shoved out the skiff to rescue him. Both of us had to go to pull back against the terrible drag as the current built up after passing the bar.

We had just returned to the blind after a stiff pull when a redhead was knocked down, apparently with only a broken wing. Jack made for it, and the bird dived. When it surfaced, he was right after it. Out in the current they went, and when the bird came up again the big dog was right there and grabbed it before it could dive.

"Go get the boat! We've got to pick him up," I said to Bill.

"Let's leave him alone awhile and see what he does," Bill answered.

We knew Jack could swim all day; so we just sat and watched him. He could pretty well hold his own against the current, but he couldn't pull upstream. I began to feel sorry for him.

"Let's go get him," I said.

"Let him alone awhile. I be-

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PHIL REGAN co-star of Monogram's "Sunbonnet Sue" uses Glover's

Overnight...

YOU'LL HAVE

SMARTER LOOKING HAIR!

Phil Regan is one of the many Hollywood stars who use Glover's 3-Way Medicinal Treatment for a quick, easy freshening of scalp and hair. Overnight, you'll see the difference! Prove it with the very first application! Glover's will add something new to your appearance—a neat, natural-looking smartness that lasts all day! Try all three of these famous Glover's preparations today—Glover's original Mange Medicine—GLO-VER Shampoo—Glover's Imperial Hair Dress. Ask for the regular sizes at any Drug Store or Drug Counter.

TRIAL SIZE—Send Coupon for all three products in hermetically-sealed bottles, packed in special carton, with complete instructions for the famous Glover's 3-Way overnight treatment, and useful FREE booklet, "The Scientific Care of Scalp and Hair."

Convince yourself with one application of this famous

3-WAY MEDICINAL TREATMENT

1—Apply Glover's Mange Medicine—massage head thoroughly, for Dandruff, Annoying Scalp and Excessive Falling Hair. You'll like its piney fragrance—you'll feel the exhilarating effect, instantly!

2—Wash your hair with GLO-VER Shampoo. Produces abundant lather—leaves the hair soft, clean and EASY to comb. Good in hard or soft water! Use after each application of Glover's.

3—Try Glover's Imperial Hair Dress for conditioning scalp and hair. Use this new kind of "oil treatment" for easy application and a smart appearance. Non-alcoholic. Antiseptic!

Your Hair will Look Smart with

Glover's

with massage for
DANDRUFF,
ANNOYING SCALP
and EXCESSIVE
FALLING HAIR

Replacement or refund of money ★ Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping if defective or not as advertised therein

Glover's,
101 W. 31st St., Dept. 8110, New York 1, N.Y

Send "Complete Trial Application" package in plain wrapper by return mail, containing Glover's Mange Medicine, GLO-VER Beauty Shampoo and Glover's Imperial Hair Dress, in hermetically-sealed bottles, with informative FREE booklet. I enclose 25c.

Name..................................

Address..................................

City................Zone....State......

☐ Sent FREE to members of the Armed Forces on receipt of 10c to cover postage and packing.

lieve he's gaining," Bill persisted.

About that time Jack figured that something had to be done. He raised himself high out of the water, treading for all he was worth and, of course, going downstream at a rapid clip. He looked at the Kansas shore, which was a good half mile away. Then he turned and looked at the Missouri bank, which was only about an eighth of a mile distant. Again he looked at Kansas, and again, raising high, he looked at Missouri. Settling low in the water, he started angling with the current toward the Missouri shore.

I got out the binoculars and watched him. When he reached the bank, he laid the duck down and shook himself. In fact, he did this several times, as the bird was very much alive and would immediately start for the river. Once he had the water out of his coat, he started up the shore, all the time looking toward the blind. He went at least a hundred yards up-river above us before he got back in the stream and swam across. He landed quite a little way north of our stand, as the current on that side above the point of the bar did not amount to much. Climbing out on the bar, he trotted down to the blind to deliver his charge. It was all in the day's work.

I never told Oliver this story about Jack. I am afraid to. He might be able to explain it and convince me that reason played no part whatsoever in Jack's scheme of things.

A number of years ago, my son Ray and I were shooting blue quail on the mesa east of the Pecos River, near Roswell, New Mexico. Looking off to the south, Ray said:

"Can you see something moving about a third of the way down from the top of that hill? I've been watching it for some time, and I believe it's a coyote caught in a trap."

By pointing his gun and letting me look over the barrels he was able to show me what he had been watching. Occasionally I thought I could detect movement, but the area was too far away for me to see anything for certain with the naked eye.

"Let's go over there and see what that is," Ray suggested.

We had been chasing blue quail all morning, and I was in no shape for any side trips, but over we went. When we got closer, we were sure it was a prairie wolf caught in a trap, and we decided to go on over and put it out of its misery As we approached we were horrified to find that it was a big Airedale dog that had stepped in this wolf trap.

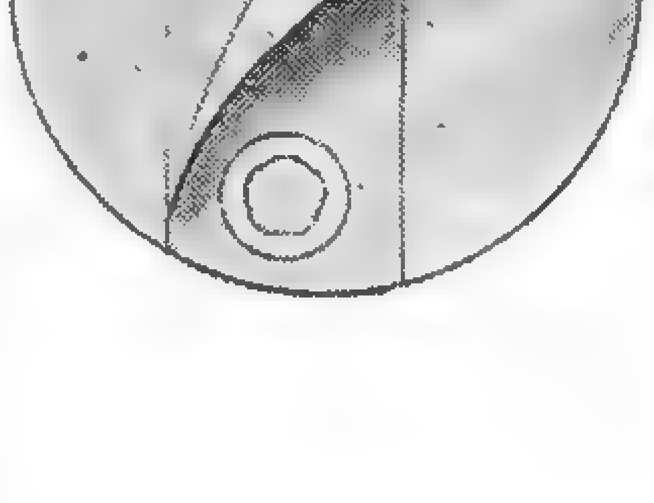
She was in a terrible condition. Never have I felt more sorry for any animal. She was caught by a front foot, and the trap had cut in to the bone, the skin and meat having been worn away. The poor dog had bitten and gnawed at the big steel trap until her teeth were broken and her lips badly cut. She was frantic with fear and suf-

Continued on page 198

COMING after V-J DAY
Tony Barlow

"...and the second thing on my postwar list is shorts with Gripper Fasteners!"

Why do men want shorts with Gripper fasteners?
Every time a button pops or a buttonhole tears, you have the answer.
Gripper fasteners are the convenient snap fasteners that end "button-bother." They're laundry-proof. They're neat and dependable. That's why *9 out of 10* pairs of men's woven shorts before the war had Gripper fasteners.
The day is coming when you can get Gripper fasteners on your shorts. You'll know them by the trademark *Gripper* stamped in every fastener.



GRIPPER* FASTENERS
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

**the laundry-proof snap fastener that ends "button-bother"*

Made by Scovill Manufacturing Company, Waterbury, Conn. America's Leading Manufacturer of Snap Fasteners

the fragrance of intrigue is... Secret de Suzanne perfume
Secret de Suzanne

SUZANNE PERFUMES

Smart Dogs and Scientists

Continued from page 197

fering. To liberate her presented a real problem. My first thought was a merciful load of shot, but you just can't do that to a good dog.

I laid my gun down and slowly worked around her, talking to her all the time. She would dash to the end of the chain and then snarl and bite at the trap. It looked hopeless, for the gleam in her eyes said plainly enough that she would bite me if she could get to me. Possibly in her mind I had something to do with her predicament.

At last I got my hands on her rump. Petting her and talking to her, I kept working my hands up her body until finally I had her by the neck. With a handful of loose skin on each side of her neck I could hold her. The next thing was to get the trap off. When she lunged at the trap, I couldn't keep her from reaching it with her mouth. It was a matter of timing. I could pull her head back up away from the trap, but when she lunged to bite it, she would reach it every time before I could put the power on. It simply wasn't safe to stand on the springs that held the jaws of the trap shut—unless you didn't mind losing part of a foot.

Ray started out to search that bare mesa for a board or something we could use. I thought he would never return. Finally he showed up with a couple of branches which he had worried off a greasewood bush. These did the trick. We laid these branches across the springs, and I stood on one end while Ray put his weight on the other. The jaws of the trap opened, and the leg came free.

But we weren't safely through yet. This dog was in such a state of frenzy that I was afraid to turn her loose for fear she would whirl and fly into me. When she seemed quieter, I told Ray:

"Stand with your gun to your shoulder. I'm going to turn her loose and step back. If she turns and starts for me, let her have it —quick!"

Ray got ready and I got ready. Stroking the dog and talking to her I backed away. Once she realized she was free, she started like a shot away from there; traveling on three legs, the injured foot held clear of the ground. When some fifteen or twenty yards out on the mesa, she slowed down and then stopped. Turning back, she came toward me with head and tail down and stood before me for all the world as though she were saying thank you. I reached down and stroked her head. She looked up at me and then turned and struck off across the desert pasture land. We stood and watched her until she was out of sight.

Later, when the story was told and I had returned East, I received

Leather Perfect Essentials

by RUMPP

Your gift of leatherware by Rumpp will be valued and remembered for its superior quality and style. Look for the Rumpp Trademark on leather accessories you buy. In addition to smartly fashioned *Style Stitch* wallets and letter cases for men and women—Rumpp makes fitted cases, writing cases and tie cases. Ask for leatherware by Rumpp in leading stores.

RUMPP Style Stitch Visible Strength Leather Lightness

RUMPP WALLETS for men and women have compartments aplenty to safeguard valuables. Rich leathery shades for men. Costume colors for women. The Rumpp *Style Stitch* provides visible strength and lightness for refinement.

TOILET CASE
Completely outfitted. Full grained leather case. Packs away neatly.

PIPE 'N POUCH
Zipper closing seals in moisture. Secret pocket for pipe.

CIGARETTE CASE
Perfect protection for precious cigarettes. Very light. Choice leathers.

RUMPP "The Sterling of Leatherware"

C. F. RUMPP & SONS, Philadelphia 6, Pa. Since 1850

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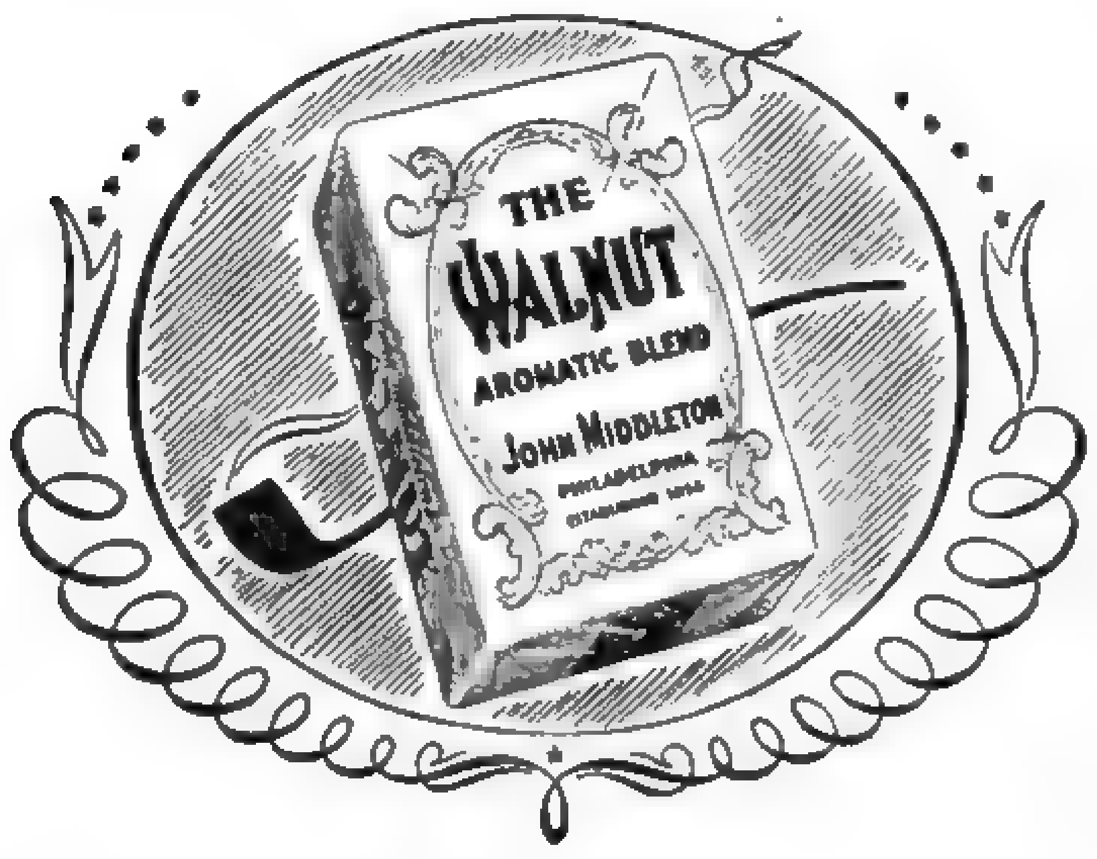
BEFORE YOU BUY A WATCH

Wait for America's finest watch—the lovely Hamilton. Though we're turning out thousands of precision timepieces for war now, the day is coming when we'll be making accurate and beautiful Hamilton Watches for you!

WAIT FOR HAMILTON

America's Fine Watch

Hamilton Watch Company—Makers of "The Watch of Railroad Accuracy"—Lancaster, Pa.



NATURE'S GIFT

to Pipe-Smokers

• WALNUT is John Middleton's master-blend of the seven choicest leaves in Nature's storehouse. Mild, fragrant, and friendly, Walnut is naturally aromatic. It clicks with beginners. It holds its friends. Fill your favorite pipe with Walnut. On *any* occasion, it takes the "if" out of "gift." If your dealer is temporarily out of Walnut, remember: Servicemen have first call. Write for booklet, "*The Choice of Experience.*" John Middleton, 1227 Walnut Tobacco St., Philadelphia 7, Pa.

THIRTY CENTS THE POCKET-PACKET

John Middleton's

WALNUT

Pipe-Tobacco

Custom-made for the carriage-trade since 1856

a letter from her owner, a rancher, thanking me for releasing his dog from the trap.

Frank Scappa of Scarsdale owns Spot, a big collie. Spot's early life was spent winning ribbons at dog shows. Of late he has devoted himself entirely to barking at the family. The happier he is, the louder he barks. Frank admits that this is a very bad habit, but Spot is a collie so what can you do about it? The whole family has tried everything. Spot can be stopped, but he starts again.

Recently Frank's mother had to spend a month in the hospital. Spot met every car that came in the driveway. He went out to greet them with tail up and came back to the house with tail down. At last Mrs. Scappa came home. As she was helped up the walk to the house, Spot went down to meet her. He didn't bark and he didn't jump up as was his custom. He wagged his tail and got in step alongside and walked sedately to the house.

Mrs. Scappa has been home a week now and he hasn't barked yet. When she sits in a reclining chair on the porch the dog lies by her side. It is evident to anyone that he is on guard. He tolerates the doctor and the postman and he doesn't even bark at strangers. He has other ways of showing them that they must keep their distance. For Spot, barking is out for the duration, but I will gamble that when Mrs. Scappa gets up on her feet again, those sharp collie barks will just about tear off the roof.

There are many stories of dogs that have saved human life by barking in case of fire or helping out in a near drowning. Some of these tales have been pretty far-fetched. Others have been gilded unnecessarily. I am going to return to the Chesapeake breed to tell one such story, the facts of which I can vouch for.

For a number of years Harry Shedd and I hunted with a man named George Lidster, who lived at Jensen, Saskatchewan. When up there in the fall of the year, we stayed at George's house, and he hunted with us. Between times George raised Chesapeake Bay retrievers.

His kennel was headed by Bruno and Queen. Bruno was a big surly brute that would just as soon eat you as not, but a wonderful duck dog. No one could handle him but George, and the only reason George could handle him was that George was bigger and rougher than Bruno. Queen was just the opposite. She loved the world and everybody in it, but she wasn't as good a duck dog as Bruno. Naturally, we liked Queen, because she would go with either of us and do just as good a job as if George were there. Bruno wouldn't even let us pet him.

A doctor from Waterbury, Connecticut, was up shooting with Lidster one fall just before we arrived. The favorite duck-shooting place was at the head of Jensen Lake. Here a long slough fed

Continued on page 200

Twelve beautiful roses SENT BY WIRE

FOR "MA" PERKINS' 12 YEARS ON THE AIR!

—"Ma" Perkins' sponsors were in another town, but they remembered her 12th radio anniversary—with flowers-by-telegraph!

A dozen years deserve
a dozen beautiful roses
Your
Cincinnati Friends

In any event—wire Flowers

FOR BIRTHDAYS, HOLIDAYS, ANNIVERSARIES— FLOWERS-BY-WIRE!

As an example, you can send a $5.00 bouquet from Detroit to:

PLACE		Price of FLOWERS	+	Av Cost of WIRE
Cincinnati	for	$5.00	+	35¢
Tampa	"	"	"	63¢
Hollywood	"	"	"	63¢
Butte	"	"	"	63¢
Philadelphia	"	"	"	44¢
Amarillo	"	"	"	63¢
Salt Lake City	"	"	"	63¢

NOTE: These are just a few examples of how inexpensive it is to send flowers by wire.

Just follow these 3 simple steps:

1 Go to any florist with the Florists' Telegraph Delivery Association seal on his window.

2 Tell him kind of flowers and amount you wish to spend.

3 He does the rest! He wires your order and message for card to FTD florist in other town—who then delivers the flowers.

It's *easy* — just be sure florist has FTD seal (shown at left) on his window.

"Ma Perkins" is portrayed by Virginia Payne. Listen to "Ma Perkins" every week day at 1:15 E. W. T. over the CBS Network or at 3:15 E. W. T. on NBC Network.

FLORISTS TELEGRAPH DELIVERY ASSOCIATION

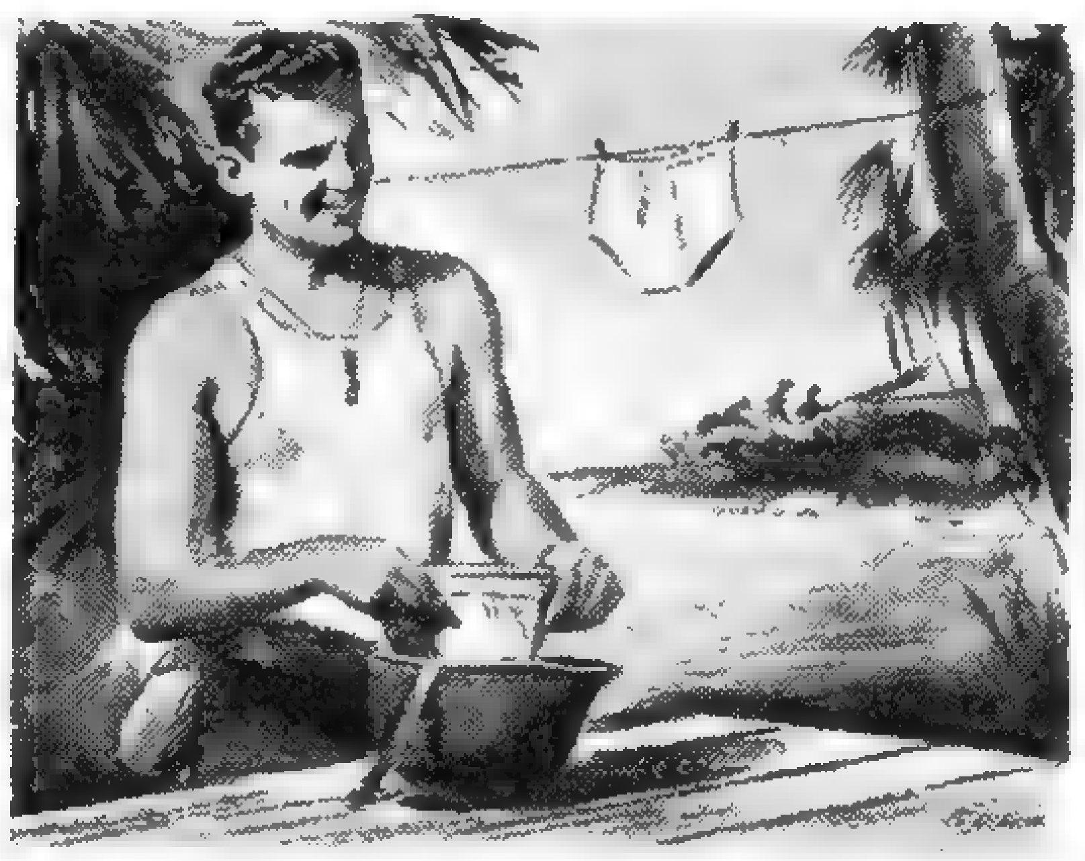
484 East Grand Boulevard, Detroit 7, Michigan

Report from the Pacific*

In early operations in the Pacific I wore your Reis Scandals and fought in them.

Reis Scandals are a real luxury out here... light and cool on long marches.

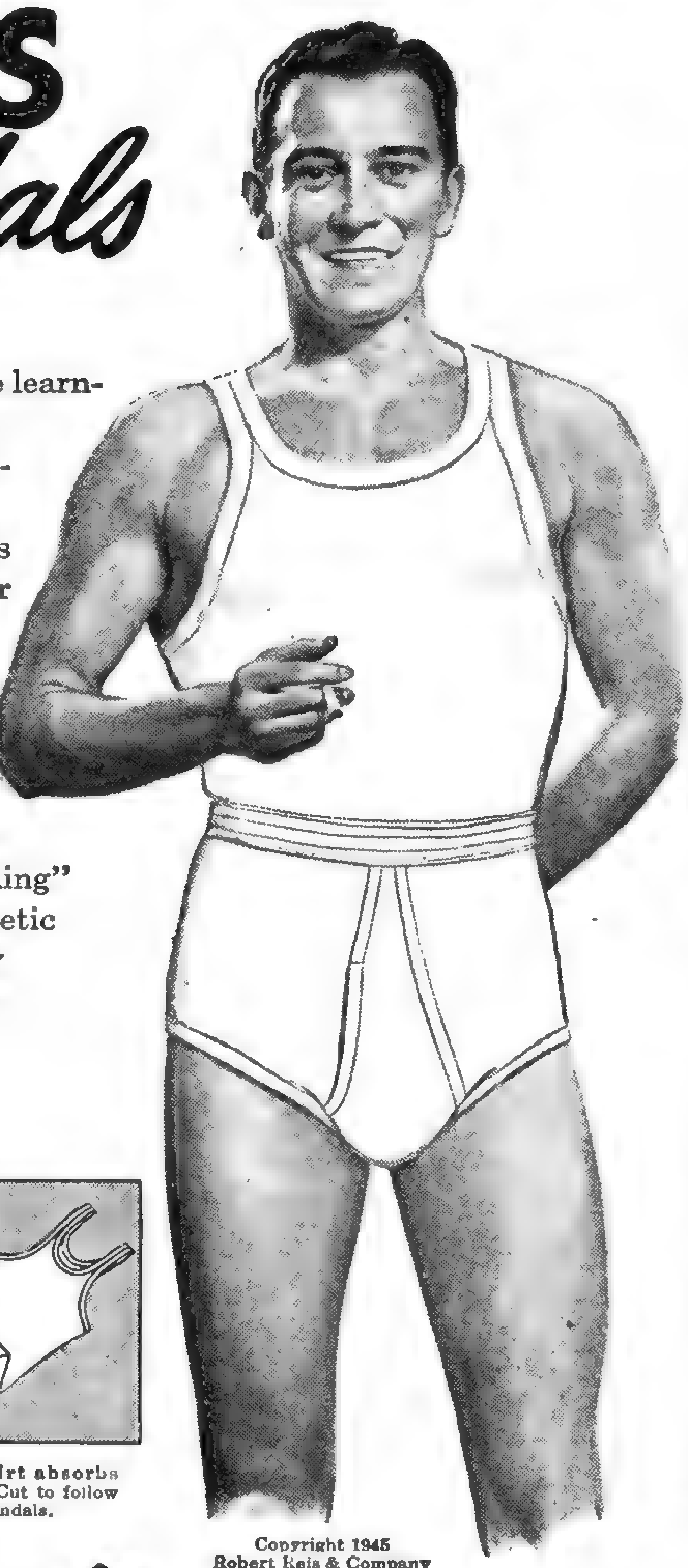
Perfect fit keeps Scandals from bunching and "climbing" when the going's tough.



Soap is scarce—Scandals launder easily, dry quickly. Easy to pack and carry.

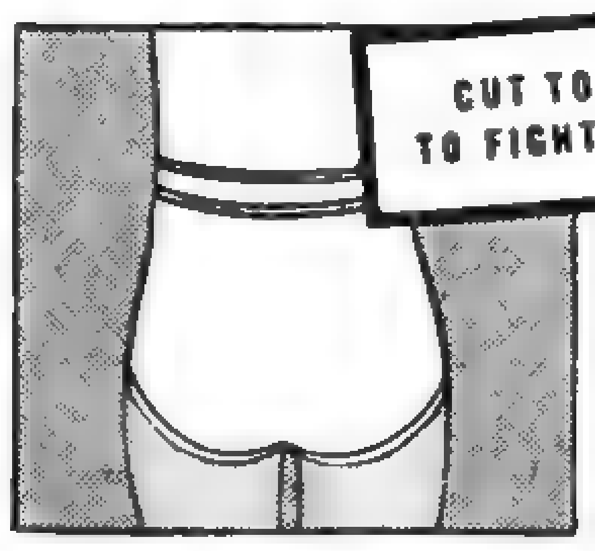
There's "Freedom of Action" in

REIS *Scandals*

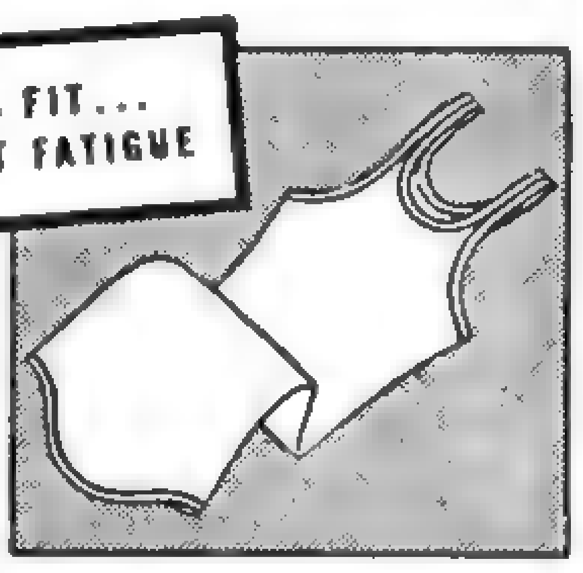


Men on the fighting fronts are learning first hand the "freedom of action" and the practical advantages of wearing Reis Scandals. So if your dealer is occasionally out of the popular sizes, remember these men get first call on Reis production. Blame the Japs—and ask for Scandals later. You'll be glad you did—because wearing Scandals is like wearing almost "next-to-nothing"—yet they give the mild, athletic support that conserves energy and fights fatigue. Be sure to get *genuine* Reis Scandals.

*Based on an actual letter in our files


CUT TO FIT... TO FIGHT FATIGUE

Full seat coverage—looks better and feels better. No seams to sit on.



Matching shirt absorbs perspiration. Cut to follow leg-line of Scandals.

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Smart Dogs and Scientists

Continued from page 199

down from the north into the big waters of the lake. Ducks flew along this pass at all times of the day. Two roads, a mile apart, crossed this slough, and the usual thing was to stand on one of these bridges and shoot at the birds that passed over. Unless you dropped your birds on the bridge, the Chesapeakes had plenty of work to do.

One morning George took his friend from Connecticut to the lower bridge to shoot. The birds weren't flying any too well, and the doctor suggested that he would walk to the upper bridge if Queen would go with him to get his ducks. George told him that all he had to do was call her and she would go.

George heard heavy shooting from the upper bridge. Then the shooting stopped, and he concluded that the doctor had killed his limit of ducks and quit. About this time Queen came dashing through the tules and rushes, covered with muck, for she had taken a short cut to George. The minute she saw George she began to whine and started back the way she had come.

For an instant George didn't realize what she wanted. Out of the rushes she dashed again. Coming up to him, she whined and jumped up on him, then ran a little way back toward the other bridge and stopped—whining and whimpering.

George, who had been sitting by the side of the bridge, got to his feet, and with a bark of joy away went Queen. It was so evident that she wanted George to come quickly that he ran all the way to the upper bridge. There lay the doctor, unconscious. His gun had exploded at the breech. A piece of metal had cut the large artery in his forearm and struck him in the jaw. A few minutes more and he would have bled to death.

Lidster put a tourniquet on the arm to stop the bleeding from the main artery, and then he picked up the doctor and carried him to the car. The noon train rushed him to Saskatoon and after a short time in the hospital the doctor was able to return to his home in the United States—thanks to Queen.

Maybe, according to science, Queen was not able to reason, but surely she had more to depend on than just "instinct, memory and self-preservation." Possibly a scientist would say that reason played no part in the actions of the Airedale when she came back to thank me for turning her loose. He might say this was just good manners from years of good breeding.

I wouldn't know. I am inclined to think it all depends on how you define the word reason and has little to do with a smart dog's ability to think. ###

Continued from page 74

"Put us down for Harley-Davidsons when we get back!"

All through this war, thousands of letters have been pouring in from our fighting men on all fronts. In every instance, the letters tell how Harley-Davidsons stand up under severest conditions of heat, cold, mud, rain and snow. Always, the letters end something like this—"Want to get this war over quickly—and get back to those good old motorcycling days. A new Harley-Davidson will be my first buy."

Okay, fellows. The new Harley-Davidsons will be ready soon after the shooting is over. And you can count on it that they will have the same stamina, rugged construction and dependability that made them World Champions before the war — world beaters during the war.

The Enthusiast

HARLEY-DAVIDSON MOTOR CO.
Dept. E Milwaukee 1, Wis.

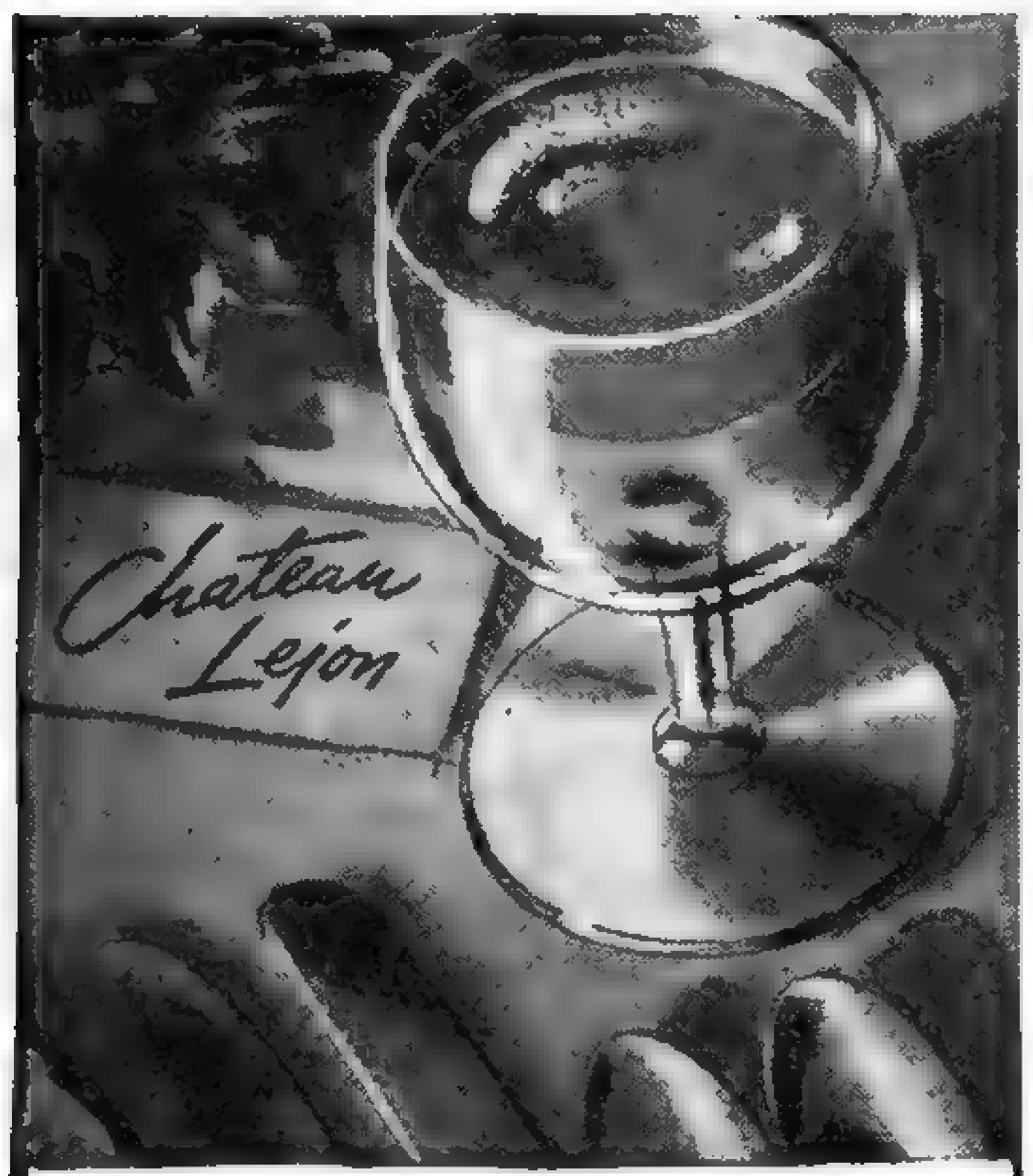
Write for free copy of ENTHUSIAST MAGAZINE filled with motorcycling pictures and stories.

HARLEY-DAVIDSON MOTORCYCLES

Andover CLOTHES

ALWAYS A STEP AHEAD IN THE STYLE PARADE

Andover Clothes, Inc.
841 W. JACKSON BLVD., CHICAGO 7, ILL.
Sold by Leading Dealers Everywhere



A Distinguished Guest

If wines had place cards and you read Chateau Lejon, you would feel the thrill of being placed beside a distinguished guest.

It's not difficult to keep such company if you order some Chateau Lejon White Wine.

Chateau Lejon
BRAND
WHITE WINE
PRODUCT OF USA
Distributed by National Distillers Products Corp., New York, N. Y.

FOR MEN
WHO GO PLACES

CISCO
Sportswear

The Killing

Continued from page 68

guy that didn't have it coming, and I never marked a guy up. This might be hard to believe, but I wasn't copper hard. I didn't have to be, I got too much of a kick out of my job.

We drove over on the Twenty-third Street side and came into the alley that way. Anderson wasn't saying much, but I thought he should know what the score was. He'd probably been in and out of headquarters a couple of times during the night. "Who they got, Tony?" I asked.

"Jackson, the night watchman from the Allied." He seemed to say it like he was ashamed of admitting it.

It began to smell right then. I'd talked to Jackson last week, when I was checking the Allied place. Jackson was a nice, quiet guy; had done a year in Sandstone in 1928 for bootlegging. So what? Is a guy wrong all his life because he ran a still seventeen years ago?

How did he figure in the deal? They'd found him tied up that night. He'd given them the kind of description you get from any lob that's been a witness to a shooting, or an accident, or a stick-up. It wasn't pat like something you had all ready to dish out. The company was satisfied, the insurance people were satisfied, and most of the department that knew about the case figured he was right. And the Chief was tired of questions from police reporters and afraid of headlines morning and afternoon.

The house where Jackson lives is one of two on the block. There's a kind of dump across the street, and his house sits halfway up a hill. The backyard of the house is dug out, so it's really in a valley, and there are retaining walls along both sides of his lot, so that from the rear of the house to the alley that runs from Twenty-third to Twenty-fourth he was really in a valley like. Between the house and a chicken coop and garage fronting the alley there's a flat space. The lot has a fence around it.

We came into the alley about twenty feet from the henhouse and got out. Krill took the Thompson and Olson had the special. Anderson had the tear gun and all of them carry .38 specials.

Jacobs and Lenning came in behind us. They didn't say boo to me. I didn't like that pair, never had. The two fearless police officers. Two years ago they'd been driving the wagon, and then someway, somehow, they'd gotten to driving the Chief, and then he put them in plain-clothes. They were on special, which meant that they worked only for him.

They loved me, too. You know the word gets around town when you're right with people. Hell, I'm not one of these club talkers, but I'd had my share of pinches and the papers were good to me. I liked it, too, but of all the de-

Continued on page 202

WILSON'S DERBY-DART
Let Me try Dad!
The Boys all say "O.K." to this

Servicemen around the world have been having a swell time playing Dart Bowl and other dart games . . . games which you, too, can enjoy.

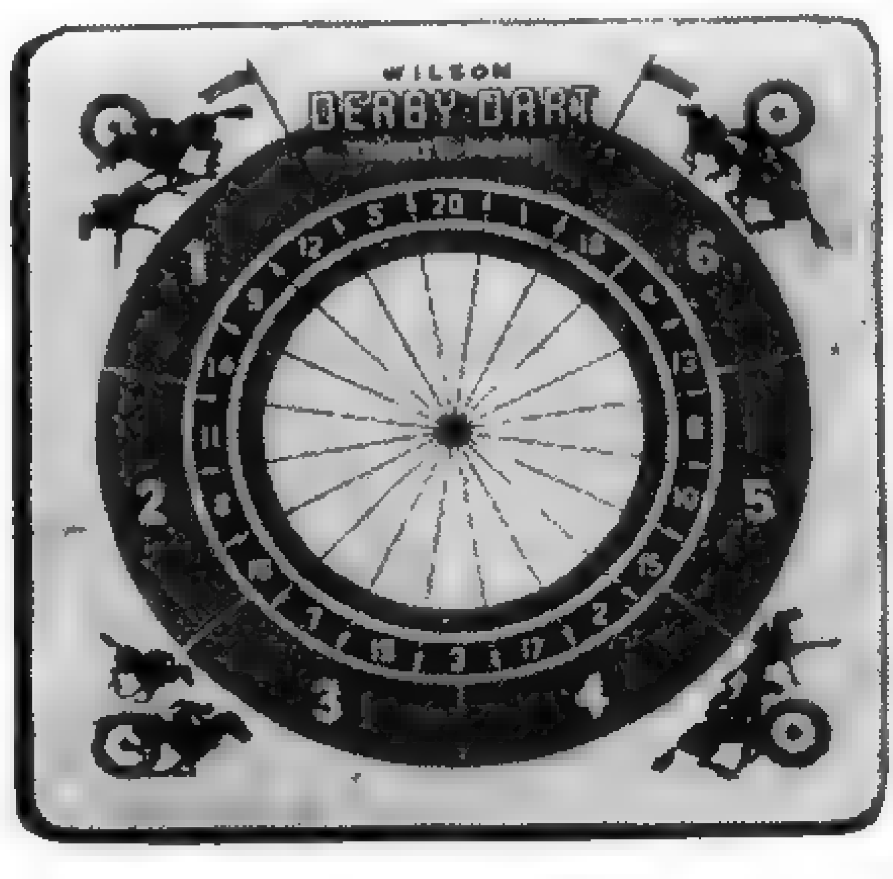
Now—for the first time—your dealer also has Derby Dart, a thrilling *new* variation that you and your friends will go for.

Not one game but *three* is what you get in this new fun-maker. *Triple* fun for the price of *one!* Have a couple of rounds with Derby-Dart and Twenty-Point on the one side. Then, turn the board around and play Cardart.

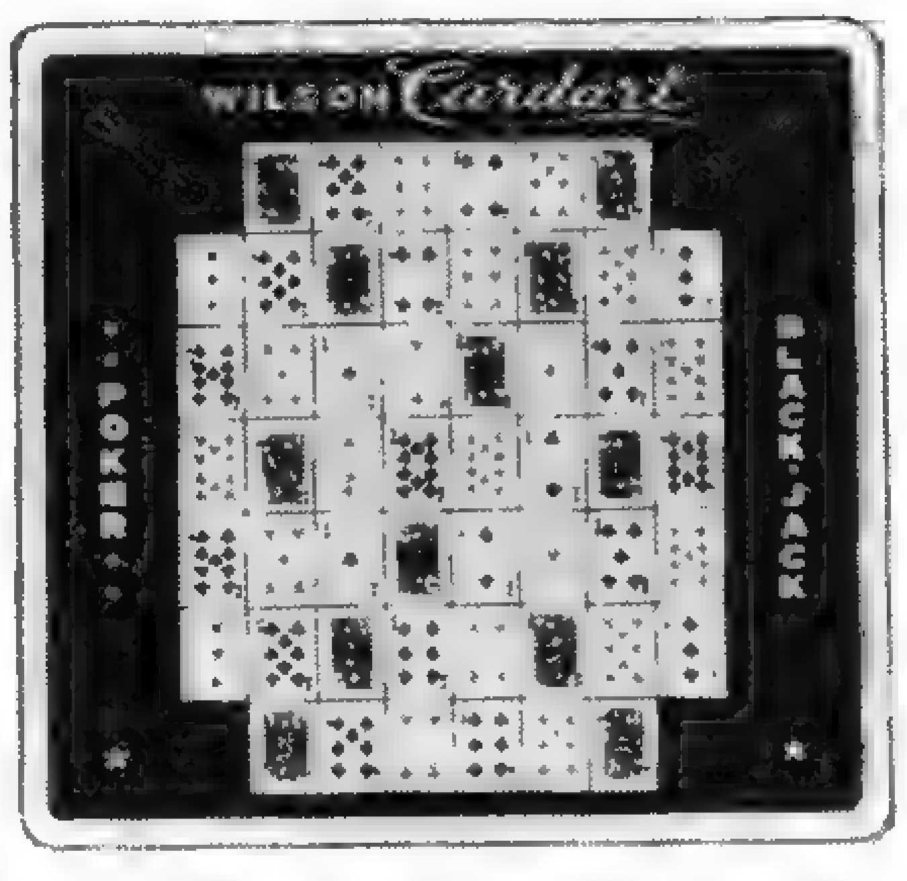
Other popular numbers: Give and Take, Eight Ball, Dic-Dac-Dart, Basketball and World Series . . . all sturdily made, built-to-last games, complete with "championship" darts.

Insist on Super-Dart Games bearing the name "WILSON." Get them at leading sporting goods, hardware or department stores.

Wilson Sporting Goods Co., 2037 North Campbell Ave., Chicago 47, Illinois. Offices in New York and other leading cities.



On one side, the new Derby-Dart and ever popular Twenty-Point game. Size 24 x 24". Fully equipped.



On the other side, the biggest selling Super-Dart game of them all—Cardart (combining Darts, Black Jack and Poker).

Wilson SUPER-DART GAMES
THE FAVORITE OF THE WHOLE NATION
BY THE MAKERS OF WILSON SPORTS EQUIPMENT

OLD KING COLE WAS A MERRY OLD SOUL
BUT NOT AS MERRY AS I —
MY SHORTS ARE FASTENED WITH KLIKITS
THEY'RE THE ONLY KIND TO BUY

YES, Klikit Snap Fasteners have made life merrier for many a housewife, career girl or Service man. Clothes are always ready to be worn when they're fastened with Klikits. No lost hours mending ragged buttonholes or sewing buttons. Klikit's patented floating-spring construction means they're laundry-proof . . . Never come back from the laundry split, bent or without that reliable "snap" that let's you know they'll hold clothes securely and comfortably in position. They click into place and stay firmly fastened even after 10,000 snaps.* Never fail . . . always click . . . that's KLIKITS!

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The Killing

Continued from page 201

partment them two had never liked it, and since they'd gotten to the Chief, there were three of them.

Here, look, I know what a copper is. But a lot of that stuff I had to pass. It's like anything else, there is a lot of the bad, and in between there's a little good. You're going to get that in any outfit, and you're going to find it in any police force. All right, I liked being a copper, and I liked spending my days off in the gym giving those snot-nosed kids free boxing lessons, and buying them towels to shower with. There were a few guys in the department who didn't like it.

Fat Krill was trying his flashlight when I noticed there was blood on Jacobs' shirt. "You been giving singing lessons again?" I cracked.

Lenning swung around and I saw there was blood on his shirt. I wondered what they'd talked the Chief into this time. "Yeah," Lenning said. "Yeah, we been giving singing lessons. You want a few?"

"Sure. From you and Jacobs and your pair of trusty blackjacks?" Krill grabbed me by the arm and pulled me away.

I heard motors being cut, and four other cruisers came in, all loaded. There were eighteen dicks on the side of the garage and I found out later there were fourteen on the side of the yard facing Twenty-fourth and eighteen in the street at the end of the alley which looked down at the house, with every other uniform man on duty—except those who were on traffic downtown—waiting on Portland.

That Jackson really had a chance. Well, we waited for the Chief. Then Fat Krill said why don't we move around so we're on the inside of that garage facing the house. That didn't go over so hot. Some of them were for doing it, but the other guys said to wait for the Chief.

Me and Krill and four other dicks started going around the garage. And it was dark. The rest of our crew must have got a little ashamed, because they formed a line around two sides of the building, so they flanked us on each side. There wasn't a light showing in the house, and for all we knew he wasn't even there.

Pretty soon one of the motorcycle cops came over from the Chief. He said that Keller, the cop on the beat at Portland and University, said he knew Jackson was in there. Guy runs the beer joint there had seen his old lady driving the car past the joint with Jackson in it, bending over low. Then he tells us that the Chief sent out a call to the fire department for the spotter. The spotter will light up the top of the First National Building and that's thirty-nine stories. Krill was all for moving in and we sent Jacobs back to the Chief, but no

CREME DE MENTHE
BARDINET

L'ÉTÉ SANS SOIF
(Summer Without Thirst)

Perfect for summertime enjoyment is the finer mint flavor of Bardinet. Enjoy it "neat"—and in these popular recipes.

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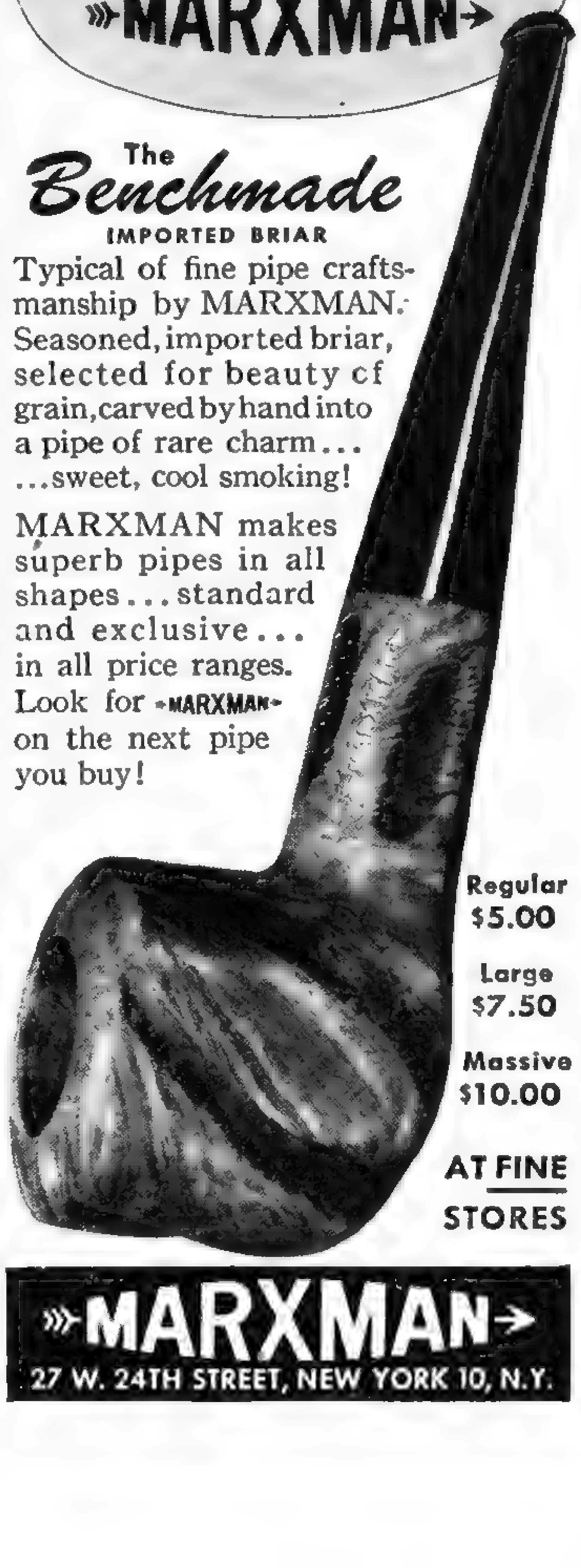

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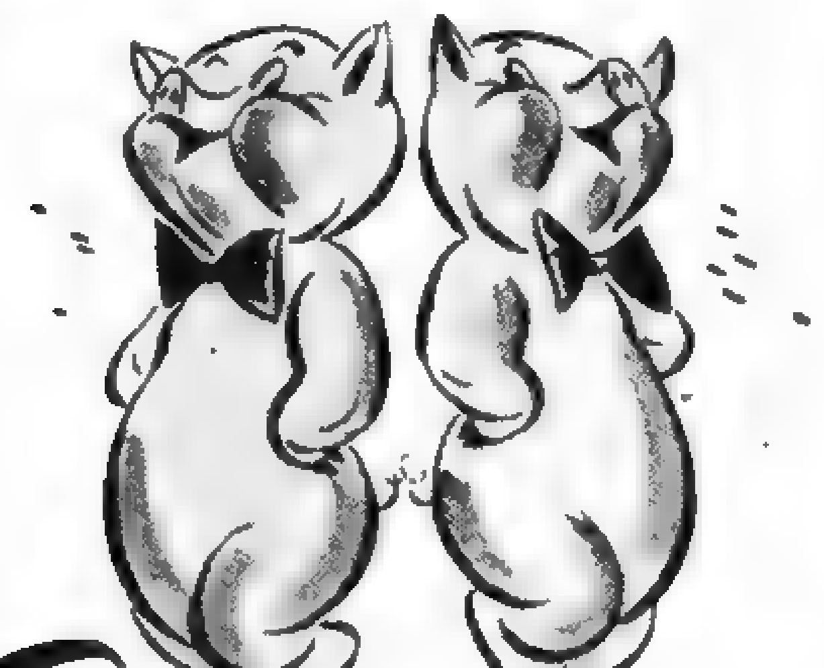
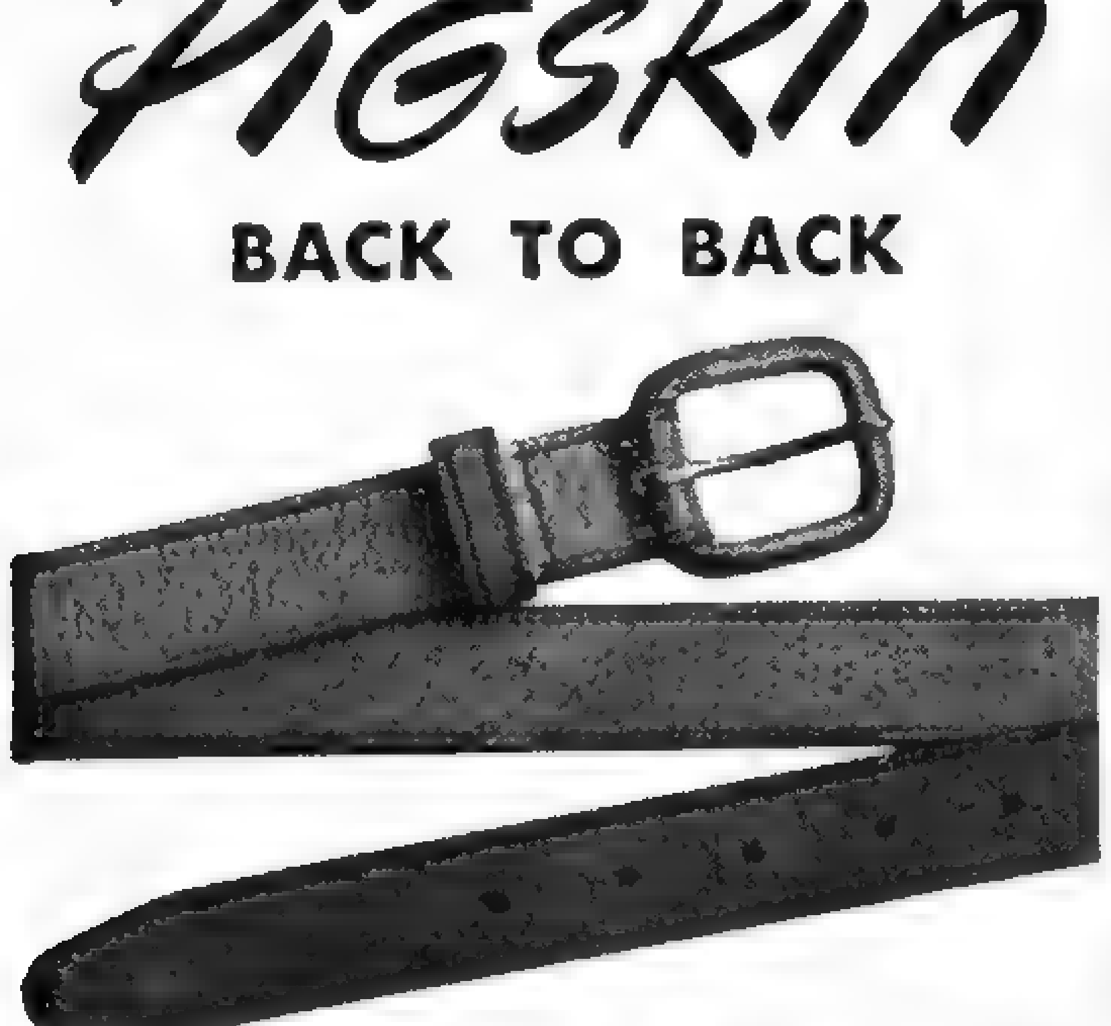


Pigskin

BACK TO BACK



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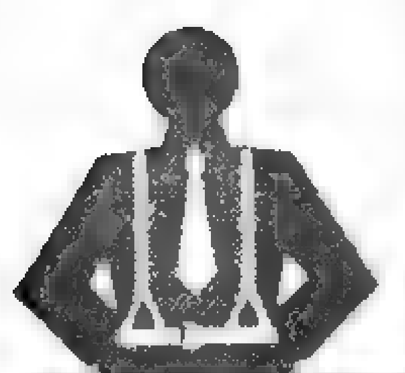

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soap. By that time the reporters were there and a few photographers.

We waited. It was as hot as the inside of a car with the windows rolled up when it's raining. You could hear the dicks blowing the sweat from their faces. They were getting impatient and trigger happy. Pretty soon I heard the fire rig coasting down the hill. All of a sudden that spotter started working. It began at the roof first, and then came down, as slow as a fly on a wall. It took every window and the light was so strong you could see right in the rooms of that one-story place. You could see the furniture and all. There wasn't a soul in there that I could see. I spotted bread on the table and one coffee cup and an open jar of jelly on a table in the kitchen. That light couldn't hit down into the basement with those small windows and I figured to myself that that was where Jackson was.

The Chief knew that Jackson wasn't coming out. He knew it then and I knew it a few minutes later. But he pulled the prize then. Without Jacobs and Lenning advising him either. He stood up there, right near the end of the alley, and he had a megaphone in his hand. The photographers got a picture of him standing there like that.

He had the light put on him, flush on him. He was standing far enough back from that house so that there was no danger of Jackson picking him off if he had a gun. There he stood, his hat off, and the tie jerked down so that the shirt was open at the neck. Behind him you could see all the people in the neighborhood, looking grey behind the light.

"Jackson," the Chief yelled through the megaphone. "Henry Jackson, this is your last chance. Come out now and come out quietly. I will not give you another chance." There wasn't a move. Then I see the uniform men around the Chief start moving along the mob, shoving them out of there. Then he sent the fire rig home. I didn't know what the score was. I just couldn't make the play.

I was getting sick of this. This was like the first time a new kid in the neighborhood showed his face. No matter how big he was, he had thirty other kids crowding around him, dirtying his clothes, slapping him, pushing him backwards so he'd fall over the kid kneeling at his feet. He might be able to lick one or two, but he couldn't beat all of them. The only thing different was that kids didn't have guns.

I moved around the garage and told Lenning I was going up to see the Chief.

"Stay away from him, Masters," Lenning warned me.

I made a noise with my mouth and started up the alley and I heard Jacobs and Lenning behind me. The Chief was out in the street, trying to find answers for the reporters, the grip of an auto-

Continued on page 204

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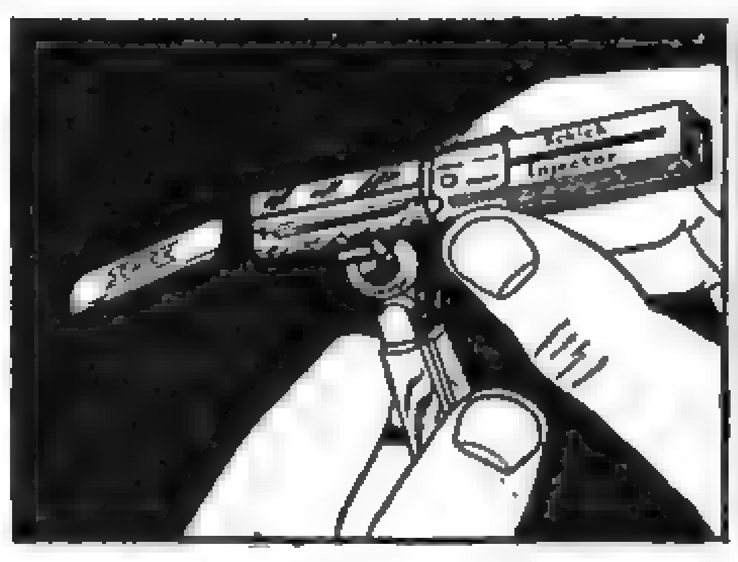

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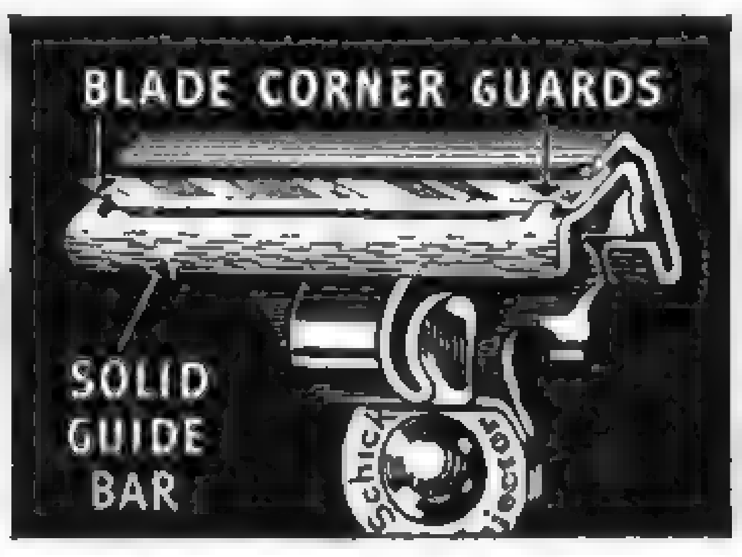

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Schick Injector RAZOR

MAGAZINE REPEATING RAZOR COMPANY, BRIDGEPORT 1, CONN.

The Killing

Continued from page 203

matic sticking up from his belt.

"Chief," I started, "I've got an idea." I also had Jacobs and Lenning with me.

"You've got a lot of them, Masters. Mail this one to the F.B.I."

"Please, Chief."

"Masters, you're asking for fifteen days."

"Chief, let me go down alone and get him for you."

He looked like he'd swallowed a mosquito. There was enough guys heard me say it to start two baseball teams.

"Let you what?"

I told him again, and then Jacobs leaned over and said something into his shirt that only the Chief heard. The Chief listened a minute and then his finger pushed at me, and he looked like he'd picked a bundle of twenties off the sidewalk in front of the Farmers' State Bank.

"All right, wise guy," he smiled. "Go ahead. If he's got a gun that's your funeral. If he hasn't, don't you go to work on him. I'm sick of you crippling guys in this town."

They all heard him say it. And he turned around to see if they'd all heard him, just as he would have looked around to see if anyone had seen him put that bundle of twenties in the pocket inside his coat.

On my way back I got Tony Anderson's jacket. I took the blackjack out of the pocket and gave it to him. I wanted the jacket so my white shirt wouldn't be seen when I went down into the basement.

It was dark and there wasn't any way I could figure that Jackson could see me any more than I could see him. I came down slow and just about halfway through the yard, I fell, and split my pants at the knee. I tried to break the fall with my hands, but rolled on some small stones and got my face and hands scratched up some. I made the door though and took my time with it, and it opened. The poor guy hadn't even thought to lock it. I moved inside and stood there with my back to the wall and let my eyes get used to the dark. It was as quiet as a church before the minister marries somebody. I was trying to make the basement.

I had my hands pressing the wall behind me and I moved slow and smack into what felt like an ironing board. I almost fell again, but it was all right this time. Except I came down hard on one foot, and the noise could be heard clear across the house.

Up front I heard a woman scream, "Heinie! Heinie!"

And the Chief yelled, "Masters, don't hurt that man, I want him for further questioning." I hadn't even seen him yet.

The woman screamed, "Heinie," once more and it was the most mournful sound I ever heard in my life. It was high and

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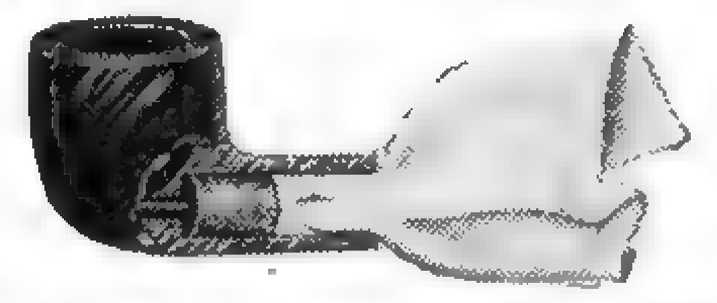

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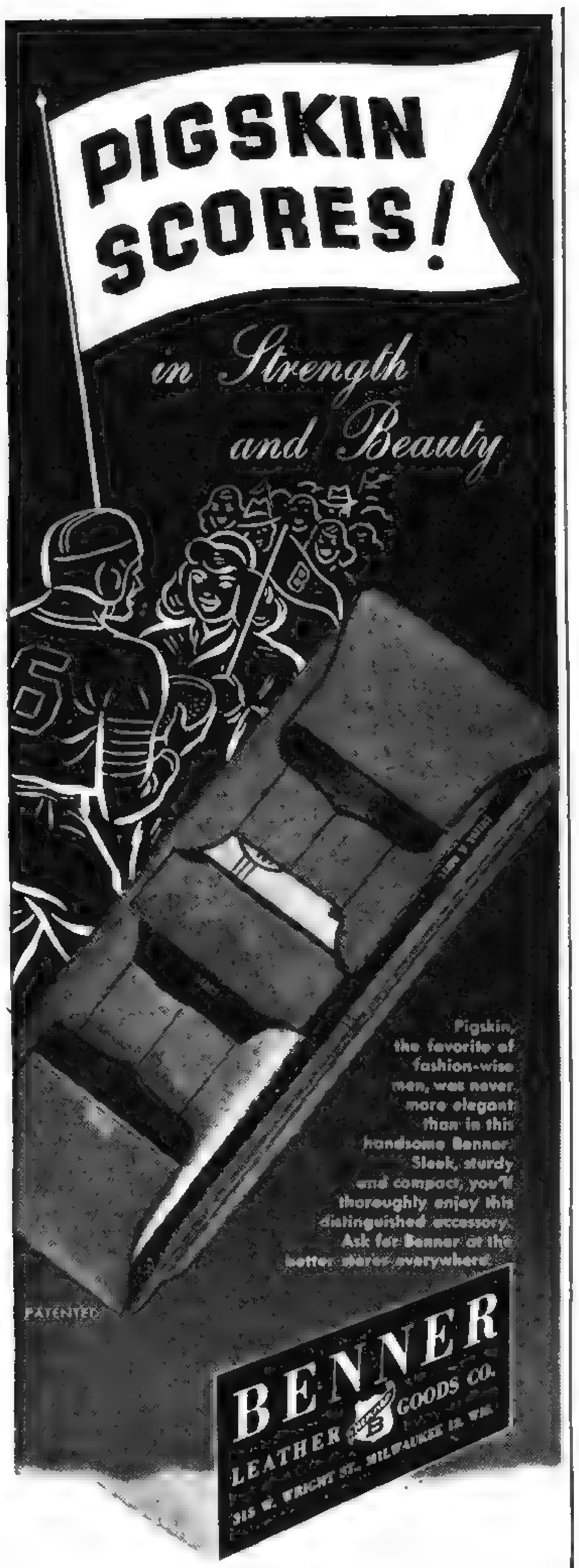

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wild like a pug dog that's had its tail cut off. I still had that feeling about the basement, and as I straightened up, I heard the woman coming fast for me. I reached with my left hand, and she was close enough so that I saw her coming down at me with a small knife, like one of them you cut grapefruit with. She cut my hand above the line of knuckles. I got the knife with the other hand, and grabbed her by both hands, and pulling her to the door, I kicked it open with my foot, and shoved her out of there and slammed it.

I wrapped a handkerchief around my left hand and went back toward the ironing board and found the basement door. I went down twelve steps and I could hear someone trying to breathe and not quite making the grade each time, like he had asthma. There wasn't any floor, just dirt and when my foot touched it, I waited there a second or two, trying to get my eyes used to the dark.

The hand was bleeding some, but not bad. I pushed away from the cold cement, and then I heard a voice saying, "Copper, get back up there."

"Henry, I can't do that," I told him. "I got to bring you out of there. You know me, Bert Masters. We talked last week. You know I won't hurt you. Come on out."

I kept moving. His voice was coming from one corner and I figured if he put a flash to me I could cop him before he had a chance to use the gun, if he had one. Up above I could hear coppers moving down on the place, and the sound of the woman just moaning there.

He didn't have a flashlight. He was standing behind a wash machine, his back to the coal bin and on the partition there was a light switch. I was on the other side, behind some wash tubs and then he turned the lights on.

When I saw him, I knew why the Chief said he'd talked. He was the worst I ever saw. They'd knocked half his teeth out, and they'd broken his nose. That breathing came from having no ribs left. His face was hamburger and just above the left temple, there was a long blue spot, the size of a cigarette. I don't know whether he'd talked or not. I only know that I would have if I got that treatment.

I don't know how the poor devil stood up, but he did and he tried to make a fight of it. I came around the tubs after him, and he stood there waiting. He had the gear shift from the wash machine in his hand. I let him swing it, and I hit him easy on the chin with my right hand. That was all of it. I guess I could have blown on him and he would have went down. He dropped easy, and hit the coke in the bin, and rolled once onto the dirt.

Jackson was out. I tried to bring him around, but there was no use to it. I heard the woman swing into high gear up there,

Continued on page 206

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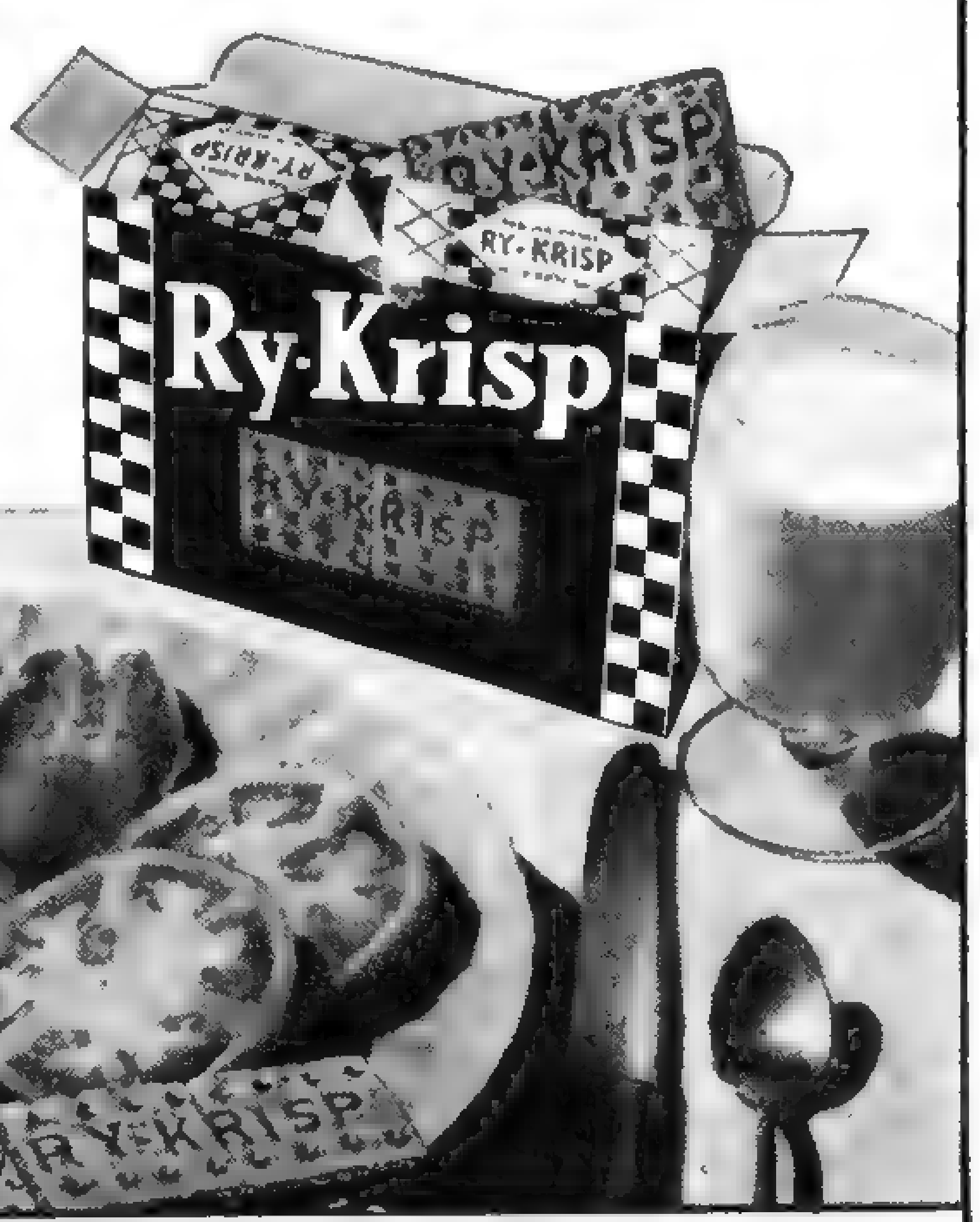

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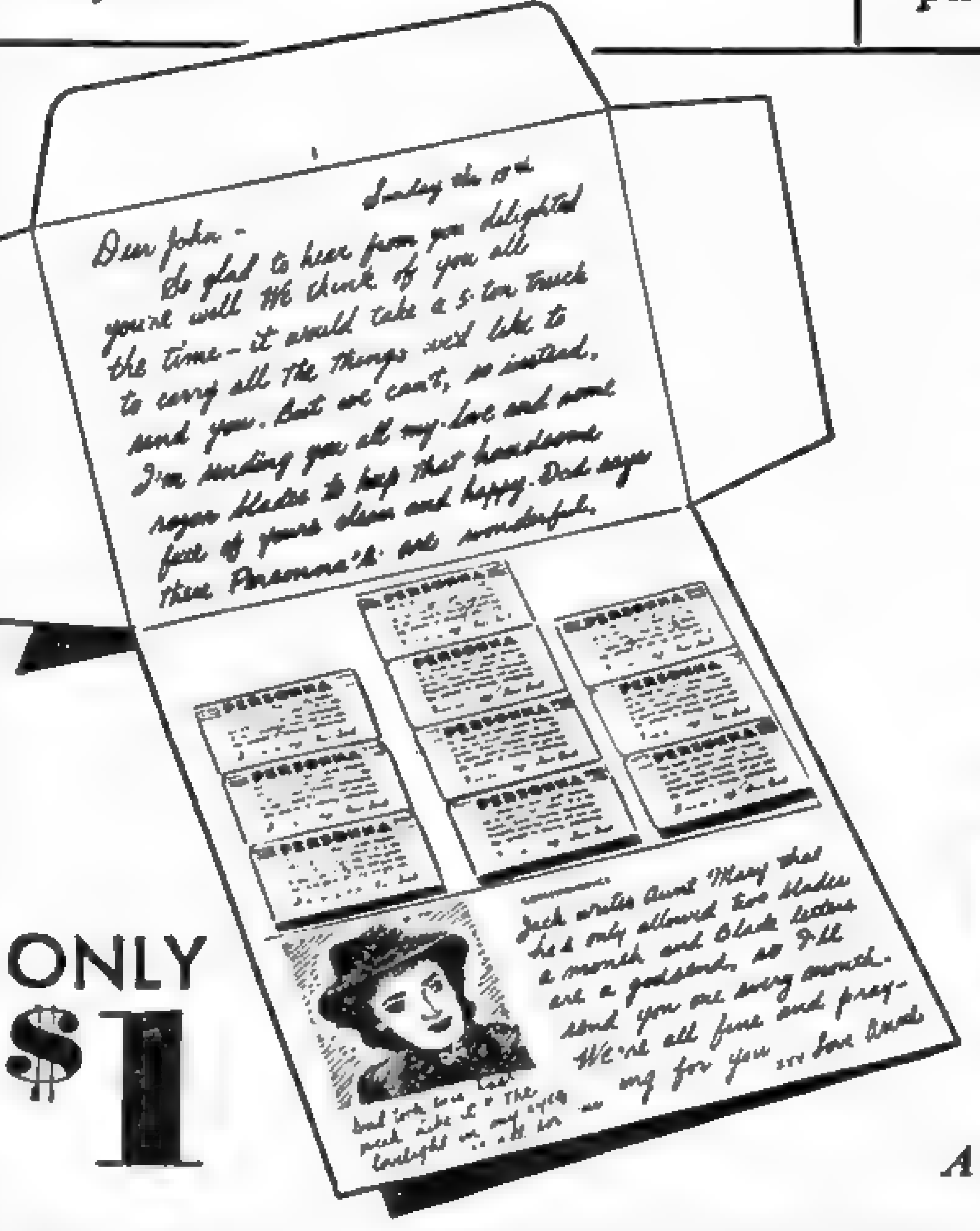
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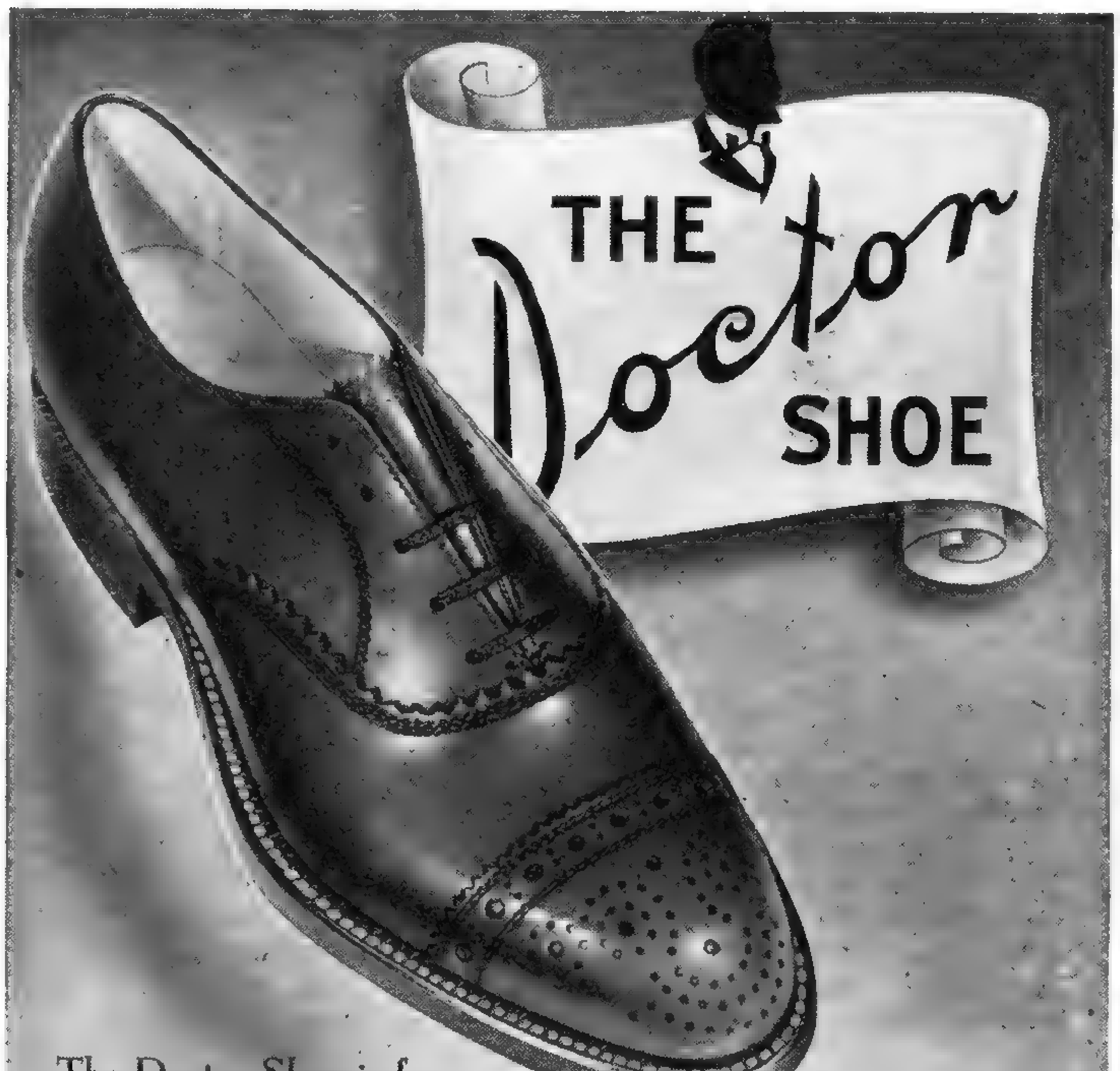
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The Killing

Continued from page 205

and then stop suddenly and I knew someone had put a hand over her mouth. Then I heard Jacobs and Lenning and the Chief talking. There were a few others up there, coming in both ends, front and back. Jacobs and Lenning came down a few steps and waited until I told them it was all right, and they called to the Chief and he came down with them. The Chief stopped on the steps and hollered upstairs to take Jackson's wife out to the city hospital for a mental. Then he came down with his two boys. The Chief shook his head and then he tells Jacobs to get the coroner. Jacobs was going up the steps when the Chief called him.

"Ollie," he said. "Bring the Commissioner."

Then he looked at me again, and didn't say anything. Jackson died while Lenning was fumbling with his body, and when he died I walked away. I've seen some bad ones, but when I thought of Jacobs and Lenning. That's where the blood on their shirts had come from and that's why they'd gotten hot when I'd asked them. The doc came and tried to get a pulse, but you could have just as well tried to get a pulse out of the stone Indian we've got in the city hall.

They moved him to put a blanket over him, and when they turned the body I had all the answers to the evening: Lenning's crack about the story they might have in the morning; the Chief's warning not to hurt Jackson; Jacobs whispering to the Chief—I could see it as clear in my head as I could see the layout of my room at home.

On the floor where Jackson had been there was a blackjack covered with blood. I'd given Tony Anderson his.

"Never use a sap, eh?" Lenning snorted. The Chief held out his hand to me. "The handkerchief, Bert."

"His wife made a swipe at me with a knife, Chief."

"Let's have it, Bert." He was dealing.

"She cut me with a knife, for cripes sake! She made a pass at me, I tell you! What's the matter with you?"

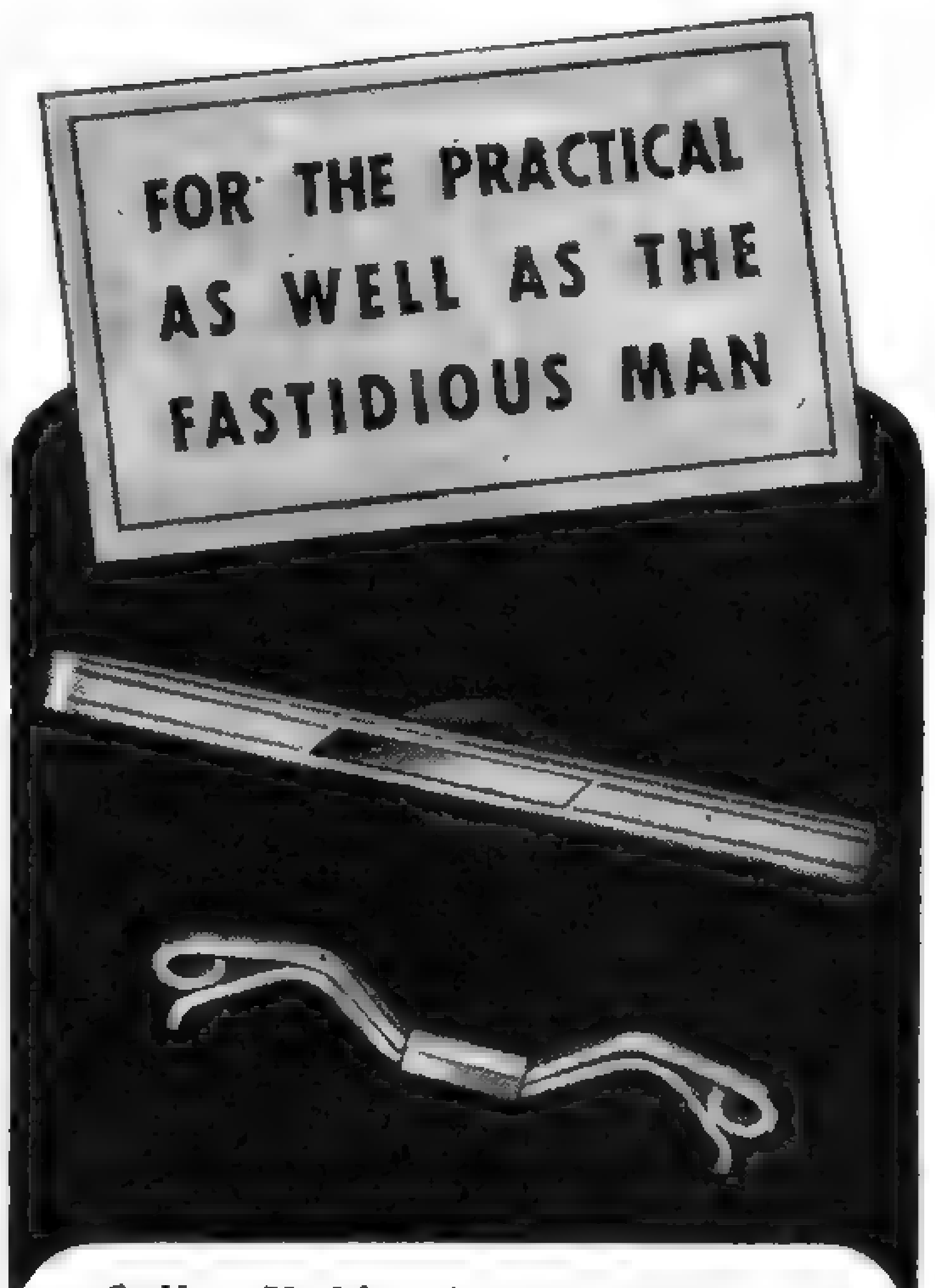
"Bert." He still held his hand out.

"What's the matter with you? That ain't my sap. I've never used a sap." I could hear the clock running out on me.

"The department will do what it can, Bert. The man is dead." He turned away.

"Holy smokes, Chief." I was shaking. "Holy smokes, what are you doing?"

He reached over and took the handkerchief out of my hand. The blood had stopped running. He held the handkerchief by one end, and gave it to Jacobs and told him to take the sap and my cruiser to headquarters. The coroner put a blanket over Jackson's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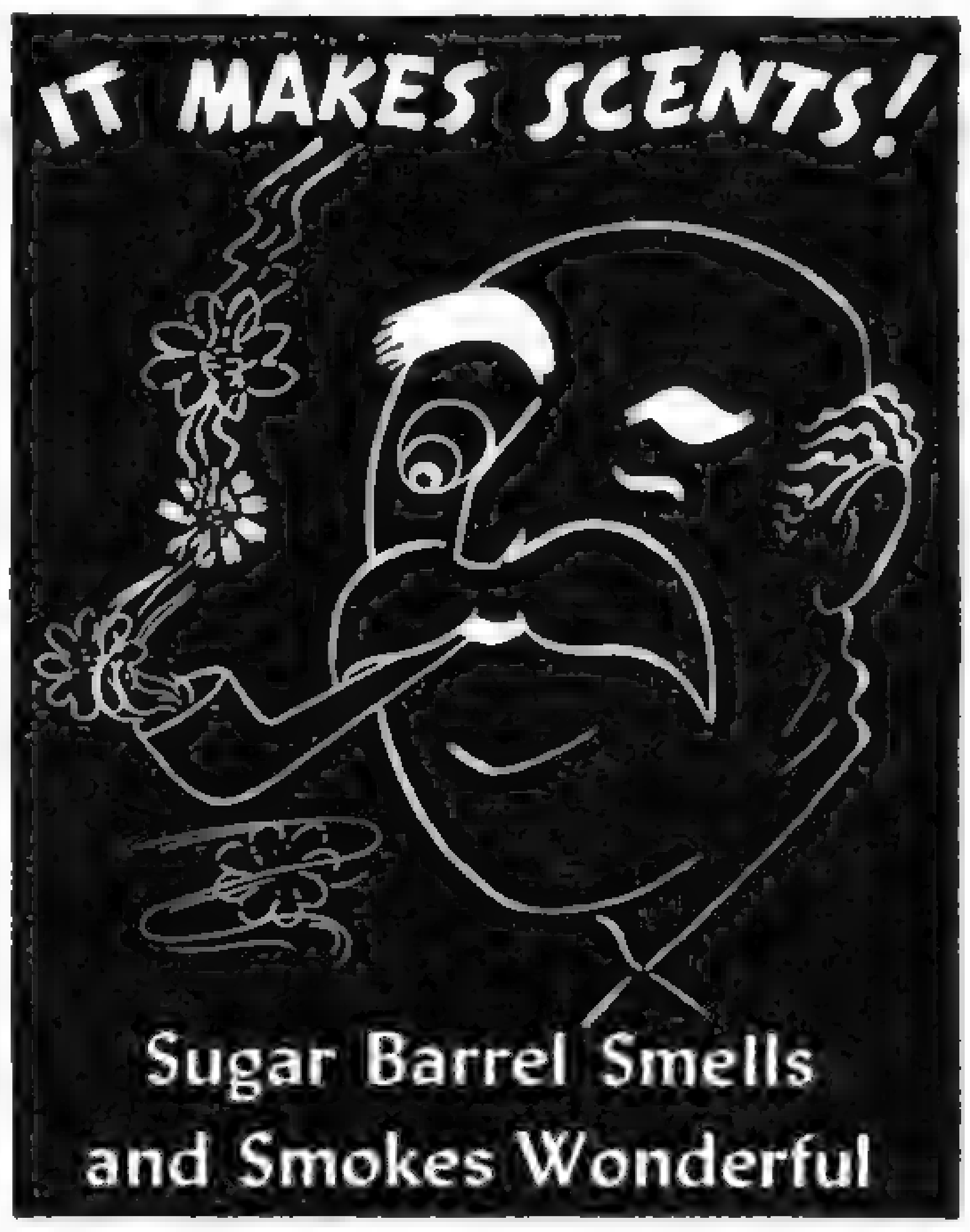
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body and started for the steps.

"It was the woman." I looked around the room, my hands holding the wash basin behind me. "Chief," I shouted. "Chief, you can't do that to me. I'm clean. Holy smokes, I'm clean."

I could have been in the next county for all the attention he gave me. The Commissioner came down the stairs and the Chief met him there and talked to him for a few minutes. Then the Commissioner came over and asked the dicks some questions. He didn't talk to me. He didn't have to, the Chief had me sewed up tight. There would be a post-mortem, but that would make it worse. He'd died about ten minutes after I'd hit him.

"Masters," the Commissioner said. "Turn in your badge. You're not on my force any more."

The badge was in my pocket. I'd never carried it in my wallet. I gave it to him.

There was no use hanging around. I was off the force, they'd say it was line of duty. I walked home. My Pa was in the kitchen in his overalls drinking grape juice when I got home.

"Work late tonight, Bert?"

"Yeah." I didn't want any conversation with him tonight. I walked into the living room. The old man went out the back door and I heard the car start.

Only a night's work: the kick-in solved; a murder written off; and he was rid of me. The Chief would sleep good today.

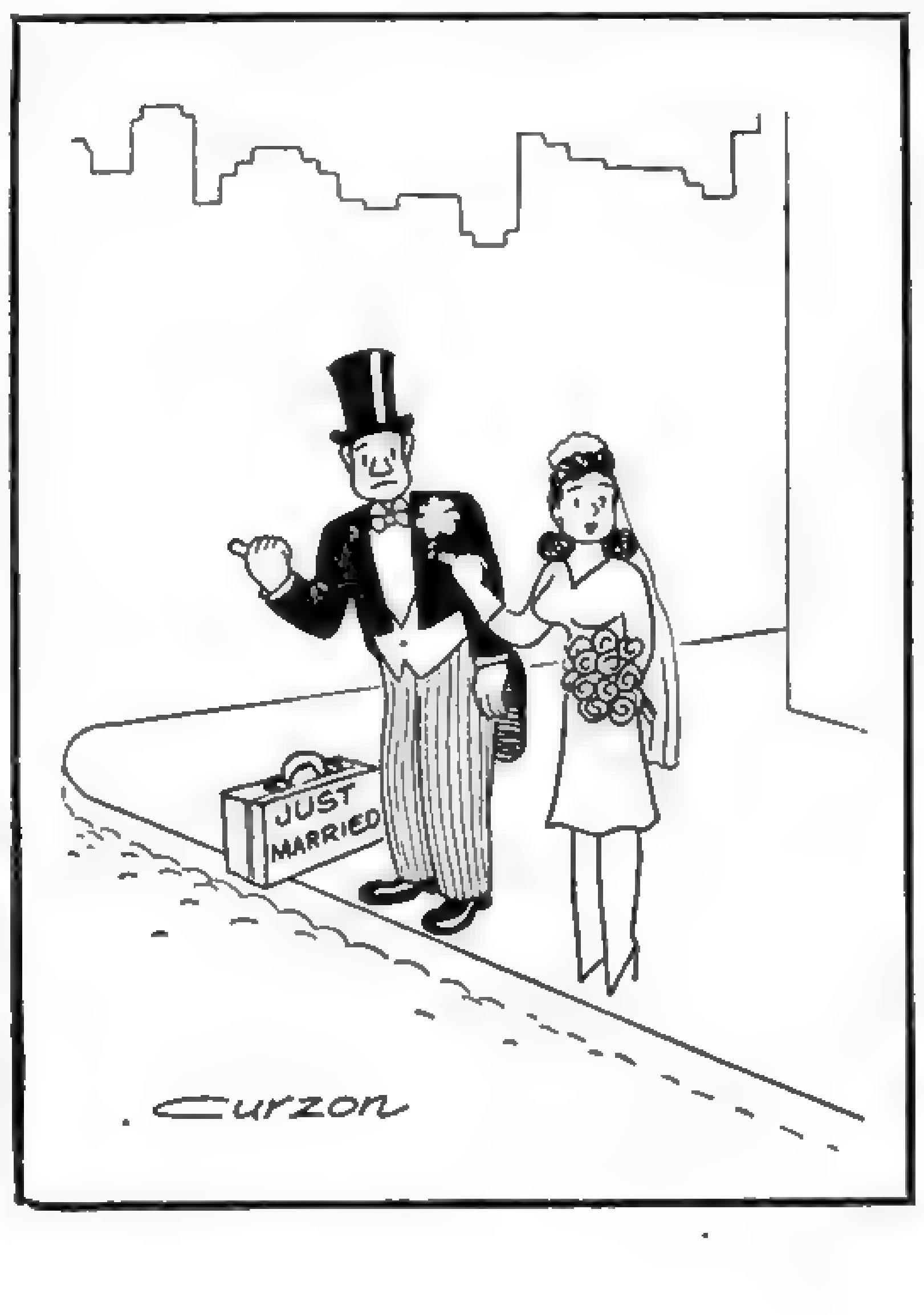
Pa was having a time with the car. The engine was cold and it wouldn't catch. I heard the starter again, and the motor caught, died, and then it backfired.

I guess that sound woke me up to what I had ahead of me, what the Chief had really done to me. He wouldn't take any chances on any backfire in that frame he'd measured me for. He had the badge, and he had the Commissioner on his side.

I knew then that Jackson was better off than me. I'd have a manslaughter indictment against me this time tomorrow. The Chief would have the county attorney give it to the grand jury the first thing in the morning.

It was five o'clock. Four hours before I could call a lawyer. ⧺

Continued from page 68



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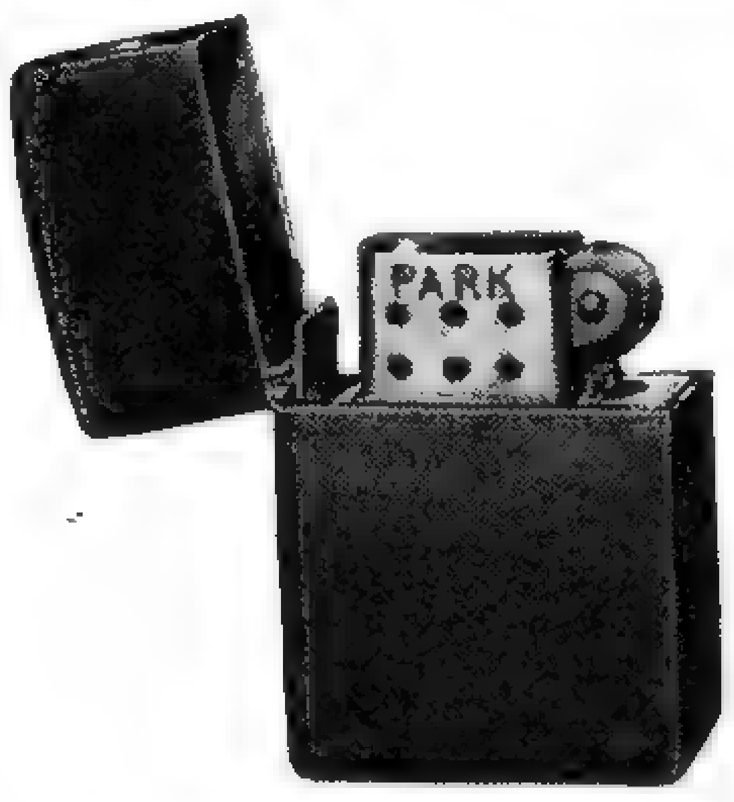

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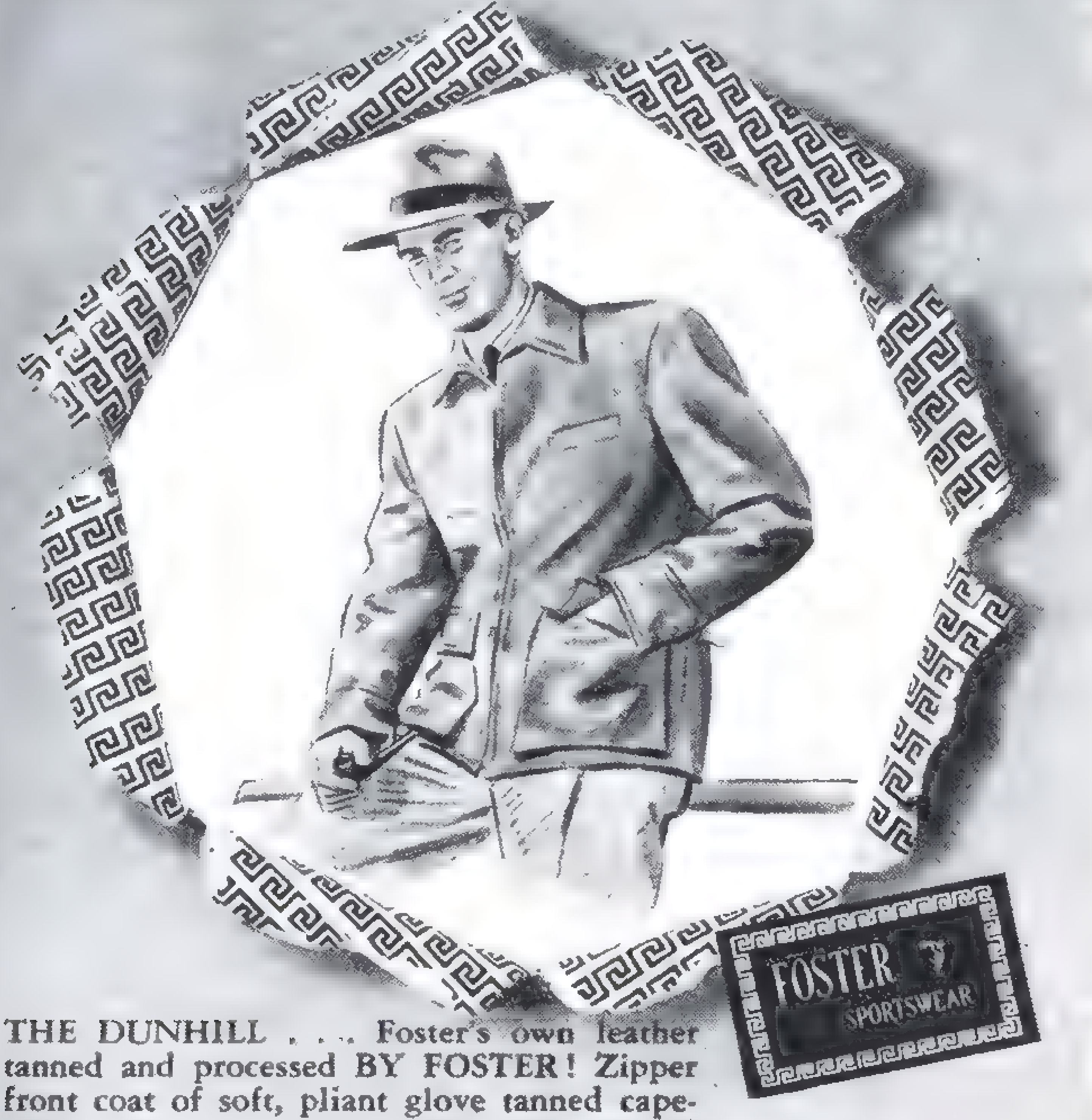

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INDEX OF ADVERTISERS
OCTOBER 1945

Abbott's Bitters 31
Abels, Robert 25
Absorbine Jr. (W. F. Young, Inc.) 177
Adler Shoes for Men 16
Air-Tite (Rogers Imports, Inc.) 176
Alamo (Lakeland Mfg. Co.) 205
Allen-A 185
Allen Edmonds (Skos) 209
Alligator Co., The 179
American Optical Co. (Cool-Ray) 161
Andover Clothes, Inc. 200
Angostura-Wuppermann 152
Anson 206
Apple Jack (Speas Co.) 208
Aquamatic (Croton Watch Co.) 187
Arlington Mills (Vycora) 192
Arrid 162
Arrow (Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.) 109
Arrow Importing Co. (Marly) 168
Art-carved (J. R. Wood & Sons, Inc.) 192
Augusta Knitting Corp. (Jones Health Underwear) 207

B.V.D. Corp., The 182
Bacardi Imports, Inc. 30
Bancroft Cap Co. (Pak-Cap) 18
Barclay & Co., Ltd., Jas. (Corby's) 131
Bardinet (Williams Importers) 202
Bass & Co., G. H. (Weejuns) 170
Bell Watch Co. 16
Benner Leather Goods Co. 205
Bielzoff Products Co., D. J. (Red Horse) 31
Biltmore Pipe Co. 17
Blatz Brewing Co. 205
Book-of-the-Month Club 9
Bostonians (Footsaver Shoes) 184
Botany Worsted Mills:
  "500" Fabrics 121
  Ties 12
Briarwood, The (Weyenberg Shoe Mfg. Co.) 210
Bristol-Myers (Mum) 190
British Walkers (J. P. Smith Shoe Co.) 149
Broom & Newman 166
Brown-Forman Distillery Co., Inc. (Old Forester) 155
Brugal (Park & Tilford Imp. Corp.) 171

Calvert Distillers Corp. (Lord Calvert) 112
Cameo Vineyards Co. (Croix Royale) 32
Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc. (Nuyens) 189
Castle Hats (O'Rourke of Calif.) 159
Catalina, Inc. 165
Chateau Lejon (National Distillers Products Corp.) 201
Cheney Bros. 187
Cisco Sportswear 201
Club Cocktails (G. F. Heublein & Bro., Inc.) 174
Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc. (Arrow) 109
Cointreau Ltd. 207
Columbia Wales Craft Co. (Buddy Jr.) 25
Comptone Co. (Oculens) 25
Conformers (Harwood Mfg. Corp.) 190
Consolidated Lobster Co., Inc. 31
Continental Briar Pipe Co., Inc. (Royal Duke) 196
Cool-Ray (American Optical Co.) 161
Coopers, Inc. (Jockey) 163
Copley Plaza 31
Corby's (Jas. Barclay & Co., Ltd.) 131
Cordovan (Pioneer) 128
Coronet Brandy (Cresta Blanca Wine Co., Inc.) 151
Cortina Academy 25
Cosmopolitan Mfg. Co. (The Great Dane) 191
Crawford Watch Co. 16
Crompton-Richmond Co., Inc. (Cord U Rex) 209
Croton Watch Co. (Aquamatic) 187

Delapenha & Co., Inc., R. U. (Myers's) 176
Demuth Filter Pipes, Royal 150
Detective Book Club 23
"Director" Billfold (Rolfs) 173
Disney Hats 129
Distinctive Creations Inc. 16
Dobbs Hats 7
Doctor, The (Holland-Racine Shoes, Inc.) 206
Doniger & Co., Inc., David D. (McGregor) 20
Don Q (Schieffelin & Co.) 169
Dorset Foods, Ltd. 33
Drueke & Sons, Wm. F. (Play-A-Way) 203
DuBouchett (Many Blanc & Co., Inc.) 163
Duncan, Muriel 24
Dunhill, Alfred 136
Dunlap Hats 125
Dutch Masters 149

Continued on page 209

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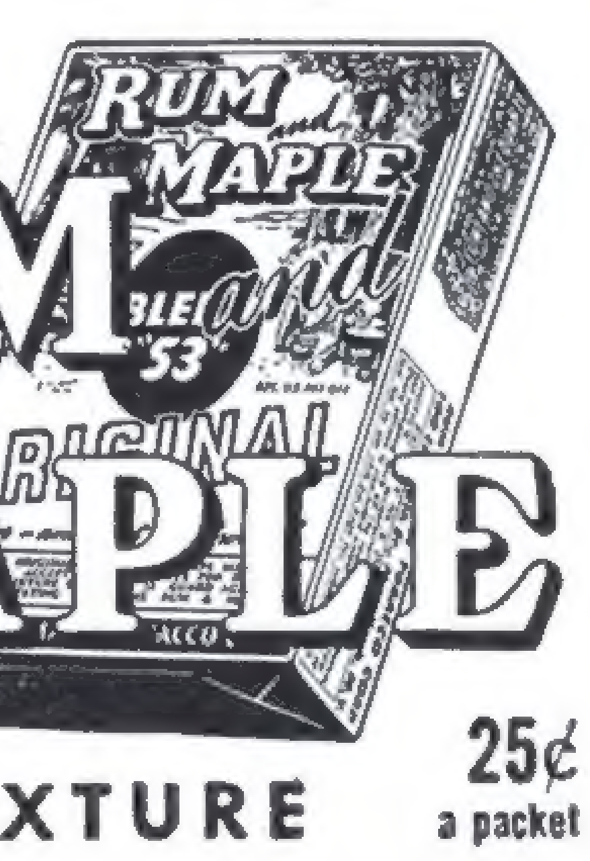

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INDEX OF ADVERTISERS

(Continued)

Eagle Clothes.................. 159
Eaton, Charles A.............. 196
Enger-Kress Co. (Jackfold)...... 153
Ermeto (Movado Watch Agency) 148
Eunice Novelties.............. 24
Expanso (Knothe Bros. Co., Inc.) 123

Fellman Ltd. (Fel-Mocs)........ 24
Fields & Co. (Readinjack)....... 17
"51" (The Parker Pen Co.)..II Cover
Fitch Co., The F. W............ 209
"500" Fabrics (Botany Worsted Mills).............. 121
Flagg Bros..................... 25
Florists Telegraph Delivery Assn. 199
Florsheim Shoe Co., The........ 4
Foot Pals (Wall Streeter Shoe Co.) 142
Footsaver Shoes (Bostonians)... 184
Ford Motor Co. (Lincoln)....... 3
Forstner Chain Corp. (Komfit).. 150
Foster Bros. Sportswear Co...... 208
Frankfort Distillers Corp. (Four Roses)................ 11
Freeman Shoe Corp............ 169

G.G.G. (Wm. P. Goldman & Bros., Inc.)................. 154
Galvin Mfg. Corp. (Motorola)... 119
Gem-Dandy, Inc............... 203
Gem Razors & Blades.......... 195
General Motors (Oldsmobile).... 13
General Shoe Corp. (Jarman).... 29
General Tire, The.............. 27
Gerlou........................ 24
Gilbert Chocolate Co., John O... 179
Gleneagles (Lamm Bros. Inc.)... 193
Glenmore Distilleries Co., Inc. (Kentucky Tavern).......... 19
Globe Novelty House (Royal London).................... 17
Glover's...................... 197
Glover Co., H. B............... 170
Goebel Brewing Co............. 181
Golden Wedding (Joseph S. Finch & Co.)..................... 158
Goldman & Bros., Inc., Wm. P. (G.G.G.).................. 154
Gooderham & Worts, Ltd. (Royal Banquet)............ 178
Gordon's Dry Gin Co., Ltd...... 165
Great Dane, The (Cosmopolitan Mfg. Co.).................... 191
Great Western (Pleasant Valley Wine Co.).................. 31
Grelva, Inc. (Krashe)........... 25
Gripper (Scovill Mfg. Co.)...... 197

Haig&Haig (Somerset Imp. Ltd.) 183
Hale Rubber Co., Alfred (Rajah) 154
Hamilton Watch Co............ 199
Harley-Davidson Motor Co...... 200
Harris Mfg. Co, B. W. (Zero King) 148
Harris Tweed Association, Ltd... 151
Hartmann Co., The............ 164
Harvey's (Park&Tilford Imp. Corp) 185
Harwood Mfg. Corp. (Conformers) 190
Havana Club (Williams Imp.)... 204
Hesson Guard Milano.......... 204
Heublein & Bro., Inc., G. F:
  A-1 Sauce.................. 32
  Club Cocktails.............. 174
Highlanders (Geo. E. Keith Co.) 189
Hilgers & Co., J............... 25
Holeproof Hosiery Co.......... 116
Holland-Racine Shoes, Inc. (The Doctor)............... 206
Hollis Co. (Klipette)........... 25
Hollycourt (M. Linkman & Co.). 164
Hollywood Polish Co........... 25
House of Heywood, The (Matrix) 152
Hull Mfg. Co.................. 24

Jackfold (Enger-Kress Co.)...... 153
Jarman (General Shoe Corp.).... 29
Jockey (Coopers, Inc.).......... 163
Jones Health Underwear (Augusta Knitting Corp.)..... 207

Keepsake (A. H. Pond Co., Inc.) 188
Keith Co., Geo. E. (Highlanders) 189
Kellogg Co., Robert W.......... 17
Kelly's, Jimmy................ 31
Kentucky Tavern (Glenmore Distilleries Co., Inc.)......... 19
Kinsey Distilling Corp.......... 22
Klikit (Rau Fastener Co.)....... 202
Knopf Mfg. Co., S. H........... 203
Knothe Bros. Co., Inc. (Expanso) 123
Knox Hats.................... 111
Komfit (Forstner Chain Corp.).. 150
Kuppenheimer................ 157

Laird & Co.................... 32
Lakeland Mfg. Co. (Alamo)..... 205
Lamb Knit Goods Co., The..... 180
Lamm Bros. Inc. (Gleneagles) .. 193
Lanman & Kemp-Barclay & Co., Inc......................... 24
Leon & Eddie's................ 32
Leroux & Co., Inc.............. 210
Lincoln (Ford Motor Co.)...... 3

Continued on page 210

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Genuine
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INDEX OF ADVERTISERS

(Continued)

Linguaphone Institute........ 17
Linkman & Co., M. (Hollycourt). 164
Literary Guild of America, Inc.. . 15
Londonderry Bakers, Ltd....... 171
Lord Calvert (Calvert Dist.) 112
Luscombe Airplane Corp. (Silvaire) 147

Magazine Repeating Razor Co. (Schick).................... 204
Maire, Inc., O. (Hialeah)....... 24
Manhattan Shirts............. 145
Many Blanc & Co., Inc. (DuBouchett)................ 163
Marlboro Cigarettes (Philip Morris & Co., Ltd., Inc.)..... 160
Marlboro Shirt Co., Inc......... 140
Marly (Arrow Importing Co.)... 168
Martin Co., The Glenn L....... 117
Martin's V.V.O. (McKesson & Robbins, Inc.).............. 194
Marxman.................... 202
Mathey-Tissot............... 160
Matrix (The House of Heywood) 152
McCurrach Organization....... 36
McGregor (David D. Doniger & Co., Inc.).................. 20
McKesson & Robbins, Inc. (Martin's V.V.O.)........... 194
Middleton, John (Walnut)...... 199
Monarch Mfg. Co............. 194
Morris & Co., Ltd., Inc., Philip:
  Country Doctor............ 16
  Marlboro Cigarettes......... 160
  Philip Morris............... 118
Motorola (Galvin Mfg. Corp.)... 119
Movado Watch Agency, Inc. (Ermeto).................. 148
Mum (Bristol-Myers).......... 190
Myers's (R. U. Delapenha & Co., Inc.)................. 176

National Distillers Products Corp:
  Chateau Lejon.............. 201
  DeKuyper's Delecta......... 32
  Old Angus................. 186
  Old Crow.................. 138
  PM....................... 38
  Ron Merito................ 161
National Magic Co............ 16
National Premium Beer........ 38
Nettleton Co., A. E............ 124
New Era Shirt Co............. 135
New York Sun, The........... 26
Nor-East (Wembley, Inc.)...... 168
Nuyens (Canada Dry)......... 189

Old Angus (National Distillers).. 186
Old Crow (National Distillers)... 138
Old Forester (Brown-Forman)... 155
Oldsmobile (General Motors).... 13
O'Leary, Inc., Lydia (Spot-Stik). 24
Omega...................... 153
O'Rourke of Calif. (Castle Hats). 159
Oster Mfg. Co., John.......... 208

PM (National Distillers)........ 38
Pacific Mills................. 21
Pak-Cap (Bancroft Cap Co.).... 18
Pal Hollow Ground Blades...... 16
Paris (A. Stein & Co.)......... 113
Park & Tilford Import Corp:
  Booth's House of Lords...... 33
  Brugal.................... 171
  Harvey's.................. 185
  Reserve................... 143
  Vat 69.................... 167
Park Sherman Co............. 207
Parker Pen Co., The ("51"). . II Cover
Penthouse Gift Shop.......... 17
Peper, Christian (London Dock Tobacco).................. 32
Pepper & Co., James E......... 14
Personna Blades.............. 206
Phillips-Jones Corp. (Van Heusen) 115
Phoenix Hosiery Co........... 191
Pioneer (Cordovan)........... 128
Play-A-Way (Wm. F. Drueke & Sons)....................203
Pleasant Valley Wine Co. (Great Western)........... 31
Pleetway (Stadium Mfg. Co., Inc.) 162
Plummer, Ltd................ 17
Plymouth Manufacturing Co.... 208
Pond Co., Inc., A. H. (Keepsake). 188
Portis Bros. Hat Co........... 207
Professional Blade Co......... 181
Pulvex Flea Powder........... 17

Rabsons..................... 24
Rainfair, Inc................. 120
Rajah Soles (Alfred Hale Rubber Co.)............... 154
Rau Fastener Co. (Klikit)...... 202
Reeves (W. Harris Thurston, Inc.) 186
Reis & Co., Robert (Scandals)... 200
Reliance Mfg. Co. (Universal)... 177
Remington Rand, Inc. (Electric Shaver Division)........IV Cover
Rogers Imports, Inc. (Air-Tite).. 176
Rolfs ("Director" Billfold)...... 173
Ron Merito (National Distillers). 161
Ron Rey (Julius Wile Sons & Co., Inc.)..................... 173
Ronson..................... 166
Rothschild Bros. Hat Co. (Wright) 172
Royal Banquet (Gooderham & Worts, Ltd.)............... 178
Royal Duke (Continental Briar Pipe Co., Inc.)............. 196
Rum and Maple Pipe Mixture... 209
Rumpp & Sons, C. F.......... 198
Ry-Krisp.................... 205

Scandals (Robert Reis & Co.).... 200
Schenley Distillers Corp. (Reserve) 134
Schick (Magazine Repeating Razor Co.)................ 204
Schieffelin & Co. (Don Q)...... 169
Schlitz Brewing Co., Jos... III Cover
Schnefel Bros. Corp. (La Cross).. 16
Schranck & Shaw, Inc. (Cistercienne).............. 33
Scovill Mfg. Co. (Gripper)...... 197
Seagram-Distillers Corp. (7 Crown)................ 35
Seggerman Nixon Corp. (Ron Oliver).................... 31
Shane Corp., C. B. (Season Skipper)................... 139
Shedd-Bartush Foods, Inc. (Old Style).................. 33
Silvaire (Luscombe Airplane Corp.) 147
Skinner & Sons, Wm. (Tackle Twill)..................... 188
Skos (Allen Edmonds)......... 209
Smith Shoe Co., J. P. (British Walkers).................. 149
Somerset Importers, Ltd. (Haig & Haig).............. 183
Southern Aircraft Corp........ 127
Southern Comfort Corp........ 31
Speas Co. (Apple Jack)........ 208
Stadium Mfg. Co., Inc. (Pleetway) 162
Stein Bros. Mfg. Co. (Stebco)... 167
Stein & Co., A. (Paris)........ 113
Stern, Inc., L & H (Sterncrest)... 184
Stetson Co., John B........... 37
Stetson Shoe Co., Inc., The..... 180
Stitzel-Weller Distillery, Inc. (Old Fitzgerald)............ 32
Stone-Tarlow Co., Inc......... 25
Studebaker Corp., The......... 28
Sugar Barrel Associates....... 206
Sugar Manufacturers' Assn. (of Jamaica), Ltd., The......... 33
Suzanne Perfumes............ 198
Swanee Pride (M. S. Walker, Inc.) 193
Swank................ 114

Tackle Twill (Wm. Skinner & Sons) 188
Taylor & Co., W. A. (Valliant Wine)..................... 126
TexTan..................... 195
Three Feathers Distributors, Inc. 122
Thurston, Inc., W. Harris (Reeves) 186
Timely Clothes, Inc........... 133
Tripler & Co., F. R........... 175

United States Time Corp., The.. 137
Universal (Reliance Mfg. Co.)... 177

Valliant Wine (W. A. Taylor & Co.) 126
Van Heusen (Phillips-Jones Corp.) 115
VanRoy Company, Inc........ 175
Vat 69 (Park & Tilford Imp. Corp.) 167
Vycora (Arlington Mills)........ 192

Walker & Sons, Inc., Hiram..... 146
Walker, Inc., M. S. (Swanee Pride) 193
Wall Streeter Shoe Co. (Foot Pals) 142
Walnut (John Middleton)...... 199
Weber & Co., C. B............ 24
Weejuns (G. H. Bass & Co.).... 170
Wembley, Inc. (Nor-East)...... 168
Westminster Socks............ 183
Weyenberg Shoe Mfg. Co. (The Briarwood)................ 210
Wildroot Co., Inc............. 130
Wile Sons & Co., Inc., Julius (Ron Rey)................. 173
Williams Importers:
  Bardinet.................. 202
  Havana Club............... 204
Wilson Sporting Goods Co...... 201
Wings Shirt................. 172
Wood & Sons, Inc., J. R. (Art-carved)............... 192
Wright (Rothschild Bros. Hat Co.) 172

Yale, George................. 31
Young, Inc., W. F. (Absorbine Jr.) 177

Zero King (B. W. Harris Mfg. Co.) 148
Zenith Radio Corp............ 8
Zippo Mfg. Co................ 174

While every precaution is taken to insure accuracy, we cannot guarantee against the possibility of an occasional change or omission in the preparation of this index.

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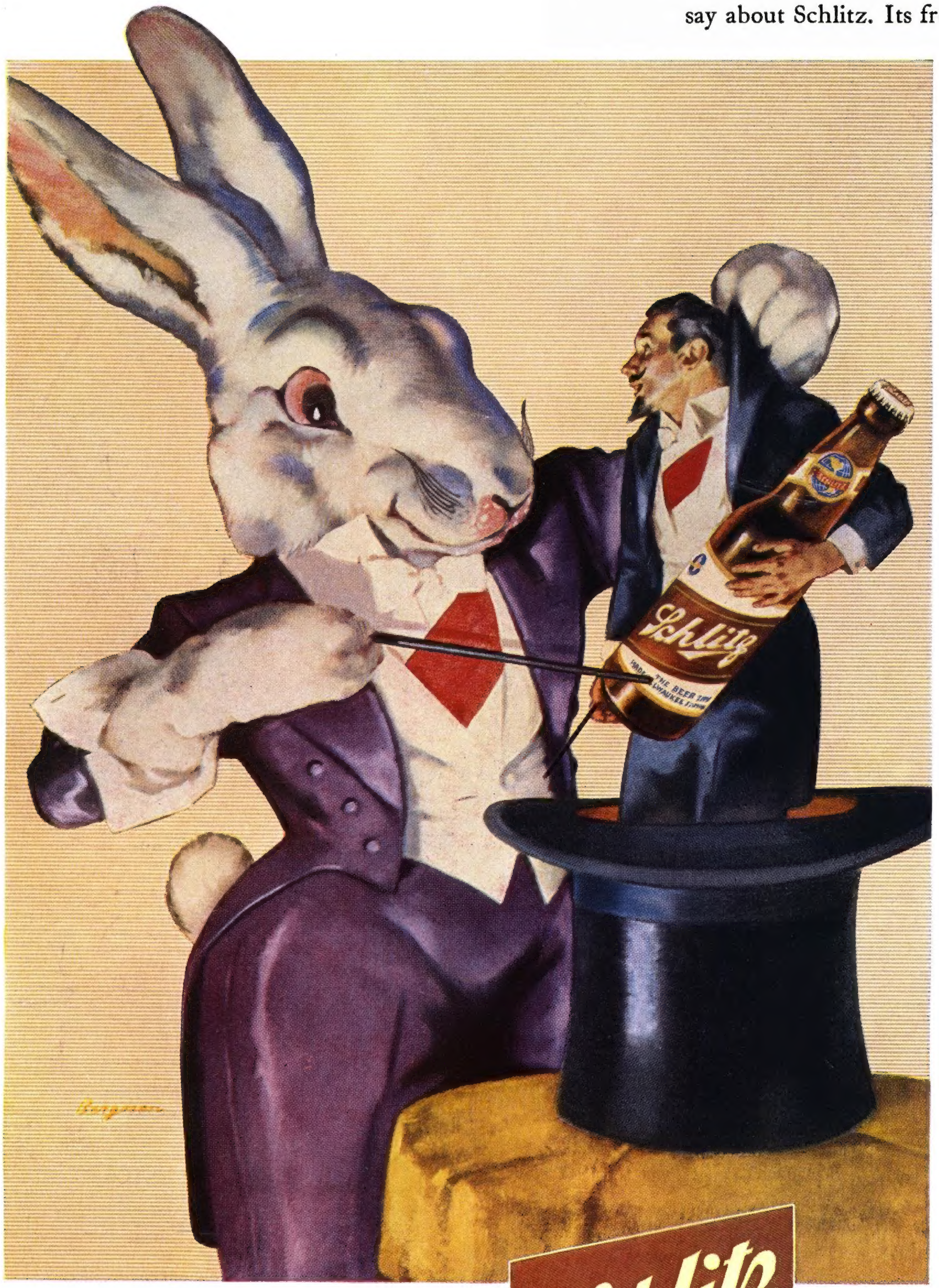
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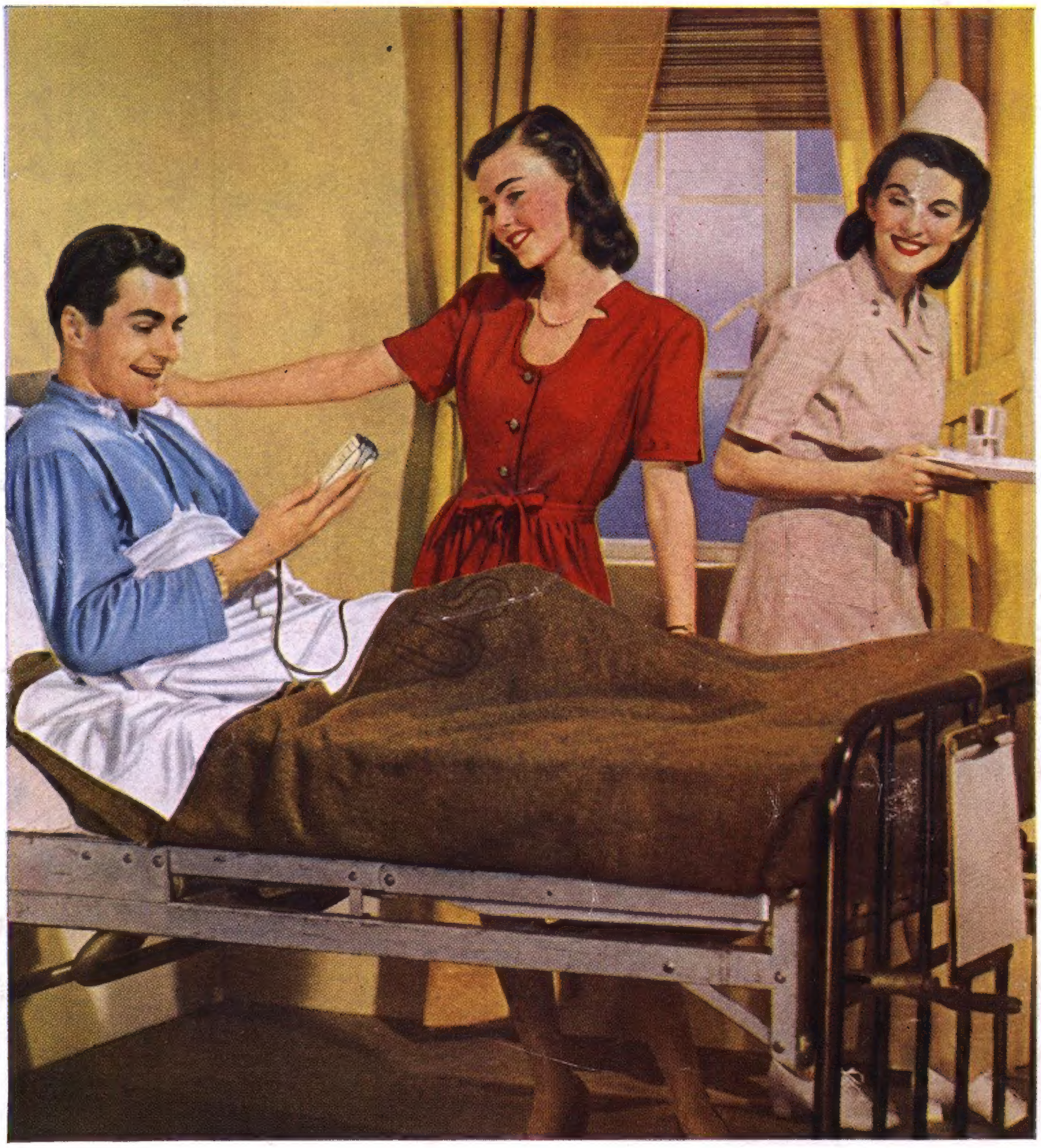

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